

Children Enjoy It

"I have used Coltsfoot's 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 Coltsfoot's Expectorant. I got great comfort with it for my children."

MRS. WALTER HAMMOND.
171 Argyle St., Toronto.

Coltsfoot's 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.

KISMET.

Edith L. Joslin in Boston Post.

It was noontide. The hot tropical sun shone with a fierce white splendor, the palm trees drooped with languid grace, the roses nodded as though sleeping and their breath filled the air with a seductive fragrance, the splash of the fountain was like the alluring voices of geni and the occasional tinkle of a herd bell, distant and hazy, sounded like a fairy peal of enchantment.

On a hill overlooking the valley the white palace of the Rajah reared its stately turrets and spread its proud length. Within its walls reigned the quiet of the tropical noon. Court and menials alike had yielded to the witchery of the hour and Katwa's stately hills were wrapped in profoundest slumber. In the inner court where the shade of the palms fell thickest and coolest, lay Ashyea, her head with its wealth of raven hair, pillowed on the sleek coat of a sleeping tiger. One ray of sunshine caught and imprisoned in the palms, cast a soft caressing light into the shadows and showed a picture of rare beauty. It lingered proudly on Deid's silky coat bringing into greater relief the rich yellows and glossy black. It stole fondly over the exquisite face and perfectly moulded limbs of the girl. Even the sunshine loved Ashyea.

And the Rajah in his hall, and the slave in his office, and the maiden in the shade of the palms slept and dreamed, but not so Deid, the tiger.

A soft shuffling sound of approaching footsteps grew near and nearer!

A dark face looked into the shadows and then with upraised arm a man sprang forward only to pause in the face of a pair of gleaming yellow eyes. For a second there was no sound save the regular breathing of the sleeping Ashyea, and the low swish of Deids heavy tail. A frog jumped into the fountain with a splash and a bird in the palms piped to its mate. The man drew back with a stifled curse and the sud, sud of sandalled feet grew faintly distant and Yerbo, the dervish was gone as he came.

It was twilight. The languorous, seductive twilight of the tropics. In the west the heavens were a mass of indescribable color, while nearby an opalescent gray prevailed. Deeper and deeper grew the gray—fainter and fainter grew the glorious hues in the west. Here and there a silver star twinkled in the heavens and a nightingale, in a huge magnolia, was pouring out its passionate love notes to its lady love. The dew laden blossoms sent up a delightful offering of fragrance and the fountain murmured joyously. Now and then a snatch of song was heard and from the garden came the sweet tinkle of a guitar. Romance and love ran riot in Katwa's stately palace.

On a luxurious divan in one of the inner courts sat the Rajah Katwa, and opposite him the dervish, Yerbo, while near the doorway stood a queenly maiden with clean cut features and large glorious eyes and soft bronze hair that fell rich and rippling over shimmering black of her draperies. She was Fantina, the hope, the joy, the ambition of the dervish, Yerbo; and the rich young Rajah Katwa had just refused her for his queen.

An hour later Yerbo and Fantina had withdrawn and Katwa, all unmindful of them, descended into the gardens. Everything, even the balmy caress of the gentle south wind, spoke to him of love. His pulses beat madly for the wind bore something else besides its caress; it brought the faint echo of a guitar and the dear melody of a voice he loved. A hasty turn or two in the direction from which they came and he was frowning the sleek head of the tiger, Deid, and his arm encircled the graceful Ashyea. Heart spoke to heart, lip to lip, and there under the stars there truth was plighted, and there, too, under the stars a vengeance was sworn for Yerbo, the priest, crouched in the shade of the palms.

It was midnight. The calm, clear, quiet midnight of the Ind. Countless stars shone with a limpid brightness and a fair new moon ruled queen of the night. The fountain dripped lazily and from far away on the plains came the echo of some beast signalling its mate. And again lordly sleep ruled at Katwa's proud halls.

In a bower, on a couch of roses, Ashyea slept and dreamed, bright hued dreams of love, and at her feet lay Deid, the tiger, ever wakeful, ever faithful.

A stealthy form crept across the pavement, but none of the glories of the night entered into the man's soul for he was ruled and moved with but one thought, revenge, and for revenge, murder, so bitter was the disappointment of his ambition. Straight for the bower he headed. Slowly and carefully he came. Cautiously he crossed the threshold and crept toward the couch. Fierce hate gleamed in his eyes as they rested on the beautiful face of Ashyea, upon which the moonbeams lingered so fondly.

He raised his right arm and a sharp edge of steel flashed in the moonlight. Hark! Was it the wind that sounded so surely, Kismet, or was it the swift movement of a long, lithe body.

A moment the jewelled dagger was held aloft, the next both man and beast struggled on the pavement in mortal combat. Seconds that seemed hours ended and the man's form under the tiger was a quivering, moaning mass.

