

TEETHING

makes baby nervous and fretful, and stops gain in weight.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is the best food-medicine for teething babies. It strengthens the nerves, supplies lime for the teeth, keeps the baby growing.

Get a small bottle now. All Druggists

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

SEE IT THROUGH.

The young man absorbed in his paper, felt a sudden weight on his shoulder. He turned around and saw that a girl, who had been standing in the aisle was leaning heavily against him.

In a moment he had given her his seat. She sank into it with a little gasp. Her pale face, her sudden weakness showed that she was ill. He reproached himself for not looking around. She was a little back of his seat in the narrow aisle and he had not seen her.

"Where do you leave the car?" he asked. "At Hepburn avenue," she faintly answered.

"Hepburn avenue," the conductor called. The young man arose without looking at the girl. He was conscious that she arose, too, and was close behind him as they walked down the aisle. He stepped to the ground and waited for her. His hand gripped her arm firmly as she swayed from him. The car rattled away as they stood there, the conductor looking back and warning them of the approach of another car.

"Which way? the young man asked. The girl pointed up the street.

"I'm better," she murmured. "The air revives me. I—I can walk alone.

But she swayed again as she took a step forward. He held her firmly as he walked by her side.

Presently they paused before a cottage. "This is my home," she murmured. He led her up the pathway and on to the little porch.

Before he could knock at the door it was suddenly opened by a grey-haired woman.

"Mercy!" she cried. "What's happened?"

The young man helped the girl in to the hall and the grey-haired woman took her from him.

"The young lady was taken ill in the car," he said.

"Poor child," murmured the woman as she half supported, half led the girl into the rear of the room. "Please wait a moment, sir," she called back.

"Take a seat in the parlor."

He was looking about the quaint room, the grey-haired woman entered.

"My niece is better," she said. "A cup of tea done her a lot of good and she's lying down. She wanted me to thank you."

"There must be some explanation for this," said the young man.

"There is," the woman promptly replied. "She's stage struck."

The young man nodded.

"A rather serious complaint," he said.

"It is," the woman replied. "You saw one of its effects tonight."

She paused and glanced toward the door. Then her voice dropped. "Ella's a nice girl, a sweet and lovable child. But she has got it into her head that she wants to be an actress. She has a good place down town as a stenographer in a big office, and she earns very fair pay. A girl who worked with her went on the stage about a year ago and she keeps writing to Ella about the fine life it is. I don't know how much truth there is in the girl's letters—she was always a harumscarum sort, but Ella believes every word that's in them. An' she's getting ready to go on, as she calls it. She's taking elocution lessons and dancing lessons besides doing her regular work, and she simply can't stand it. She's delicate, like her mother, an' this climate ain't just right for her, but she forgets all discretion which she thinks of acting. It was a long dancing lesson that she took after her regular work that brought on that fainting spell."

The young man looked thoughtful.

"I must ask you to excuse me," he said.

"My friends may begin to worry."

"I wish you'd tell them what detained you," said the woman. "They would not think any the less of you. May I ask your name?"

"It is Greer, Dunham Greer."

"I won't forget it, Mr. Greer," said the woman. "Perhaps I have been a little presumptuous to talk the way I did. I haven't even asked your opinion about the stage."

The young man laughed.

"You may rest assured that I agree with you about our friend in the next room."

He put out his hand. "I bid you good night, madam," he said "and thank you for your confidence."

Dunham found the favorite actress in excellent spirits. She was pleased to meet Mr. Greer. She had heard of him and of his

father, and she had met his sister and her titled husband at a garden party in a London suburb. She remembered with pleasure that when she was arranging a benefit for a sister actress in financial distress, the elder Greer had bought a box for \$200 and told her to sell it again. And how could she serve the son of his worthy father?

"I am going to ask a peculiar favor," Dunham responded. "I'll break it to you abruptly. I want you to disgust a certain young woman with the stage."

"There isn't much to tell except the result," replied the young man. "Ella came home and for a while was very quiet, and her aunt could see that she had been crying. But Mrs. Hinton is a wise woman—despite her talkativeness—and she asked no questions. And then I came in and right away Ella said, 'Do you still want me, George?' Of course you know the sort of answer I gave her. And she cried some more—but it's all right, and we are to be married week after next and start for Pasadena right away. I wish you could come to our wedding."

"Thank you," said Dunham. "I'd come gladly, but I must be in New York at that time. Perhaps I will call on you in Pasadena."

"No one could be more welcome," said the tall young man, and he again shook hands.

"I saw Miss Massinger last night," said Dunham. "She told me she was much attracted by Miss Ella's personality, and that she was very sorry to cause her distress."

He drew a little box from his pocket. "Miss Massinger sends Ella this wedding gift, and wishes her every happiness."

When George Ellmore had gone, Dunham Greer smiled whimsically.

