

DOCTORS

say consumption can be cured. Nature alone won't do it, it needs help.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is the best help, but its use must be continued in summer as well as winter.

Take it in a little cold milk or water. Get a small bottle now. All Druggists. THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

TWO NOVELS IN A NUT-SHELL FOR EVER.

"I love you," said the man. "And I you," said the woman. Their lips met.

A little stream laughed softly to itself as it hurried by. A wakeful sparrow in the ivy giggled tersely. Even the big white moon peeping over the tree-tops smiled placidly.

"For ever," said the man. "For ever," said the woman. "Alas!" sighed the river.

"Such nonsense!" muttered the sparrow, and went to sleep. A little cloud wiped the smile from the moon. Nothing, not even love, lasts for ever.

"What can you see in me?" whispered the man. "Just a poor devil who has to work for a living; whilst you—you beautiful thing!" He swept her up against him with sudden passion. "Oh, the lips, and the hair, and the eyes of you, girl!"—he kissed each in turn. "God knows I have nothing to offer you," he added sadly, "but—"

"But love," said the girl softly, with shining eyes.

"—and a cottage," finished the man. "Ah! why wasn't I born rich, dear, so that I could have given you—"

"—diamonds instead of stars," interrupted the girl. "You have told me, just now, they all belonged to me."

"Your people would rather I presented you with a diamond necklace than all the stars in the world," retorted the man bluntly. "You see, you can't realize on stars any more than you can on dreams. Diamonds are solid things, my dear, you can hold in your hand. And I'd sooner you rode in a Daimler than in a motor-bus. I'd love to have you all the good things of the world, Madge. Sables, now; you'd look well in sables. But as it is—"

"We must be happy even if I have to wear rabbit-skins for furs and stars for jewels," laughed the girl. "Money isn't everything."

"No, but it means a good deal," he answered.

"Does it?" asked the girl wistfully. "Ah, well, I don't care so long as I've got you."

"Darling," whispered the man.

There were pink carnations in the girl's belt. They were pink, but not so pink as her cheeks. They were sweet but not so sweet as her lips. He found himself suddenly the richest man in the world.

So they married, and the gods lent them a corner of Mount Olympus for their honeymoon; and even when they came down from the clouds and found themselves on solid earth again they were divinely happy in their semi-detached eight-room suburban villa. ("The Laurels," if you please) for six months. Then the unexpected happened. An uncle of the girl died and left her a hundred thousand pounds. They were to be rich at last. But the man was not pleased. The money was not his. And he didn't want her to be rich at anybody else's expense, only his own. The girl, however, was quite naturally delighted. Of necessity, her love had up to now walked in drab attire, and she was woman enough to think it would look far more attractive gowned by Worth, hatted by Carlier, and jewelled by Tiffany. So that when his discontent clashed with her rapture, she was a little annoyed.

"You always wanted to be rich, and now that you are you seem to be sorry. I can't make you out," she complained.

"I never said I wanted to be a rich woman's husband!" he retorted. "I want to give you the good things of life: I don't want you to give them to me."

"But it's the same thing," she protested. The man refused to meet the love in her eyes.

"I don't wish you to accept this money." His voice was dogged. "You said yourself once money wasn't everything."

"And you said that it meant a great deal," the girl reminded him. "I want to see exactly what it does mean. We can always come back to this—if we don't like it."

"Never," retorted the man decisively. "We can never come back to anything in life. We must always go forward."

"Why, that's better still, isn't it?" she asked practically. Her glance fell on the lawyers' letter lying on the table between them, then out through the open window where, in long golden rows, tall sunflowers stood. She remembered suddenly that only

yesterday she had told Jim they were all the gold she needed. But that was yesterday. And she had been agreeably conscious of a clean and becoming cotton frock. Today, its folds were creased and tumbled, yet for lack of another she would have to wear it until the end of the week. Sunflowers, alas! couldn't buy her frocks.

A vision white and gold, a sheen of silk, a frith of tulle, came smiling down the stairs of the house in Green street. Standing within the study door a man watched her descent with hard, miserable eyes.

As she set a slim, satin-shed foot upon the last stair, he stepped forward. "Come in here for a moment. I want to speak to you."

A scent of violets rose from her white shoulders, as faintly protesting she passed before him into the room. "It can't go on, this life," he found himself telling her savagely. It's killing, it's degrading—more, it's loathsome."

"How stupid you are, Jim!" said the woman pettishly. "Every time I see you, are full of mock heroics: I can't help being rich. You might just as well be sensible and accept the position."

