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THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

**SALVAGE.**

BY MAUD SHIELDS.

The rain drove against the window pane with insistent malice, and the increasing wind blowing in from the southeast, hurling the waves over the old wooden pier, and beating the life out of the wrecked barque at the harbour mouth, spoke of winter being in the land.

The hands of the clock pointed to eleven as the Rev. Hubert Campion rose from his deep armchair, took a well-loved pipe from his mouth, which he placed on the mantelpiece against his return, and went out to the narrow hall to don coat and cap; for it was the eve of the New Year, and he was about to take the midnight service at the old grey church that has stood sentinel for seven centuries above the river.

The Vicar of Harbourmouth would not be there, for he was an old man and unfit for exposure to the rigor of a winter night. But weather had no effect upon the younger cleric, and to-night he was barely conscious of the wind that seized him in a fury as he set forth. For discomfort must come from within, and to-night Hubert Campion was full of content. To-morrow he was going to London to spend three blissful days with the woman who was more to him than life itself.

He and Barbara Rycroft had been engaged for two years, and the glamour had not worn off yet. Every day or two they exchanged letters and they were young—the woman just twenty-six, the man four years older, so they could talk quite cheerfully of the time when circumstances would permit them to marry. They looked towards that happy day as the faithful look toward Mecca. Yet ever and again the man must fain remember his income of one hundred and twenty pounds. It put an end to his dreams so often. But Hubert Campion was a firm believer in God. The world called him an optimist or a dreamer; we give true religion credit for so little in this age. So he was content to work and hope, and leave the issue in better hands.

Barbara was what is called a "mother's help," in a big house full of noisy boys and girls in Bristol; and so the width of England separated them; but some months ago she had written that she would be able to take a holiday at the end of the year, and spend a week with her mother and younger sisters in their London home. Of course Hubert must take his holiday then and they could spend it together. And for months they had written and thought of little else, and now the wonderful day was at hand.

The Rev. Hubert stepped out boldly in the teeth of the gale, exchanging a friendly greeting now and then with the one or two stragglers whom he passed.

There was a fair number of people in the old church, and to them he addressed a message of hope. After a few moments spent in quiet prayer, the bells rang a joyous peal from the tower, and they all rose from their knees endowed with fresh strength to face the future.

And so out once more into the gale. It was very cosy back again in the warm room, with the red curtains drawn across the rattling pane, and the firelight gleaming on the familiar surroundings. The Rev. Hubert drew up his chair and held his hands to the blaze, as there came a ring at the front door.

His landlady came from the kitchen where she and her husband shared the midnight vigil, and spoke in hushed tones of the two boys at sea, and of the one who had been drowned within sight of the harbour lights as he was coming home one winter night from the fishing grounds.

There was a muffled conversation, and then she came into the room.

"That's Jacob Benstead, sir," she said.

"He wants to speak to you."

"Let him come in," the Rev. Hubert replied cheerfully. "Now, Jacob, what is it."

Jacob came round the door with the wary gait of sailormen on shore, and stood just within the firelight gleaming on his dripping oilskin, and the son-wester he grasped with both hands against his chest.

"Well, Jacob," began the Rev. Hubert, giving him a friendly lead. "I wish you a Happy New Year."

"Same to you, sir, same to you," Jacob replied in a gruff voice that seemed to come up from the depths of the huge sea boots. Then he cleared his throat and grasped the first firmer.

"It's a rough night; won't you come nearer the fire, and have a pipe?" the Rev. Hubert went on.

"Not now, sir, thankin' you all the same. I'll be a-gettin' off home time I've said what I come to say. I'm on'y now in from sea—we went out in the 'Nancy' 'bout nine o'clock time."

"What! Has the lifeboat been out to-night?"

"Yessir. Now come in. Barque out there draggin' of her anchor."

"Drifting toward the sands?"

"Well, sir, shoreward in this wind. The tug come arter her. We stood by fer two hours an' a half; she's now come in harbour in tow. The 'Wilhelm o' Kiel'—deck cargo o' deal ends."

"You must have a drop of something warm."

"Thankin' you sir, not to-night I can't stay. The missus was awaitin' at the slips as we come in—their's bad news about our boy."

