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THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

**Fate.**

(Charles W. Snow in Smart Set.)

He plied his pen for the sons of men,  
To lessen their toil and woe.  
But the poor buffoons ignored his runes  
Till his hopes in life sank low.  
When he tested the fears of the quicken-  
ing years,  
And wary of moralists grew.  
He sang one day an aimless lay,  
And it echoed the whole world through.  
So the work that he wrought for human  
thought  
Men spurned with a pitying look,  
While the random play of a lazy day  
They claimed and called his book.

**HOW THE CAPTAIN  
GOT HIS REVENGE.**

BY MARTHA B. DARGAN.

In the "good old colony days"—they were not so good as the present by any means—a young sailor named Witridge, who was now so infatuated with his religion that he must needs wish to make a bonfire of those who disagreed with him on doctrinal subjects, came out to Boston from England and stayed long enough to fall in love with Patience Hartshore, the daughter of a Puritan. Patience was engaged to be married to Aminadab Longshanks, a young man of a sanctimonious air and a nose that was very blue. As soon as the jack tar made his appearance she became fascinated with his devil may care ways and forthwith, as we would put it today, shook the said Aminadab and married the sailor. Aminadab afterward married Consecration Smith, but he never forgave Witridge for cutting him out.

Time came when Witridge got a ship of his own and sailed away with the products of the soil of Massachusetts—skins of wild beasts—to visit foreign lands and bring back such things, pots and kettles principally, as were needed in the colonies. He bade adieu to his wife and a little boy and girl, who had come to him since his marriage with a sad heart, for he was not to meet them again for three years and was in the meanwhile to encounter the perils of the sea. It was a long three years for them both.

But it is a long road that has no turn, and one Sunday morning, the captain, who had arrived in port the night before, just as the sun was rising and Patience was preparing breakfast, rushed into the house and with the windows all open, for it was summer, caught her and the children in his arms. Few people were in the street at that early hour, and the captain, who suddenly remembered that it was Sunday and that a man was not permitted to kiss his wife on that day, thought no one had seen him. But Patience disabused his confidence. When her husband kissed her she was facing the window and saw the lank form of Aminadab Longshanks go by and a corner of his eye turned toward the house.

The next day Captain Witridge was taken before a magistrate and convicted of "lewd and unseemly conduct" in kissing his wife on the Lord's day. He was forced to pass two hours in the stocks and to pay a fine of five pounds. It was not known except to the Witridge family who was the informer, and the captain charged his wife to say nothing about her having seen Aminadab go by the house at the time the "lewd and unseemly conduct" was enacted. The fact that the informer had been Mrs. Witridge's betrothed would place her husband in an unenviable position if Longshanks chose to deny complicity in the matter.

Witridge made several voyages after that, accumulating a snug property. He was happy except for one thing—he had not got even with the informer. One Saturday night, when he was ashore, Patience told him that Truth Hollister had told her that Aminadab Longshanks was hurrying with preparations to go to New Amsterdam on important business. It struck the captain that possibly the business might be so consequential that his enemy would be tempted to travel on the Lord's day. He would not likely start, however, till after sunset, which closed the Sabbath. The captain wished in his heart that his enemy might go earlier in the day, that he might be tempted to kiss his wife before starting and that he (Witridge) might catch him in the act.

The next afternoon Captain Witridge took a walk about the town. Something prompted

him to turn his steps toward the Longshanks dwelling. He passed it about the hour of sunset. He saw Aminadab come out of the house and glance at the sun. His horse was before the door, held by a negro. Mrs. Longshanks came out, and the two looked at the sun together. The atmosphere was murky and it was impossible to tell whether the sun was setting beneath the horizon or a cloud. When it disappeared, Mrs. Longshanks put her arm about her husband's neck and their lips met in a kiss. Then Aminadab mounted his horse and rode away.

Several persons saw the act and they were uncertain whether or no the sun had set beneath the horizon or a cloud. They watched for a matter of five minutes, when the lower limb of a dull red ball protruded beneath the clouds.

When Aminadab Longshanks returned from New Amsterdam he was met by a charge of having kissed his wife on the Lord's day and was fined and put into the stocks.

When Aminadab was in the stocks Captain Witridge—and this was not known to anyone in the colony except Mrs. Witridge—placed shavings in his chimney, made a spark near them with flint and rushed down the street crying fire. The citizens rushed in the opposite direction. When the captain reached the spot where his enemy was sitting in the stocks, he found the culprit alone, all having gone to the fire. Approaching his enemy, the captain and with malice aforethought proceeded to tickle the bottoms of Longshanks' feet. This unholy revenge he kept up for half an hour, when hearing footsteps he departed.

But there is nothing of the finale of this story in the records of blue law cases in the commonwealth.

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 failing "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.

**Change in Women's Styles.**

The most noticeable change in fashion this season is the lengthening of the waistline, which has now become an established fact, says The Housekeeper.

Secondly, the sleeves which last season were skin tight now show a decided fullness between the shoulder cap and deep cuff, this fullness being thin material, made in chiffon, mousseline or silk net, either in the same or a contrasting color of the gown.

Evening sleeves on the other hand have almost disappeared; they are so small and insignificant; in many cases a drapery of tulle hiding the shoulder and upper part of the arm is all that is to be seen.

