THE DISPATCH

Tuberculosis

Plenty of fresh air, sleeping out-doors and a plain, nourishing diet are all good and helpful, but the most important of all is

Scott's Emulsion

It is the standard treatment prescribed by physicians all over the world for this dread disease. It is the ideal food-medicine to heal the lungs and build up the wasting body.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Sond 190., name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Savings Bank and Child's Sketch-Book. Each bank contains a Good Lack Penny. SCOTT & BOWNE

126 Wellington St., West, Terento, Ont.

JOYCE.

(M. A. P)

It was really most annoying. I searched through my pockets again, but was still unsuccessful in finding any money. To make mat ers worse, the only other passenger in the 'bus was that pretty girl I had often seen coming out of The Lindens.

How absard I should look when the conductor came in and demanded the fare. Suddenly a bright idea occurred to me. I leaned forward.

"Er-pardon me-er-addressing you, but you see-er-your-face is familiar to me, and-er-" I paused lamely.

My fair companion stared at me.

"You live at Tae Lindens, I have seen you going in and out several times," I said, "and I thought I would risk speaking to you, for you can help me out of a great difficulty. Will you lend me twopence?"

My companion stared at me uneasily for a moment or two and then she burst into a peal of delicious laughter. "It must be a great difficulty if twopence te necessary to remove it," she said presently in grave tones. "Then, of course, I explained my absurd position, renewing my apologies for speaking to her as I had done. "Of course, I shall be glad to be of assistance to you," she said, "although it is only in a very small way."

lowers," she said in dignified tones. I dined alone in my favorite Soho restaur-

ant, and then made my way back to my chambers to enjoy a solitary pipe. All the while I was thinging of Joyce.

"Serving maid or queen!" I cried joyously. "I will woo her!"

After some thought, I decided to com mence my campaign with a letter. I posted the letter on the following morning. But he days went by and no answer came to my letter. I took to haunting the neighborhood of The Lindens every evening, but never once did I set eyes on Joyce again. I received my letter back from the post office marked "Gone, no address."

* I will not go into the details of the following weeks. I put the matter into the hands of a private enquiry agent. He said he had personally interviewed the keeper of every registry office in London, but with no result. That summer we were particularly busy and toward the autumn I desired to spend a month by the sea and combine business with pleasure. I chose Littlebourne and took with me a large pile of manuscripts to read. I discovered a retired nook in the midst of some rocks half a mile beyond the end of the front, and here I spent most afternoons, wading through the MSS. One afternoon, when I was exceedingly bored, I suddenly became conscious that a girl was seated on some rocks ab ut five yards away from me. "Surely," I said to myself, "I know that

figure." In a other moment the blissful revelation came o me. It was Joyce.

"Miss Joyc !" I cried.

"You?" she mured, blushing visibly. "At last I hav , found you," I said. "Do

you know I have been searching everywhere I could think of for you?"

For a few seconds we stared at each other, and in another momont we were both laughing heartily.

"It is quee at we sould meet down here ike this. Ar ou holiday-making?"

"Yes," I report. "And you." "Ob, I am " a situation down here now."

"Whereabou " I asked. "I am afraid I can't tell you," she an-

wered.

"No, I suppose not," I muttered, "it was through me you lost your last situation." "Oh, that didn't matter," she said. "I

was going to leave very shortly." "Now look here, we'll make a bargain," cried. 'I wou't try to find out where you are now employed if you will promise to meet me occasionally."

"Oh, you are a gentleman and I am only a



busy all day.

(Ring the weather man.-INSTANTLY you know whether

you must take to the fields with

all hands, or sit down and smoke

When your Barn is on

fire.

(Ring your nearest neighbors.

INSTANTLY you know that as

Every day you will find your

fast as animals can travel, fellow

tillers of the soil will come to

phone "a friend indeed " and it

will prove to be a "payer" too.

the pipe of peace.)

your aid.)

Some Hamorous Epitaphs.

