

A Prized Cough Cure

"I have not been without a bottle of Coltsfoot 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 Coltsfoot Expectorant useful. You are welcome to use this testimonial as you wish."

MRS. LEWIS NIGH.

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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. Slocum, Limited, Toronto. Send for Free Sample To-day.

LAMSON PRIDE.

By Clarissa Mackie.

Seymour frowned savagely into the fire and rumbled his hair with impatient fingers. "If you would listen to reason," began Pauline, argumentatively, but her finance interrupted her.

"Reason!" he snorted contemptuously; "there is no such word as reason in a woman's vocabulary!"

Miss Lamson arose to her feet and surveyed him with cool hauteur.

"You forget yourself, Mr. Seymour! Remember, please, that you have not now, and never will have, the right to address me in that manner! I beg you will excuse me, sir. Good-night!" She swept from the room while Seymour stared miserably after her.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed and Pauline did not return. Then Seymour got upon his feet, and taking his hat and stick, left the house with a sense of deep injury, somewhat tempered by the knowledge that he was entirely in the wrong. If Polly wanted the dining room on the south side of the new house they were building, what matter?

His own wishes were for a cool, shady dining room on the north side of the house, while the library occupied the sunny southern exposure, where Pauline could have blooming plants in the window, and where he could see her bright head bending over her sewing when he looked up from his work.

What evil spirit had tempted him to argue the question with her, and to act like an unmannerly brute? Now there would be no home at all. He turned in at the club and spent the evening in solitary wretchedness.

Miss Lamson made dignified haste to her own room, where she locked the door and confided to her pillow that Bob Seymour was a sour, cross, crabbed old thing, and that she was glad they would never be married. Upon this reflection she sobbed more bitterly.

Finally, when the fury of her brief mental storm had subsided, she heard the closing of the front door and the echo of familiar footsteps on the pavement dying into silence.

She sat up energetically.

"Pauline Lamson, you are a little fool!" she soliloquized. "If Bob wants the library in the south side of the house what difference does it make to you? He has to work in there most of the day, while the dining room is only used at meal times and it doesn't matter where it is. Now there won't be any library, north or south, nor any dining room, or anything, for I cannot go back on my word; a Lamson never does that!"

She sobbed herself into a most unpleasant slumber, which was broken by frequent lapses into wakefulness, and at last a gray morning dawned. And all the mornings and afternoons were gray after that, for Bob Seymour did not come to sue for pardon, and neither did Pauline send the little note which would have brought him repentant to her feet.

It was Seymour drew against Lamson pride, and so Love prede his rosy mantle about him and spread his wings to be about other and more profitable business.

"I came by the new house to-day, Pauline, and it is a dear!" Emilie Raymond helped herself to another bonbon from the dish on Pauline's tea table and nibbled it appreciatively.

"Yes!" Pauline's voice was faint and there was a pink flush on either cheek.

"Yes!" mimicked Miss Raymond petulantly. "Your indifference is well assumed, Polly, dear; but—"

"Emilie," said Pauline with sudden decision, "I must tell you—I haven't told another soul—that Bob Seymour and I are not going to be married!"

Miss Raymond uttered a surprised shriek. "Polly Lamson, what do you mean? Why I was talking with Bob not five minutes ago—he was standing on the steps of the

new house—and from what he said—"She paused with embarrassment and busied herself with the bonbon dish.

"What did he say?" Pauline's tone was icily cold.

"Why—now, dear, of course I don't understand anything about the matter—but he said, when I hinted that I would like to go over the house. 'Mrs. Seymour will have that pleasure in the spring' and he smiled so naturally that I supposed—" She looked expressively at her friend.

"It is probably some one else—some other girl," smiled Pauline stiffly.

"It might be," was the disconcerting reply; "I did see him talking to Linda Burton the other day, and just as I passed them Linda was saying; 'I much prefer the library in green, too. I didn't think anything about it at the time but—Linda is certainly attractive.'"

"Linda is a dear," gushed Pauline, pouring herself another cup of tea.

"Well," remarked Emilie, practically; "of course I'm surprised to hear that your engagement is broken but I must say that Linda Burton can certainly make that house look like a dream! She is an artist!"

"That is so," said Pauline, soberly. "Linda's gowns are lovely."

After Emilie Raymond had fluttered away to another tea table and probably to other confidences, Pauline fled to her own room where she spent a very quiet hour; then, just as the dusk was falling, she donned her wraps and crept out of the house and along the avenue to that pleasant cross street whereon stood the house of dissension; the house that had been built with love as adviser and architect.