The hearer knew David Benstead's history, that had been a ne'er-do-well all his life.

"Bad news," he repeated. "I'm sorry."

"Ay, sir, that hev fair done up the missus that hev."

"Is he in trouble again?"

"He's a dyin', sir. A telegraph what has been belated come from some place foreign," he produced a crumpled form, "but you'll be able to tell, knowin' foreign parts."

The Rev. Hubert took the proffered paper and scanned the message, all blurred with the wet hand that had grasped it, or with a mother's tears:

"Your son David Benstead brought in to-night dangerously wounded in the lung wishes to see you. O'FARRELL, Surgeon, Waterford Hospital."

"It is in the south of Ireland," he said. "A long journey, Jacob. Do you want me to write? There must have been a fight or something."

"Yessir. It'll be somethin' o' that kind. The missus is fair crazed. She—she's got in her mind, sir, that she'd like to see the boy before he puts to sea for the last time. He've been a sight o' trouble, our David hev, but she never had no other—an' she're all fer holdin' of his hand to steady him like as he goes—'r maybe whisper a prayer in his ear. Wimmie are like that ower their own, no matter how bad they be."

"So they are, God bless them! But how can we manage it?" the clergyman asked, a mist coming before his eyes as he looked across at the bent figure in the wet oilskin, bowed now with the weight of sorrow, and with the unspeakable pathos of poverty in his face. "What can we do?" he repeated.

Jacob cleared his throat again. What he was about to say was not easy.

"'Twas the missus thowt of it," he began at last. "Things has been bad with us tyer. There was the missus's illness in the spring time, an' the rent got ouerdue, an' then all the fishin' season I was laid up wi' a broken ankle—an' a bit we hed laid by has gone to the boy now an' again—"

"And you want me to lend you the money to go to him?"

There was not a momentary hesitation, but Hubert Campion's voice sounded strange in his ears; then squaring his shoulders he went on more firmly: "Is that it, Jacob?"

"Well, sir, that were what I came to say—the missus she begged so hard, sir."

"Well, it's lucky I happen to have a bit put by just now, and you're welcome to it; get off to your boy, and God grant you may be in time."

The Rev. Hubert let his visitor out himself, with a cheery word for the waiting mother, and then went back slowly to his chair.

His dream was over!

There would be no holiday, and it might be months before he would see Barbara.

He shivered a little as he sat down once more. He would write to-night and tell her. Dear little woman! How quick she would be to understand and sympathize. And, after all, theirs was not to be a separation for ever, and if their love meant anything, it must help them now.

The Rev. Hubert fell asleep.

"Lor', sir," exclaimed the voice of his landlady, as she drew back the curtains, and showed the heavy grey dawn creeping over the sullen sea. "What, ain't you never been to bed? I'm late, too, an' all. That's gone seven."

"Bless me," cried her lodger, with a laugh. "I must have fallen asleep over the fire."

"Well—you was tired, you know; with that their service so late an' all, an' I don't wonder. I'll soon make the fire up an' get a bit o' breakfast."

"I'll have a tub, that's the best thing to wake me up."

Mrs. Legget shook her head. She was no believer in tubs at any time, and in the winter she considered it to be sheer suicide. When the Rev. Hubert came down to breakfast he found a message asking him to go into the vicarage as early as possible. So, after a hurried meal he set out.

"I wondered if I should catch you, Campion," the vicar said, when they had exchanged greetings. "I knew you were go-

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ing by the early train."

"Oh, yes—I am not going after all."

"Not going?"

"No. I put the money I intended for my holiday to another use, and shall wait until the summer."

"But you wouldn't object to going to town on some law business for me?"

Object! The room swam round Hubert Campion for a second ere he could reply.

"Why, no sir, I should be glad."

"Thank you, Campion, I knew you'd go if you could. It's about the trusteeship of this Sallor's Home. I'll explain afterwards, but I've some good news that I must tell you first. You know my old college friend, Sir George Wrightson? He stayed with me in the summer."

"Yes, I remember him quite well."