Here lieth the body of Robert (commonly called "Bone") Phillips, who died July 27th, 1793, aged 65 years, and at whose request the following lines are here inscribed;

Here lie I at the Chancel door;

Here lie I because I am poor; The further in the more you'll pay, Yet here lie I as warm as they.

Here is an epitaph on a last-maker, who is said to be buried at Llanflintwythyl;

Stop, stranger, stop, and wipe a tear For the Last man at last lies here, Through ever-last-ing he has been, He has at last passed life's last scene, Famed for good works, much time he passed. In doing good -- He has done his last.

The following is more philosophic and general in its application:

Life's like an Ion where Travellers stay. Some only Breakfast, and away. Others to dinner stay, and are well fed, The oldest only sup and go to Bed. Long is the Bill who lingers out the day. He that goes the soonest has the Least to

pay.

This is on an eighteenth-century in St. Mary's Parish Churchyard, Mold, North Wales.

Sheffield Parish Churchyard is said by a correspondent to contain a stone with the epitaph;

Hore, underneath these stones.

Lies Billy Jones.

The pailed and the burn,

And when he did, the devil cried, Come, Billy, come.

The correspondent also sends us an epitaph which for pithiness and force would not be ever to sorpass. It runs:

Here lies W. W.

Who will never more rrouble you.

It was an epitaph which called forth the feilewine toolcal epigram from Dr. Sumuel Clarke, who hal just seen the inscription, "Domus Ultima," on the vauit belonging to the Dokas of R. chmord in the Osthedral of Chickest.r. In a mond of satire he wrote:

Did he who thus inscribed the wall, Not read, or not believe St. Paul, Who says there is, where'er it stands, Another house not made with hands, Or may we gather from these words That house is not a House of Lords.

The following epitaphs, with the comment on them, are taken from recent issues of the London Daily News.

There is an interesting epitaph on a gravestone in Poling Churchyord, Sussex, It runs:

Mahogany Furniture.

I am prepared to restore old pieces of Mahogany Funiture, no matter how badly broken up. These old pieces when repaired are quite valuable and far superior to anything of modern make. Being a Cabinet Maker and "French Polisher" of many years experience in the city of St. John, I think I understand my business. Also general repairing Write to

G. N. A. BURNHAM,

Upper Woodstock, N.B.

What Some of Our Graduates Have Told Us Recently

Graduated five years ago, and am getting \$2,000

per year. Graduated seven years ago; am getting good salary and a.n worth \$7,000.

Graduated three years ago; am now secretary of this firm, and am worth \$5,000. Pretty good for boys who remained in New

Brunswick and whose only capital was plenty of energy and a diploma from

Fredericton **Business** College

A diploma and all it carries with it from this, school is a good capital for and young man or woman.

Send for free catalogue. Address

W. J. OSBORNE, Fredericton, N. B.

Phone 33-21.

YERXA'S

Main Street,

Woodstock.

FLOUR and FEED.

Best Bread Flour (Granite) per bbl \$6.30 1 bbl 3.25 " 241 lb bag .80 ** ** ** Best Pastry Flour \$5.75 per barrel 200 ··· 1 ··· 66 "

> Middlings \$1.55 " These goods are guaranteed.

FRED. L. MOOERS, SIGN PAINTING and LETTERING

OF ALL KINDS. Agent for the Willis Wind Sign.

Shop CONNELL ST.

Orders can be left at the Ladies' Wear store,





Beautiful Hair of English Women.

The long, abundant, and glossy tresses of English women are not due to hair tonics and heroic shampooing. There is a general belief over there that the less water put on the hair, the better it is; they say wetting "takes the life out" and leaves the hair dull, brittle and colorless.

English women with hair rich in color, clean and wholesome--ind plenty of ithave told me they contribu e it to dry shampooing two or three times a week. They mix four ounces of therox with four ounces of orris root and sprinkle a tablespoonful of this mixture on the head; then brush the powder thoroughly through the hair. They thus also avoid the danger of catching cold and the disconfort that accompanies washiug, rinsing and drying the hair. This treatment keeps the hair light, fluffy and lustrons, and is the only thing that will actually prednes the greath of hair.