Pauline approached it timidly from the opposite side of the street; she would rather die than meet Bob Seymour in that vicinity. She could dimly see that the house was quite completed; a lawn graded and turfled with green, and—strange to relate—it was illuminated from top to bottom and there were people moving about inside. She slipped across the street and entered the yard. Along the north wall of the house ran a flagged path to the rear, and when she had walked along this path she found herself directly beneath a brightly lighted bow-window. Some one was speaking.

"This is to be the library, Lind," said Bob Seymour's voice, "and it will be green, of course."

"You are making a mistake, Bob, in using this room for the library—the south room is more suitable."

"Polly planned it this way and I want it to be exactly as she wishes." There was an obstinate note in Bob's voice that Pauline knew well. She uttered a bewildered little gasp at the complications of the situation.

"Very well," said Linda cheerfully. "I only wish Polly were here to give her opinion about that shade of green. But I am very grateful to you, Bob, for giving me an opportunity to display my talents as a professional decorator; I shall hope for an avalanche of orders after this! Why don't you run up and get Polly—we could decide all these puzzling matters at once?"

"I don't believe she could—come down this evening," came Bob's voice evasively and rather despondently. Pauline choked; he was clinging to a last hope that she would relent before it was too late—he was comforting himself with the hope that their engagement was not formally broken.

A moment later she found herself speeding through the wide hall into the library. She slipped her hand through Bob's arm and she felt his start of surprise and then the warm, firm pressure of his hand upon her own.

"I came down to help choose the decorations, Bob," she said breathlessly.

"Good! Now everything will be all right!" exclaimed Linda gayly.

And so it was.

Piles are easily and quickly checked with Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. To prove it I will mail as mall trial box as a convincing test. Simply address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. I surely would not send it free unless I was certain that Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment would stand the test. Remember it is made expressly and alone for swollen, painful, bleeding or itching piles, either external or internal. Large jar 50c. Sold by All Dealers.

Models For The Home Dressmaker.

The illustrations show several attractive designs for summer frocks which would not be beyond the skill of the average home dressmaker, and are smart and effective in style and could be carried out in various materials. The princess lingerie gown pictured is the most difficult to make, although with the aid of a reliable pattern of a one-piece frock it should be successfully carried out. The model was of sheer white mull, inset with three-quarter inch width val lace and strips of handsome open embroidery, which was used down the panels front and back. The yoke of the frock was of the val insertion, with the little triangular spaces of mull hand embroidered, as explained by the sketch. The skirt could be made long or short, as desired, and was finished around the bottom with a three-inch ruffle edged with lace.

The linen frock pictured in the same plate was in the original of natural color basket weave linen, the bodice showing insert pieces of bias black taffeta and black taffeta buttons. The yoke and undersleeves were of fillet lace and net, and the skirt was in short walking length.

The other gown pictured was also of linen and white fillet lace, the model being pink with a white stripe. Pink linen buttons embroidered in white were also used as trimming on the bodice, the skirt being plaited and also in walking length.

Long-trained skirts, however, are to be much in evidence this season for afternoon and evening wear, and trimming extending for the full length down the middle front is much used, and the line also continuing up the bodice front.

Unlined princess or semiprincess frocks are very fashionable and charming if well made. Among the novelties of this sort are the crepe de chine frocks made up much in the same fashion as the lingerie models without lining. One lovely model of this description was in pale apricot, with self-tone embroidery on the bodice and merely a group of tucks as skirt trimming. There was a dainty guimpe of lace and short, closely draped sleeves matching the guimpe.

An excellent plan in making these unlined princess frocks is to use a carefully boned and fitted undergirdle of lawn about eight inches in depth. The little princess gown is attached to this about the waist line and is thus assured shapeliness.—Dorothy Dale.

A Big Trade to Farmers.

If you think of buying a FARM and want a GOOD ONE, I am now in a position to give you the BEST VALUE for your money that has ever been offered before in Carleton Co. If you have the SLIGHTEST IDEA of buying a farm in the near future, DONT MISS THIS CHANGE. BEST LOCALITY, UP-TO-DATE BUILDINGS, LAND IN GOOD CONDITION, NEAR TO MARKET, NEAR TO SCHOOL, NEAR TO CHURCH. —See me or write me early as this Farm must be sold.

J. W. ASTLE,
Woodstock, N. B.

Maritime Boys' Camp, Y. M. C. A.

The New Brunswick Section of the Maritime Boys' Camp (now in its sixteenth season), will be held this year, July 8th to 22nd at Robertson's Point, Grand Lake, N. B., three miles from Upper Jemseg. The Camp will be under the leadership of Frank A. Eyman, Physical Director, Moncton Y. M. C. A., assisted by a number of competent leaders. These camps are open to all boys of good moral character, between the ages of 12 and 17. The cost for the two weeks is \$7.50. Make application early to Frank A. Eyman, Moncton, care of Y. M. C. A. Information furnished on application to any local Y. M. C. A. Secretary, or to F. G. Marshall, New Glasgow, or to Rev. E. W. Forbes, Canoe, Chairman Maritime Boys' Work Committee.