"I'll be hanged if I will!" said the man with sudden energy. "It's come to this, Madge. Either you give up this cursed money or—"

"Yes?" queried the girl coldly—mockingly, it seemed to the man.

"—I go!" he shouted. He had not meant to say this thing. He had really had no definite idea of what he had meant to threaten. But of a sudden he saw himself free of the scented, gorgeous woman who had no share in the home and in the woman of his dreams; free; with his feet set on the open road of life.

"The car is at the door, Madam," announced a discreet footman in discreet livery.

The vision of white and gold finished pulling on her long gloves and rose languidly. "I hope, dear," she said sweetly, over a shoulder shrouded now by a cloak of silver tissue held together by bands of snowy fur, "that the next time I see you, you won't be a Lewis Waller kind of person, working up for a third-act curtain."

As a matter of fact the next time she saw him he was working as a common laborer down at the docks, for hardly had her electric car whirled her away that night than he slammed the front door behind him and strode into the world in the clothes he stood up in and nothing in his pockets but his pride, for private means he had none, and at her urgent request he had given up his modest clerkship when they moved into the Green street house.

The superintendent at the docks where he was working stared when one day an imperious lady in a pale muslin gown and Gainsborough hat swept into his dingy office and asked to see one of the hands.

East and West are so far apart, it seemed difficult to believe this white-skinned, white-gloved, white-froaked woman could have anything in common with one of the laborers. However, he sent for him.

He came sullenly. Both hands outstretched, she went to him.

"Jim, I can't live without you. Come back," she pleaded.

He saw that the months that had swept between them had aged her. He was moved. Some of the bitterness went out of him.

"Not so long as there is this cursed gold between us," he told her. "But get rid of it, and I'll come back to you."

He stretched out two work-roughened hands and gripped her by both shoulders. "I'll work for you, girl. We'll not starve."

But swiftly she recoiled from him. She loved him, yes. But she loved, too, her life of glorious ease, the warmth and the comfort of it, even the thrill of fine linen against her limbs. She could not give it all up.

His hands fell from her shoulders. "Keep your cursed money," he told her brutally, "but you won't keep me."

Several times she came after that. Always he refused her; finally—"What's the use of your coming?" he asked her bluntly. "I don't want you. You only want your money. Besides, it's too late now. There's a girl—" he paused.

Weeping, she fled from the room and sought the superintendent.

"Dismiss him," she pleaded, "then he will have to come back to me."

The chief hesitated—his foreman spoke highly of him—but, finally, he gave in. Long she waited! But he never came!

Three years later, in a beggar in the street who stared hard into her face, she recognized him.

"Jim!" she cried, and held her breath horror-struck.

He turned his bloodshot eyes upon her.

"You—," he said bitterly. "Curse you! I was a man again till you had me turned off at the works. Thanks to you, the woman I loved died in misery."

"You are ill," said the woman gently. "Come home and I will nurse you back to health, Jim."

He spat on the ground. "Home!" he re-

torted savagely. "I'd sooner rot in the work-house than come home to you!"

She shrank back, appalled before the hatred in his eyes one last effort she made.

"Ah, Jim, remember that you once said you would love me for ever," she cried . . . the hot tears stung her eyelids.

No answer he vouchsafed her, only deliberately he put out his hand and put her out of his path as he had done out of his life. She never saw him again.

Away in the cool country garden the stream still laughs softly to itself, as it hurries by; another sparrow giggles wisely at other people's vows; whilst the same big white moon peeps over the tree tops and smiles placidly. Nothing, especially love, lasts for ever.

It's a pity when sick ones drug the stomach or stimulate the Heart and Kidneys. That is all wrong! A weak Stomach, means weak Stomach nerves, always. And this is also true of the Heart and Kidneys. The weak nerves are instead crying out for help. This explains why Dr. Shoop's Restorative is promptly healing Stomach, Heart and Kidney ailments. The Restorative reaches out for actual cause of these ailments—the falling "inside nerves." Anyway test the Restorative 48 hours. It won't cure so soon as that, but you will surely know that help is coming. Sold by all dealers.

Awful Destruction by Modern Shell Fire.

France's latest pattern of naval shell for heavy ordnance seems to be highly effective, judging from the results obtained last week when the wrecked battleship Iena was used as a target. The first shell was fired at one of the funnels, which it pierced as easily as a revolver shot would go through a piece of paper, and carried it away. A second shot struck one of the gun turrets and when twenty minutes later the artillery committee arrived in a steam pinnace to see the effect of the shot the steel walls of the turret were red hot from the fire started by the explosion.