Booklet 3117 is free for the asking. Tell us we ought to send it to you.

"It is awfully kind of you," I said; "I will repay the debt this evening."

"Ob, please no," she entrested. "It's only twopence; please don't trouble about it. But I can get out here-good morning to you."

It was a long time since I had like so much trouble with my coilet as I did hat evening, but at length I was satisfied, and I sallied forth to call at The Lindens. I had previously taken the opportunity to look up the directory, and found the name against The Lindens was Dealson.

"I want to see Miss Denison, please," I said to the pleasant faced housekeeper who answered my ring.

"Yes, sir; will you come inside," he replied. "What name shall I give?" "Gilbert Braithwaite," I said, and then I added, "you had better tell her I have called to pay a debt."

"Yes, sir." Shortly afterwards the door opened and an elderly lady with very desided features entered the room.

"You wish to see me?" she said.

"Er-no!" I stammered. "I want to see Miss Denison."

"I am Miss Dension," the prim lady replied. "What debt is it you talk about? I owe no man anything, neither does any man

"There is some slight error," I said quickly. Then a bright idea struck me. "You have a younger sister, perchance!" I suggested.

"Dinner is served, miss," suddenly came a familiar voice for the doorway.

I dropped my umbrells and hat and jumped to my feet. There, framed in the doorway, stood my benefactress, attired in the service I referred to that I am down the black and white costume of a maid.

"Um-sh!" I remarked, blinking like an OW.

"Oh!" she replied, blushing furiously. Miss Denison stared from one to the other. "Joyce" she said "you may retire."

"But I wish to speak to that-er-young

lady," I cried. "I owe her twopence." I was conscious that my remark sounded ridiculous, but it was the truth. However. Miss Denison cut me short.

"I do not allow my maid to have any fol- I at last.

parlor maid. We are too far apart to be friends."

"Not at all," I ctied. "What do petty distinctions like that matter."

I am not going to recite the details of our excursion on the following day. This was but the first of secoral and in this manner a fortnight passed rapidty away. I must cor-

fess that my work suffered, but I d.d not trouble about that. I tried to make up for it by slamming into my reading when I did not see Joyce. She marifested much interest in mylwork and I ofcen told her of the stuff I was reading.

One afternoon we rambled away along the cliffs.

"I ran through 80,000 words this moraing," I said. "It was a novel, and its title was 'Vanity.' "

"Yes," she replied. "Was it any good?" "Not the slightest," I replied.

"What was the stand's ustab," sue asadd. "Arthur Lester," I replied.

There was silence for a few minutes. Suddenly looking up, I saw my companion's eyes were filled with tears.

"Joyce," I eried, anxiously. "Joyce, what is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing much," she mumured, brokecly.

"There is a great deal the matter," I said. "Tell nie-what it is."

For a moment she hesitated, then her head dropped.

"I-lam Arthur Leator," she murmured. "Jages," I whispe od. "Joyce, dear, I an so sorry. I had on ites."

"I ought to have to d you." she mar. mured, though she did not draw hernelf away from mas. "I thoug . . would be such a surprise for you, for I thought it would be accopied "tet was vig I mas a partor maid. As you sill remember, I described some old maide in my bo k, al .. order m ger an intimate knowledge of diem I obtained a position at The Lindens. I am staying now with my agat, who is an invalid. That is here."

"Haw splendid of you!" I cried. What you must have gone though for the wake of your book."

"But it wasn't any gu, d," and rentind.

"But it was some good," I insisted, "for otherwise we should never have come to gether."

Once more her head trooped, but this time it rested on my choulder Jorze was mine

The Chocolate Eating Nations.