To stop any pain, anywhere, in 20 minutes, simply take one of Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets. Pain means congestion—blood pressure—that is all. Dr. Shoop's Headache—or Pink Pain Tablets—will quickly coax blood pressure away from pain centers. After that pain is gone. Headache, Neuralgia, painful periods with women, etc., get instant help. 20 Tablets 25c. Sold by All Druggists.

Only the Truth.

Two tramps came near a railroad telegraph office not far from New York the other day and looked hungrily through the window, but there was not even a dinner pail in sight to induce them to ask for food. One of them finally tapped on the window, and the operator left his key long enough to inquire: "Well, what can I do for you?"

"Just report two empties going east," replied the tramp, with a grin, and started down the track toward New York.—P. S. Ridsdale.

Merely Uncomfortable.

A kind-hearted Bostonian in the street one day came upon a tiny boy crying piteously. He was in charge of a fat and comfortable old chap, who seemed quite unmoved by the youngster's grief.

"What appears to be the trouble?" asked the kind-hearted Bostonian. "Is the lad ill?"

"Well, sir," explained the fat and comfortable chap, "he ain't exactly ill, sir; but no stomach can't stand eight pieces o' pumpkin pie an' four crullers."—Edwin Tarrisse.

But it Wasn't Fiction.

"I'd like to read to-night," quoth he, "Some wild and thrilling tale; To have my hair stand up on end, And have my face turn pale."

His wife thrust quick into his hand (She lived to do his will) A sheet; he faunted as he scanned Her last dress-making bill.

Under a New Name.

By Florence Wilson.
Little bits of sawdust,
Little wisps of hay.
Make a new breakfast food
Almost every day.

Butter Paper for sale at this office.

In Time of Peace

prepare for war. In time of health keep the resistant powers of your body unimpaired. This is the surest defence against disease. An occasional cup of "BOVRIL" supplies that extra strength and nourishment which everyone needs to escape the ills which are so prevalent at this season.

BANK OF MONTREAL,

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Exchange Bought and Sold. One Dollar opens a Savings Bank Account
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OPPOSITE THE CARLISLE HOTEL

Insurance in all forms will receive prompt attention.
Money to loan at lowest rates.

Farm Bargain!

I have for sale, at a bargain, one of the very best farms in Carleton Co., containing 200 acres; 160 acres under cultivation. The property is well watered. Fine buildings are all in first-class condition. Convenient to school and churches. Right in the heart of the best farming county in the Province. This is one of the best propositions in farm values ever offered.

If you want a snap speak quick.
A. D. HOLYOKE,
Real Estate and Insurance Broker

NOTICE OF SALE.

To Robert E. Kidney, junior, of the Parish of Wakefield in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and William Lilley junior, of the Town of Woodstock in the County and Province aforesaid, butchers, and Mary J. Lilley his wife, and William A. Hayward of the said Town of Woodstock, and all others whom it may in anywise concern.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date Twenty-ninth day of April A. D. 1907, recorded in the Carleton County Records in Book "O" No. 4 on pages 228, 229 and 230 and made between Robert E. Kidney, junior, and William Lilley, junior, and Mary J. Lilley his wife of one part; and Melvina S. Baker, widow of the late Samuel Baker of the other part; there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction in front of the law office of Louis E. Young on Main Street in the Town of Woodstock on Monday the eighth day of June next at eleven o'clock in the forenoon all the lands and premises described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows:—

"All that certain piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the Fourth Tier of Lots in the Parish of Wakefield in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick and bounded as follows: Commencing at a Cedar stake on the South West angle of lot docted by 'John Camber and Mary his wife to Thomas Camber; thence East to a certain Brook joining lands owned by the late Henry Kimball; thence 'a Northerly course along said Brook about eighty rods or until it strikes the land formerly owned by George Connell; thence West along said 'Connell's line to base line of lots of the Fourth and Fifth Tier of lots; thence Southerly course along said base line to the place of beginning, containing one hundred and fifty (150) acres more or less and being the same land docted to the said Robert E. Kidney, junior, by Harry S. 'Good and wife by Deed dated the Tenth day of March A. D. 1906 and registered in Book 'J' no. 4 of Carleton County Records on pages '500 and 501.'

Together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereto belonging.

Dated this Thirtieth day of April A. D. 1908.
(Sgd) MELVINA S. BAKER. Mortgagee.