A shadow fell across the pavement and Katwa, Prince and Rajah, stood in the doorway. With wide terrified eyes Ashyea sprang to him. The tiger, Deid, raised his head and uttered a low piercing cry and his jaws dripped with bright red blood.

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 him.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Cost of Keeping Up With The Fashions.

(From the Bohemian.)

And the fashions must be followed. From this dictum there is no escape. Rich and poor alike, if she would be happy must submit. Every woman knows that it is better to be dead than out of fashion. And the cost? Ah, well, that is a minor consideration. To the woman who knows how to dress it can be managed, no matter how small her income. There are always cheap imitations, and remarkably clever ones, of every freak, fashion almost as soon as it appears.

There are shops where rats are sold for ten cents and where lingerie waists of the most open-work pattern may be bought for 98cts.

As these things are never brought into close proximity with the things they imitate, no odious comparisons can be made, and they easily pass muster among the women who wear them.

There can be no stated amount upon which a poor woman may garb herself in fashionable apparel. Some poor women spend \$25 a year on clothes, others spend \$100. There is a sliding scale up to fabulous amounts.

Some women would scorn to wear a cheap plume who would embrace the opportunity of appearing in a new seal-coat. Others would taboo the coat but complacently bedeck their fingers with Gopher diamonds and imitation turquoises.

Tickling, tight Coughs, can be surely and quickly loosened with a prescription Druggists are dispensed everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And it is so very, very different than common cough medicines. No Opium, no Chloroform, absolutely nothing harsh or unsafe. The tender leaves of a harmless, lung healing mountainous shrub, gives the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. Those leaves have the power to calm the most distressing Cough and to soothe and heal the most sensitive bronchial membrane. Mothers should, for safety's sake alone, always demand Dr. Shoop's. It can with perfect freedom be given to even the youngest babes. Test it yourself! and see. Sold by all druggist.

Cannie Intuition.

A railroad eating-house in southern Georgia, which enjoys the reputation of being one of the worst places of its kind in the State, has an ancient darky who announces dinner to the incoming passengers by ringing a huge bell.

One day the old negro was accompanied by a sad-eyed, long-eared hound, who at the first ringing of the bell lifted up his voice in a most dismal howl.

The old darky stopped and gazed at him for a moment, and with a "Hush yer mouth!" started ringing again.

Again the old hound with nose in the air sent forth a long-drawn howl.

This was too much for the bell-ringer, and, turning on the hound, he remarked:

"Now what in de world is you makin' sech a fuss erbout? You don't have ter eat here less'n yer wants ter."—[Harper's.]

Art And Agriculture.

Yew thiak I'm some'at in the dumps? I ruther guess I be;
If yew wuz standin' in my shoes yew'd be the same as me.
The way things go in this here life just makes me desp'r't mad;
If 'twarn't fur Mandy an' the girls I'd go 'n' do somethin' bad.
What is the trouble? Ain't yer heard?
Uv course yew couldn't know.
But when I tell yew yew'll agree that I have cause fur woe.
You'll see that I'm an injured man, an' fate ain't used me square;
Most anybuddy in my place would give up in despair.

I bought this here al' farm uv mine more'n forty year ago,
A mass uv stumps an' brush an' stones where nothin' wouldn't grow,
I struck right in with might an' main at sunrise ev'ry day
An' worked as long as I could see to git things under way.
I've worked like that fur forty year to make the ol' place shine,
An' yit I've never made enough to winter me an' mine.
I've tilled the soil an' beautified the forest, field an' wood,
An' in return I've simply got a scanty livelihood.

I wouldn't kick so much at that, I s'pose it has to be.
But here's the hardest thing uv all, the thorn that rankles me:
Here comes a city artist chap an' puts his easel down,
An' paints a pictur' uv my farm an' kerries it to town.
He takes a thousan' dollar prize fur work I've done right here,
When I can't show a thousan' cents for all this forty year!
Ain't that enough to make a chap swear at the fates that be?
Yew thiak I'm some'at in the dumps? I ruther guess I be.

—New York Sun.

Wise Red Men.

(From the Duluth News-Tribune.)

William Hanley, a well-known Duluth cruiser and timberman, tells a good story of Indians and the importance of publicity to a redskin. Hanley had charge of a big drive on the St. Croix River, and in the vicinity of Taylor's Falls a big jam occurred. Among the drivers were half a dozen Indians. They were good men on the river and held up their end with the white men. One day while inspecting the jam Hanley passed the six Indians. In a spirit of good nature he hailed them and said:

"Break that jam, boys, and I'll put your names in the paper."

"Ugh!" responded one after a pause. "Six Indians dead in paper, but we no see it."

PILES

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. 60c. at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Cadet Corps.

The Board of Education has granted permission to the Woodstock Grammar School to organize a Cadet Corps in connection with the school.