For over an hour it was impossible to approach within six feet of the turret, so great was the heat, and the turret wall was battered as though it had been a tin can. Some goats and poultry shut up within had been killed by the gases liberated by the explosion.

A third shot was fired at the lower decks of the battle ship, which was protected by a thick steel belt, and although it did not pierce the armor the force of the explosion was so great that the electric conduits three tiers higher up were completely pulverized. So far as the experiments have gone the impression has been created that in a naval fight every part of a battleship projecting above the main armored framework of the vessel would be destroyed by gun fire in fifteen minutes.

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The Oldest Land in The World.

(Charles D. Stewart, in the September Atlantic.) Stretching across Canada, north of the St. Lawrence, and ending in the regions about the source of the Mississippi, is a range of low granite hills called the Laurentian Highlands. These hills are really mountains that are almost worn out, for they are the oldest land in America and, according to Agassiz, the oldest in the world. In the days when there was nothing but water on the face of the globe, these mountains came up—a long island of primitive rock with universal Ocean chafing against its shores. None of the other continents had put in their appearance at the time America was thus looking up. The United States began to come to light by the gradual uplifting of this land to the north and the appearance of the tops of the Alleghenies, which were the next in order. Later the Rockies started up. The United States grew southward from Wisconsin and Westward from the Blue Ridge. An early view of the country would have shown a large island which is now northern Wisconsin, and a long thin tongue of this primitive rock sticking down from Canada into Minnesota, and these two growing states looking out over the waters at the mere beginnings of mountain ranges east and west. They were waiting for the rest of the United States to appear.

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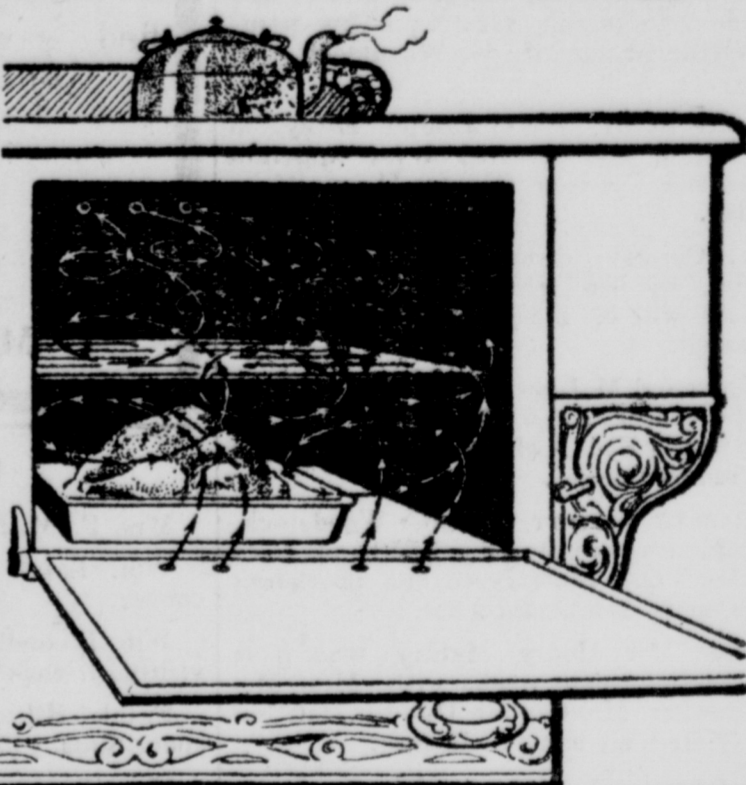
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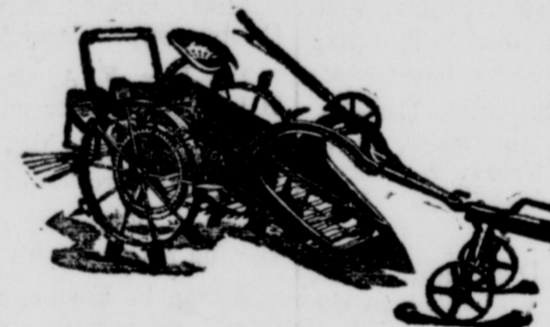
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Pointed Paragraphs.

(Chicago News.)

Regret will never be able to head off indiscretion.

The emptier the head easier it is to fill it with hot air.