

A Prized Cough Cure

"I have not been without a bottle of **Cott's Expectorant** in the house for over nine years. At that time I procured it for a bad cold I had. It worked such wonders then that it has been a household remedy ever since, and we will have no other for coughs and colds—it is so pleasant to take, and all of my children look for it as soon as they get a cold at all. Nearly all of them have been subject to croup, and that's when I find **Cott's Expectorant** useful. You are welcome to use this testimonial as you wish."

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Free Sample of Cott's Expectorant will be sent to any person sending their name and address and naming this paper. It has established a wonderful record as a successful cure for coughs, colds, sore throat, croup, whooping cough, bronchitis and all irritated conditions of the throat and chest. It is the prescription of a great specialist in medicine. At all good druggists, 25c. **Dr. T. A. Stocum, Limited, Toronto.** Send for Free Sample To-day.

VALUE OF GOLD.

By John Leisk Tait.

"She's the sweetest girl in the world!"

The young fellow snapped the locket and replaced it in his pocket. The old man nodded understandingly, but grimly continued smoking. After a few minutes he knocked the ashes from his pipe, and asked abruptly: "What's her name, kid?"

"Agnes," said the boy swiftly—"Agnes Morton."

The eager lines in the old man's face smoothed out into an expression of indifference. He refilled his pipe and smoked silently until it was quite out. As he finished it and looked up again, he caught something in the boy's expression that awakened a sympathetic recollection.

"Tell me all about it, Kid. It'll do you good—and I want to hear the story."

His partner laughed a little bitterly.

"It isn't much of a story Mike," he said simply. "I've loved her ever since we used to make mud pies together. It has been understood between us for years that we were to marry some day. Her mother knew all about that, too."

She never objected until she struck oil on her farm, and she took Agnes to town, and—well, when I went down to see her last spring I found things very much changed."

He paused uncertainly for an instant. The old man nodded and he resumed:

"I hung around nearly a week before I got to see Agnes at all. Then it was in her mother's presence. We had—rather a stormy time of it, I'm afraid. I knew I said some very harsh things. Agnes loved me. But her mother dominated her and the girl was afraid to rebel. The best I could do was to wring a promise from the old lady that she would give me a year to make good before she permitted the affair with a corporation lawyer to go any further. And then—that was when I came out here."

"Expecting to strike it rich, eh?"

"I knew that unless I did I was bound to lose her forever. There was no chance in the world for me to make \$100,000 in a year in Chicago."

"Humph! grunted the old man cynically. "Brilliant move! You quit a city where you're known, and leave a profession you understand, to come out to a wild country you don't know try to find a fortune that you couldn't recognize if you found it! If you knew the first thing about prospecting it wouldn't seem quite so silly; but you—why, you couldn't tell a strike from a hole in the ground. You young fellows haven't a bit of sense!"

"You don't understand. Mike; you don't know anything about it. I knew you wouldn't. You shouldn't have told you—"

The old man held up his hand pacifically. "Oh, well, let's drop it, Kid. We've got to get some sleep. I want to be moving early in the morning."

Nevertheless, long after his companion was sleeping soundly the old man lay thinking. He had understood—only too well! Twenty-five years Marian Denman had laid the alternative before him. I will never marry a poor man," she declared. "I love you—but I know too much about poverty to marry you while you are a poor man. I will wait for you, but I will not marry you until you are able to support a wife in good style."

And so he had left her side and sought the mining district where great strikes were to be made by the lucky few. Who could say but he might be one of the few.

Two years he wandered and worked ineffectually. Then he received a letter from his sister which shattered his dream castle and turned the wine of his hope into the gall of vengeance. Marian Denman had married a wealthy man and gone to a distant state to live.

He plunged deeper into the wild, and struck more savagely at the mountain-sides with his pick. He would find a fortune and return to flaunt it in the face of the faithless woman who had betrayed him. This thought

had sustained him through the barren years.

But the photograph in that boy's locket! It was a perfect likeness of Marian Denman as she was when he knew her. But for the name, Agnes Morton, he would believe them related in some way. But—pshaw! It could not be. He rolled over and resolutely went to sleep.

As the partners plied their picks next morning the old man's mind reverted to the picture.

"Tell me more about the girl, Kid," he said at length. "Tell me what you know about her folks."

The boy straightened up and wiped his forehead upon his shirt sleeve.

"I know nothing about her father?" he answered. "He died just before they moved to our town. Agnes was three years old then. Her mother had been married twice, they tell me. Her first husband was a man by the name of Fowler—George Fowler. He was quite wealthy, but the second husband lost almost everything they had excepting the farm."

The old man moistened his lips and asked in a strangely harsh voice: "What was the mother's maiden name?"

He knew even before the boy answered him:

"Marian Denman. Her people lived in some little place in Indiana, I believe; some village by the name of Clancey."

The landscape whirled before the old man. Blindly he lifted his pick and struck at the face of the cliff before him—a terrific blow that shattered his pick handle and left the iron part of the tool sticking fast in the rock.

"A confounded hornet sung past my face, and I struck wild at him," was his plausible excuse.

It took five minutes of hard prying to wrench that pick loose; and when it came away a section of the rock rolled down with it. Before the hole in the cliff which this exposed, the old man dropped on his knees and gasped:

"It's full of free gold!" he cried wildly. "It's alive with it, boy! This is the biggest strike that's been made in these hills for ten years!"

They went through the formality of getting dinner, but neither could eat. The old man smoked silently for half an hour while the boy packed up. Finally he laid down his pipe and spoke.