"It looks as if this little affair would turn out very well," he murmured to himself.

"Anyway, Dunnie, you had to make good with that trusting old auntie."—Plain Dealer.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY, & Co., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

O. M. Foster.

In the death of the late O. M. Foster which occurred last Saturday, the town loses one of her most loyal and devoted citizens.

Mr. Foster was only ill a short time and his death came as a blow to his many friends.

Mr. Foster was born in Woodstock in 1833 and at an early age came to Houlton where he had for a number of years been a carriage maker.

Mr. Foster was a long time member of the Baptist church and his loss will be felt in the church as he has always been an enthusiastic worker.

Funeral services were held from his late residence on School street Monday afternoon.

Rev. F. Clarke Hartley officiating.

He leaves, to mourn his loss, two daughters and one son, Mrs. Oliver Bryant, Mrs. Dayton of Boston and Frank Foster of Woodstock.—Houlton Times, July 14th.

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 babies. 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.

A Strathcona Story.

Lord Strathcona, the Canadian High commissioner in London, has, says the London correspondent of the N. Y. Sun, humor of what Scotchmen call the pawky variety. Four or five months ago an old man called at the office of the Dominion of Canada in Victoria street and asked to see Lord Strathcona, saying that he was the cabman who drove young Donald Smith down to the docks and his ship when years ago he left Caledonia to make his fortune in Canada.

Lord Strathcona gave orders that he should be shown in at once, and right pleasantly the two old men gossiped of "auld lang syne" and "bonnie Scotland."

Suddenly the cabman heaved a portentous sigh. Lord Strathcona asked its meaning. The cabman explained. He had not been prosperous but had fallen on evil days. He had to support two grandsons, and one of them to his grief had just died. He had little enough to bury him with and next to nothing with which to maintain himself and the other. Lord Strathcona passed a five pound note quickly into the waiting hand of the tearful grandfather.

Now the cabman had just made his second call and the High Commissioner, not forget-

Which do you think won?

Not long ago two men, athletes, went into a contest to see which could stand erect and hold his arms stretched out full length at either side of his body for the longer time. One man had fed on steaks and chops, sausage, ham, roast beef, etc.; the other ate heartily, but confined himself to such foods as Quaker Oats, rice, macaroni, etc. Which do you think held out longer?

The first man lasted twenty-two minutes. The Quaker Oats-macaroni-rice chap concluded to stop after he had been at it more than three hours.

There's more strength and economy in eating lots of Quaker Oats than most people imagine.

Every family should eat plentifully of Quaker Oats at least once every day; breakfast is the best time. It strengthens you for the day. The big mills of the Quaker Oats Co. at Peterborough, Canada, are one of the big industries of this country.

Regular size packages for city trade, large size family packages for those who are not convenient to the stores. Grocers sell both of these. The large package contains a piece of handsome china for the table.

ful of the first visit, had the veteran driver brought into his private room. Once more the atmosphere of the office became thick with Highland reminiscences. Once more too the cabman sighed, and then with breaking voice he related how in his old age he had to support his two grandsons, and now both of them were down with typhoid fever. Once more Lord Strathcona's purse strings were loosened and he passed coins into the old cabman's hands, who tottered out stammering his thanks. Now Lord Strathcona's secretary had been an auditor of the scene. When the cabman had gone he came forward.

"I hope, my lord," said he, "you did not give him anything. When he saw you some two months ago he told you that of his two grandsons one was dead. Now he says both are down with typhoid fever. It looks, my lord, as if he might be an impostor."

Lord Strathcona eyed his well meaning secretary from underneath his bushy brows.

"Thank you, thank you, very much, Mr. Jones," he purred, "but do you know that when I went out to Canada first I was not driven down to the docks in a cab at all, but just wheeled my own things to the ship in a wheelbarrow."

Harry Lauder's Clever Bluff.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

A pretty piece of 'bluff' is attributed to Harry Lauder, the variety entertainer. During his first stay in New York he was accused of stinginess. He heard that one journalist had severely commented on the manner in which he drew his purse-strings. Not long afterward this man asked him for an interview. Lauder gave him an address and told him to come at 10 o'clock the following night. In the meantime the comedian rented a wretched room in the slum quarter of the city. When the caller came he was ushered into this garret. There sat Lauder, blue with cold, by the light of a single candle.

"Arre ye goin' to put down what I say?" Lauder asked. The reporter assured him, with pride, that he never made notes during an interview. "My memory is excellent," he boasted. "Weel, then," said Lauder, "we'll aye save the light!" And he blew out the candle.

A Man Has Failed Though Rich.

When he is coarse in his manner and brutal in his instincts.

When he is constantly reminding others that the brute still lingers in him.

When there is evidence of mental penury in his conversation.

When he radiates soul poverty.