A Frenchman the nes visited this country recently expressed amazement at the great smount of chocolate consumed by us says the Epicuro. He had thought the Parisians, of all paople on the face of the earth excelled in the esting of chocolate sweets. but tere he found the custom of coating things with chocolate so prevalent that he said the people of his city had something in the line to learn from ne. He did not know peruaps that while we take our ci-oclate lightly and for its own sake quite as much as French people do, we also approve of it in our diet for the autritious qualities it posses-

Kavages of Consumption

ALL HER RELATIVES HAD

DIED OF CONSUMPTION

In the year 1890, 18 years ago, Mrs. G. S. Gesner, of Belle Isle, N.S., was in a sad

condition. All her relatives had died of

consumption, and there was every indication

that she was going the same way. At this point har husband suggested to try

Psychine. The doctor who attended said

Psychine was worthless; but it effected a

wonderful cure. Eighteen yeers after in a letter bearing date August 14, 1908, Mrs. Gesner says, "i am better than I have been for years. My lungs have not troubled me

since I took your treatment. My physician

teld no I con .. aut take a better tonie than

PSYCHINE, and I recommend it to all who

are suffering from Ling Trouble and Gen-

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IOLINCED SI-KEEN

Same Street Brank

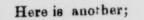
Dr. T. A. SLOCUM

TCRONTO

C. BOX MERCE

sal Dch.

Here Lieth ye Body of Alice, ye wife of Rob't Woolbridge, who died the 27th of May, 1740. Aged 44 years. The world is a round thing, And full of crooked streets, Death is a market place, Where all men meets. If life was a thing That money could buy, The Rich would live And the poor would die.



Poor Martha Snell has gone away, Her would if she could, but her couldn't stay.

She had two sore legs and a badish cough, But it were her legs as carried her off.



NELP WANTED we want a reliable man with rig. or capable of handling horses, in every loca"(y in Canada on salary or commission—\$15,00 a work and expenses, with advancement, introducing and adver-tising our k oyal Purple Stockand Foultry Specifics, putting up bill posters, 7 by 9 feet; selling goods to merchaets and consumers. No experience needed. We lay out your work for you. A good position for farmer or for farmer's sos, permanent, or for tall and white months. With for samples

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Passenger Train Service from Woodstock. Effective Oct. 3rd.

DEPARTURES.

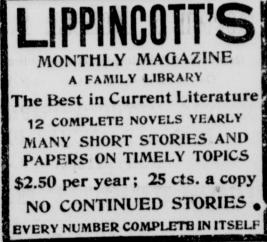
QUEEN STREET STATION). 6.45 A MIXED—For Houlton, McAdam Jot. 8.45 M St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, St. John and points East; Vanceboro, Bangor Portland and Boston etc.; Pullman Parlor Car McAdam Jct. to Boston. Palace Sleeper, McAdam Jct. to Halifax. Dining Car, McAdam Jct. to

Truro. 12.15 A EXPRESS—For all points North, ston, Fort Fairfield, Oaribou and Presque Isle. 5.00 M Son Branch. 5.33 M (St. Andrews after July 1st), Frederic ton, St. John, and East; Vancebora, Sherbrooke Montreal, and all points West, and Northwest, and on Pacific Coast, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleepers, McAdam Junction to Montreal; Pullman Sleepers, McAdam to Boston; Pullman Parlor Car, McAdam to St. John. ABRIYALS.

ARRIVALS,

11.50 P. M.-MIXED-From Fredericton, etc., via

11.50 P. M.-MIXED-From From St. John and East Gibson Branch. 12.15 A. M.-EXPRESS-From St. John and East St. Stephen, St. Andrews after July 1st), Boston, Montreal and West 5.33 P. M.-EXPRESS From Fort Fairfield, Cari-bon, Presque Isla, Grand Falls, Edmandston and Rivere du Louis 11.00 P. M.-MIXED-From Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Hoults Vanceboro, Hand, Portland, Boston, etc. W. B. HOWAHD D. P. A., C. P. Ry, St. John, N. B



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