Read the pain formula on a box of Pink Pain Tablets. Then ask your Doctor if there is a better one. Pain means congestion—blood pressure somewhere. Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets check head pains, womanly pains, pain anywhere. Try one, and see! 20 for 25c. Sold by all druggists.

A Medical Conference.

(Louisville Courier Journal.)

"What do you think of these nitrates?" inquired the first physician.

"I think we ought to raise 'em," answered the second physician. "It's worth something to get out of a comfortable bed."

Tommy—Say, papa, I wish you would tell me something.
Papa—Well, what is it?
Tommy—When you were a little boy who was my papa?—Chicago News.

A Clubbing Offer.

The Montreal Witness, a high-toned independent paper, clean, healthy and high principled, and THE DISPATCH for \$1.50 per year.

Special Offer.

Arrangements have been made with the publishers of the BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE, enabling us to offer this bright, up-to-the-minute periodical along with THE DISPATCH for one year for \$2.00

The regular subscription price of the Magazine alone is \$2.00.

BUSY MAN'S reproduces the cream of the world's periodical press by culling the live, interesting and instructive articles. Each issue also contains original Canadian articles of interest to every Canadian. Busy Man's is the kind of Magazine which arouses the reader's interest in the first page and keeps it up until the back cover is reached. All those wishing to keep posted on the live questions of the day should not hesitate to take advantage of our offer.

PANDORA

RANGE

The Recipe "Ladies, here's my recipe for Apple Custard Pie:-

"Two eggs, four or five apples, grated, a little nutmeg; sweetened to taste; one-half pint of new milk or cream; pour into pastry—then



The Oven

"'PANDORA' OF COURSE."

The Result

"Four—pies—that—don't—last—long."
Four pies and pans of bread can be baked in a "Pandora" oven at one time.

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B., Hamilton, Calgary.

BANK OF MONTREAL,

Capital \$14,400,000

Surplus \$11,000,000

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Branches and Correspondents in all parts of the world.

Exchange Bought and Sold. One Dollar opens a Savings Bank Account

Interest credited four times a year.

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SUN FIRE INSURANCE COMP'Y,

Established 1710.

Funds exceed.....\$12,000,000

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One of the first companies to pay in full.

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Is the Local Agent of this splendid British Company.

BIJOU THEATRE

Formerly Graham's
Opera House.

GRAND OPENING
Saturday, Oct. 10th,

Presenting all High Class
Continuous

MOVING PICTURES

—AND—

Illustrated Songs.

Change of Program

Three times a week. Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Afternoons, 2 to 5. Nights, 7 to 10.

10cts. Admission. 10cts.

WANTED.

Position as bookkeeper or assistant bookkeeper, by young man, graduate in Bookkeeping and Stenography. Good reference as to character. Salary to commence when he can earn. For further information, address:

CLARK A. McBRIDE.
Pioneer, Car. Co., N. B.

Canadian Pacific Railway

Effective October 11th, 1908.

(Trains daily, except Sunday, unless otherwise stated.)

DEPARTURES.

(QUEEN STREET STATION).

6.35 A MIXED—For Houlton, McAdam Jct., St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, St. John and points East; Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland and Boston etc.; Pullman Parlor Car, McAdam Jct. to Boston; Palace Sleeper, McAdam Jct. to Halifax; Dining Car, McAdam Jct. to Truro.
10.55 P MIXED—For Perth, Junction Plaster M. Rock, and intermediate points.
12.10 A EXPRESS—For all points North; M Presque Isle, Edmundston, River du Loup and Quebec.
4.50 P MIXED—For Fredericton, etc., via Gib' Mson Branch.
5.33 P EXPRESS—For Houlton, St. Stephen, St. John, and points East; Fredericton, St. John, and points East; Vanceboro, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West, and Northwest, and on Pacific Coast, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Palace Sleepers, McAdam Junction to Montreal; Pullman Sleepers, McAdam to Boston; Pullman Parlor Car, McAdam to St. John.

ARRIVALS.

12.10 A. M.—EXPRESS—From St. John and East, St. Stephen, (St. Andrews after July 1st), Boston, Montreal and West.
12.40 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, etc via Gibson Branch.
1.17 P. M.—MIXED—From Perth Junction and Plaster Rock.
5.33 P. M.—EXPRESS—From Fort Fairfield, Caribou, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston and River du Loup.
10.05 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.
W. M. STITT, G. P. A., Montreal.
W. B. HOWARD D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John

Mahogany Furniture.

I am prepared to restore old pieces of Mahogany Furniture, no matter how badly broken up. These old pieces when repaired are quite valuable and far superior to anything of modern make. Being a Cabinet Maker and "French Polisher" of many years experience in the city of St. John, I think I understand my business. Also general repairing. Write to

G. N. A. PURNHAM,
Upper Good-stec, N. B.