"He has written to me this morning about one of the two livings in his gift—the living of Chesney Heyfield in Bedfordshire—a charming spot and a most picturesque church. I spoke of you to Sir George, and now he writes to ask if I think you would like the living; it is only three hundred a year, but the late vicar took pupils to augment his income as it is only a small place, and there are hardly any poor, so he had plenty of time. I shall be very sorry to lose you, Campion, but I think it is your chance, and so I must let you go."

Hubert Campion and pretty Barbara were quietly married one spring morning when the golden daffodils were nodding in the young green of the grass, and the lark was telling of summer days to come; and the first person to grasp the "parson's hand as he and his bride stepped from the church at Chesney Heyfield into the glad sunnigh, was a stalwart young man in the familiar jersey and "best" cloth suit of the Harbourmouth lifeboatmen, with the legend "Nancy Conway" in red letters across his wide chest.

The Rev. Hubert stopped for a moment to tell Barbara who it was, and then he asked: "Is all well, at home, David?"

The answer came straight and bold:

"Ay, sir; an' please God the old people won't hev no more trouble. I'm a goin' to stay at home an' take father's place in the Nancy, an' do a bit o' fishin'. They sent their heart's love for the way you stood by them in the worst gale o' their lives."

The bells rang merrily as Hubert Campion and his wife went on their way.

Nothing in the way of a cough is quite so annoying as a tickling, teasing, wheezing-bronchial cough. The quickest relief comes perhaps from a prescription known to Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And besides, it is so thoroughly harmless that mothers give it with perfect safety even to the youngest babes. The tender leaves of a simple mountain shrub, give to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy its remarkable curative effect. It is truly a most certain and trustworthy prescription. Sold by All Dealers.

Rev H D Marr Accepts Call.

At a meeting of the quarterly board of Queen square Methodist church last night Rev. H. D. Marr said that he had decided to accept the call to Portland Methodist church, to take effect after the conference next June.

The members of the board signified their regret, and Judge McKeown, on behalf of the congregation, presented to Rev. Mr. Marr a check for \$110.

The resignation of Rev. Mr. Marr was the principle business before the meeting

The board extended to the clergyman a cordial and unanimous call to stay with the congregation for a fourth year. This, however, he said he could not do, as he had practically accepted the invitation of the Portland church.

Hon. H. A. McKeown then presented the check. Speeches were made by Rev. Mr. Marr in acknowledgement of the gift and the good will shown by the gift, and by those present expressive of regret at his decision to leave.

Rev. Hedley D. Marr has been in charge of the Queen square Methodist church three years. He is a graduate of Mount Allison. His first charge was Kingsclear and he has been since in Woodstock, Courtenay Bay and Carleton churches, serving three years in each. Since coming to Queen square he has proved himself of much executive ability and has endeared himself to all his congregation.

A committee of the quarterly board was appointed last night to look for a successor to Rev. H. D. Marr in the pastorate.—St. John Telegraph, July 28.

**Hats.**

I have travelled a bit in my time, I have seen

The fez of the terrible Turk.

I have noted the turban displayed by the Moor

When hastening home from its work.

The civilized countries through which I have passed

Have brought to my wandering eye

A vision of beauty. The hats of the girls,

So haughtily sauntering by.

For, over in Paris the Milliners make

Sweet sonnets in ribbons and laces.

A plume in the hands of these poets can show

A thousand delectable graces.

The maids in the carriages give us delight,

Their lids are so beautiful and gay,

Serene is the soul of the fellow who stands

On the edge of the Camps Elysees.

And even at home, we may gaze with delight,

At the peach basket, brimless and high,

The beehive, the sailor, the lingerie hat

Bring bliss to the masculine eye.

And as for the maidens who walk underneath,

Description is certain to fail,

They look like a fleet of the daintiest yachts

All blowing along in full sail.

But am I contented and happy? Ah, no,

I've seen a more excellent sight.

The years have departed, but I can recall

A beautiful figure in white.

She lived on a farm, and full often I've borne

Her basket of eggs to the store.

The hats of today can never compare

With the sunbonnet Cicely wore.



**Needless Waste**

Of time and energy can be avoided by the use of our Classified Waste Ads. Time and energy represent good dollars in this age. Do not squander them in an aimless search for good help. Use our Want Ads and the help will come to you.

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Dec. 7th, 1908. J. N. W. WINSLOW.

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