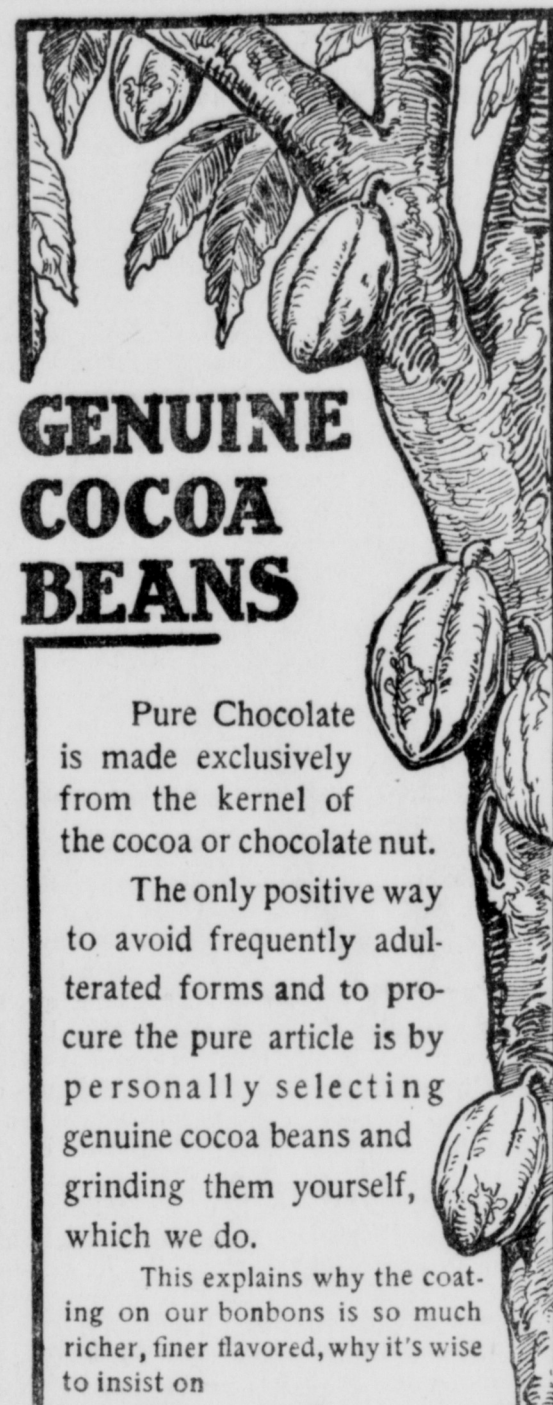
(Sgd) LOUIS E. YOUNG. Solicitor for Mortgagee. May 6—51.

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At most reasonable prices is what I am offering the public. Estimates cheerfully furnished on any kind of work in my line. A full line of materials of all kinds. Aqueduct Pipe at specially low rates. All work guaranteed first class.

I. C. CHURCHILL,

Connell Street, Woodstock

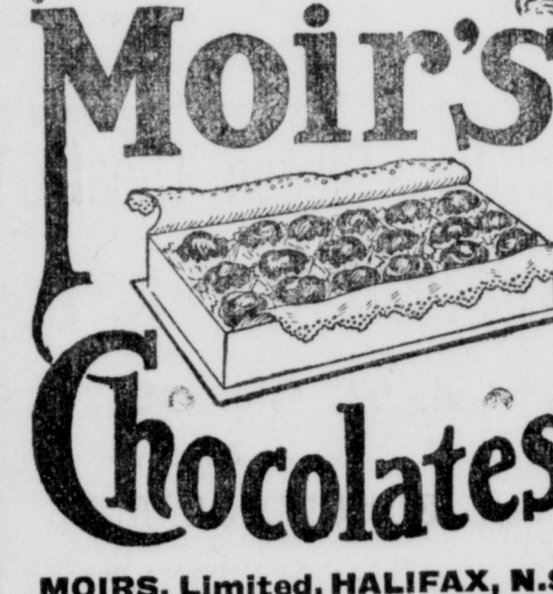


GENUINE COCOA BEANS

Pure Chocolate is made exclusively from the kernel of the cocoa or chocolate nut.

The only positive way to avoid frequently adulterated forms and to procure the pure article is by personally selecting genuine cocoa beans and grinding them yourself, which we do.

This explains why the coating on our bonbons is so much richer, finer flavored, why it's wise to insist on



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FIRE INSURANCE

should select strong and reliable companies. This being the case it would be impossible perhaps to find four stronger and more reliable companies represented in Carleton County in one office than the following companies for whom the undersigned is agent, namely:
CALEDONIAN, the Oldest Scottish Fire Office
NORWICH UNION, Established in 1797.
ATLAS, Founded in the reign of King George III and the QUEEN.
I shall be pleased to see intending insurers.

LOUIS E. YOUNG,
Woodstock, N.B.