"You make a bee line for the registration office, Kid, and locate this claim in your own name. See? And then you hike for Leadville and hunt up Jim Green. Everybody there knows Jim. You won't have any trouble finding him. Show him this. And don't take less than \$150,000 for your rights in this claim. He'll pay it all right."

He passed a hastily scrawled note as he spoke.

"This note will fix Jim all right. He's been staking me for years, and he'll buy anything I tell him is good."

"But the claim is yours!" panted the boy. "No, Kid, it's come too late to be of value to me. This claim has done all for me it can do now—except to fix you out so you can go back and marry Agnes. I want the hills and the hunt for another strike. I don't want the gold. It has no value for me. I'll hold the claim down till you get back; and then to the hills again for me!"

And he insisted upon carrying this programme out to the letter. Gold had lost its value as far as he was concerned.

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.

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.

An Unprecedented Harvest.

All reports from Manitoba and the other Western Provinces indicate that this year's grain crop will surpass that of any previous year. The increased acreage under cultivation and the ideal climatic conditions which have this season prevailed have brought about this result. All eyes are upon Western Canada, the "Breadbasket of the World." The benefits of this bountiful harvest are numerous and far reaching, and in a great measure will serve to offset the financial stringency which has been felt throughout the country for some months past, and with two or three weeks more of continued good weather the "Granary of the Empire" will be the great factor in bringing Canada's affairs back to their normal state.

The work of cutting, threshing and garnering this immense crop will give months of employment to a vast army of laborers and it is estimated that between twenty-five and thirty thousand helpers will be required for this year's harvesting. The farmers of the east are as much interested in this matter as are their western brethren, in fact, it is a

work of national importance, and the call from the West for help must be heard and heeded in these Eastern Provinces, for upon the west depends largely the growth and development of the country. The Canadian Pacific Railway realizing the demand for labor in the West, will, as in previous years, run farm laborers' excursions, and it is expected the laborers from the Maritime Provinces will be required to leave here about the first week in August. The exact date will be announced later. The general arrangements for the excursion will be along the lines of excursions run in previous years, the rates for which were \$12.00 going from C. P. R. stations in New Brunswick; \$13.00 from I. C. R. Stations in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and D. A. R. Stations, and \$13.50 from P. E. Island points. When it is considered that the distance from say St. John to Winnipeg is nineteen hundred miles, it will be readily seen that the railway is offering the next thing to a free pass. Intending settlers are given a splendid opportunity to look the country over, and the money earned in the West will cover all the expenses of the trip and leave them something to the good.

Heat prostrates the nerves. In the summer one needs a tonic to offset the customary hot weather Nerve and Strength depression. You will feel better within 48 hours after beginning to take such a remedy as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Its prompt action in 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, spiritless feeling will quickly depart when using the Restorative. Dr. Shoop's Restorative will sharpen a failing appetite; it aids digestion; it will strengthen the weakened Kidneys and Heart by simply rebuilding the worn-out nerves that these organs depend upon. Test it a few days and be convinced. Sold by All Dealers.

Grains of Gold.

No man is rich who is not contented. You can't travel toward heaven in bad company.

Work for eternity must rest on a solid foundation.

It is not the tallest tree that bears the most fruit.

God says that to hate is the same thing as to kill.

The greatest coward in the world is a hero to somebody.

Every one of God's commandments is a test of loyalty.

The religion of some people consists in a set of notions.

Trials never weaken us. They only show us that we are weak.

Birds with bright feathers do not always make a good pot-pie.

There are so many people who are only pious in pleasant weather.

When we refuse to believe God we have no claim upon His promises.

If all men were perfect there wouldn't be anything we could do for God.

Some people will sell their souls very cheap for immediate payment.

Court the day lost on which you have not tried to make somebody happy.

A Pertinent Query.

Effie the little daughter of a clergyman, pranced into her father's study one evening while the reverend gentleman was preparing a lengthy sermon for the following Sunday. She looked curiously at the manuscript for a moment, and then turned to her father.

"Papa," she began, seriously, "does God tell you what to write?"

"Certainly, dearie," replied the clergyman.

"Then why do you scratch so much of it out?" asked Effie.—[Harper's Weekly.]

A Clubbing Offer.

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

FARM FOR SALE.

100 acre farm within quarter of a mile of Debec station, 50 acres under cultivation, brook runs full length of farm, 20 acres of hardwood, good barn, spring water and valuable property. Will be sold cheap. Apply to R. KIRKPATRICK, Debec.

Notice.

Have your house or store wired and your repair work done by Baird & Girard. All kinds of electric light stock kept on hand. We keep a high grade lamp that we sell at a reasonable price and we can furnish you with a lamp that will cut your electric light bill down 25 per cent. All work done to the satisfaction of the underwriters. Our work can be seen in the new Methodist and Baptist churches. Electric bells installed and repaired.

HARRY D. BAIRD, HERMAN GIRARD. Orders left at Fewer Bros.' Plumbing shop King street.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To JOHN TIMONEY of the Parish of Richmond, 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. McLeod Vice, on King Street, in the Town of Woodstock, in the said County of Carleton, on Monday the SEVENTEENTH day of JULY in the year of Our Lord, at the hour of Two of the clock in the Afternoon, the following lands and premises:— "All that certain tract of land situate in the said Parish of Richmond and bounded as follows, to wit:—On the north by land formerly owned by Samuel Hemphill; on the east by land formerly



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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.

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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

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