Thirdly, the long clinging skirt, which gave the tube-like appearance to the figure, has completely disappeared and the present skirt is full, being either plaited, tucked, gathered or shirred to the long waisted upper part.

As the season advances there seems to be a decided tendency toward the long ago, pannier, which is being shown on many of the imported gowns.

There are usually made in flowered, striped or heavy figured silk, and sometimes in velvet.

Instead of being caught up at the hip line as they were in the days of our great grandmothers they now continue to nearly the hem of the skirt, being gracefully draped and very narrow, and the waist with the exception of a narrow pointed vest, which is of the same material as the skirt, is made of the silk or velvet which forms the pannier.

This is usually finished either side of the front with a full cascade ruffle of fine lace, deep cream and coffee color being more used than white, as it is apt to harmonize better with the two materials used to form the gown.

Tickling or dry Coughs will quickly loosen when using Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And it is so thoroughly harmless, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers to use nothing else, even for very young babies. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung healing mountainous shrub give the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. It calms the cough, and heals the sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Demand Dr. Shoop's. Accept no other. Sold by all dealers.

**Elixir of Life.**

"Resting is rusting," declared the late Sir Theodore Martin, who recently died at an advanced age. Sir Theodore Martin was practically the last of the mid-Victorian courtiers. He wrote the life of Prince Albert and had access to private correspondence of Queen Victoria, by whom he was greatly trusted. There is a great deal of talk about this being an age of hurry, unrest and strenuous labor, but there seems to be more holidays and recreation than was formerly the case, and it is a question whether the present generation does work as hard as

did their ancestors. Sir Theodore has no sympathy with what he termed the "softness" and "slackness" of modern times and he believed the best elixir of life was work, and nothing picks up a man or woman so as a little extra work. As a young man he worked sixteen hours a day, as a middle-aged man he placed extra irons in the fire and as he grew old he never allowed his interest to wane in the movements of the time, and he wrote and read and actively engaged in various duties which he had undertaken with as much zest as if his future depended upon it. He always found time for social life, and never took much sleep. Whether his course of action could be generally adopted with success may be a question of doubt, but experience teaches an indisputable fact—it is that idleness works mental and physical destruction, and that the wider one's interests and the more actively pursued, the better it is for his health, mind and morals.

"You may diet, you may spend a fortune in cures, you may obey every new rule of health laid down, but you will neither keep well, nor amiable, nor agreeable, nor will you achieve exceptional length of days, unless your mental machinery is kept in constant use." There is too much clamor about rest, too much about the strenuousness of modern life, and it is apt to lead to poverty, discontent and degeneracy. Healthful activity of mind and body is the surest panacea against the ills which are apt to fall to the lot of humanity.—Toronto World.

**Abraham Lincoln Anecdotal**

At the banquet of the convention of the anti-Nebraska editors of Illinois, which took place at Decatur on Washington's birthday, 1856, Lincoln was asked to speak. He rose and remarked that as this was a meeting of editors he felt himself something of an interloper. He was reminded, he said, of a story about a homely man who was riding through the woods on horseback. Presently he met a lady, also mounted, and drew to one side to allow her to pass.

She also checked her horse and looked at him in a curious way. Finally she said—"Well I believe you are the homeliest man I ever saw!"

"Yes, madam," he replied, "but I cannot help it."

"No, I suppose not," she said; "but you might at least stay at home."

"I feel," said Lincoln to the editors, "as if I might have stayed at home on this occasion."

**Honor to Whom Honor.**

The trying times through which Tennessee is passing have brought to the surface not only criminals, murderers, mobs, grafters, bribers, liquor advocates, and the like, but flashes of the noble and true as well. Three cases are worthy of record.

1 One of the members of the Lower House of the Legislature has a son in the State prison. He was given to understand that a pardon for the son could be had if the father would vote against prohibition. They talked it over, and the son said, employing the homely dialect of the mountains: "Pap, you go on and do your duty. Vote right, and drive out the saloon, so that other boys will not be tempted and ruined as I was. I will bear my burden and serve out my time." As may well be believed, "Pap" voted "right."

2 One of the State Senators left the sessions of the Legislature to visit his father, who was sick. When he had spent a day with him the sick man said: "Now you have done all you can for me. I can only last a few days longer. Go back to your place and help win the fight against whiskey." The son returned to Nashville, and in the very midst of the hottest part of that fight the father died. In due course he was buried, the son holding grimly to his place in the Senate, not leaving even to attend the funeral.

3. Another State Senator, though seriously ill, had himself carried to the Senate chamber, and, though unable to sit up all the time, firmly cast his vote throughout a long and exciting session for those measures which he thought morality and the public conscience demanded.—Christian Advocate, Nashville.

**Kootenay  
Steel Range**

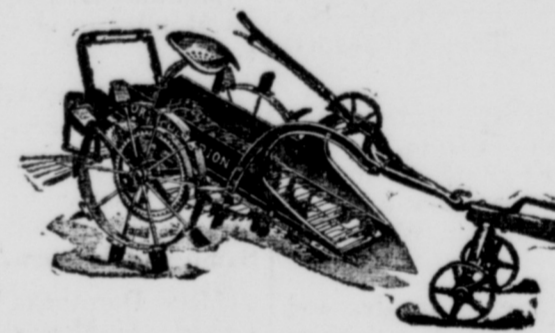


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