When he is a moral pauper.

When he does not carry a higher wealth in his character than in his pocketbook.

When he is narrow and bigoted in his opinions.

When he is leading a mean and stingy life so far as his charities and magnanimity are concerned.

When he has fed others on hopes instead of on adequate salaries or just dues.

When he does not in his prosperity help those who helped him in his adversity.

When he goes on the principle of getting all he can and giving us as little as possible.

A tickling or dry cough can be quickly loosened with Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. No opium, no chloroform, nothing unsafe or harsh. Sold by All Dealers.

Brightening Faded Frocks.

Some one may have a pink cotton or linen dress all good, but badly faded. If so, put a piece of Turkey-red cheese-cloth in water, and boil till the color is right. The desired shade may be obtained by dipping a little of the dress. It will be dry a bit lighter than when wet, and will leave an even color all over. One eighth of a yard is more than enough for a dress. Navy-blue cheese-cloth may be used in the same manner to freshen the color of a light blue dress. —Woman's Home Companion for July.

NATIONAL MISSIONARY CAMPAIGN.

The Laymen's Movement to Conduct District Meetings Throughout the Dominion—Denominational Secretaries to Co-operate—A Call to Prayer.

The Canadian Council of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, which has the direction of the work throughout the Dominion, has just issued a statement as to its Policy and plans for the immediate future.

The Policy was adopted and then submitted to the different Denominational Committees and heartily endorsed by them. The Denominational Secretaries each agreed that the best results come to their work through the larger inter-denominational meeting, and with therefore all co-operate in the campaign of the fall and winter. This will include district meetings covering two days each, in every Province of the Dominion, so located that every church may be able to send one or more delegates without great outlay of time or money.

It is expected that invitations will be received from different centres, and the Council will make selections with the best interests of the entire work in mind. The first few meetings will probably be held in Ontario in September, and those in the western Provinces in October and November.

An earnest call to prayer for wisdom in locating and planning these meetings has been issued to co-operating clergy and laymen throughout the Dominion.

After Christmas.

A portly woman swept into the department store. Pausing at the Oasale-today counter she inquired sweetly:

"May I exchange this sterling silver hair brush?"

"Certainly!" responded the blowzy clerk.

"But I hope there's nothing wrong with it."

"Oh, no! it's all right, for I gave it to my husband as a birthday gift."

"Did't he like it? Best thing in the house."

"No; he didn't care for it. You see, he's perfectly bald, and, if you don't object, I'll just have that lavender automobile veil instead."



Three Removes are as Bad as a Fire.
That gem from the philosopher of Benjamin Franklin contains a lot of truth.
Make one move do. Get a good house once for all by a House Wanted, ad.
Houses are scarce but our Want Ads will put you in touch with the best in the market.

Fredericton Business College

IS NOT CLOSED IN SUMMER.

Why waste the summer months? Two or three months wasted at this end of your course, may mean the loss of that many months' salary at the other end.

ENTER NOW. Catalogue giving full information sent on request.

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

WANTED.

A second class female teacher to take charge of the Primary Dept of the Bristol school. Please state salary and experience. Address,
D. W. ROGERS,
Bristol, Car. Co. N. B.

June 2nd, 8 in.

DENTISTRY.

DR. A. R. CURRIE will be at Hartland on the first Monday of each month, and remain two weeks.

Office: G. W. Boyer's residence.

OFFICES TO LET.

I have to let on the second flat of my Wooden Block, on Main Street, near the Bridge, three of the best lighted and most comfortable and convenient offices in the Town. Steam heat. Electric Light.
Dec. 7th, 1908. J. N. W. WINSLOW.

FARM FOR SALE.

The Kidney-Lilly Farm on the Jacksantown road, about four miles from Upper Woodstock, containing 150 acres with a good dwelling, barns, and other outbuildings. An especially good bargain will be given for a quick half cash sale.
Dec. 7th, 1908. J. N. W. WINSLOW.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

(A Reverie)

One night I was, drowsed by my dying fire, While I watched its flickering flames expire, Bright Fancy plumes her ethereal wings, And I seemed alone with the Soul of Things—

Alone, of the things of Sense bereft, Yet Life and Beauty and Love were left Among the myriad pictures wrought On my weary brain in the womb of thought With one of a woman petite and fair, With a red, red rose in her nut-brown hair, And my spirit swooned in its glad surprise, Neath the radiant glance of her glorious eyes.

Eyes so gentle and good and true That the pure, white soul seemed shining through,

And in their light—oh, can it be, That a woman's heart was revealed to me!

One blissful moment they gazed in mine With a look so tender it seemed divine— Now I know that of all the years can bring, A woman's love is the "greatest thing." —Wilbur Thomas, in The Balance Magazine for December.

Avoid Tight Collars in Hot Weather.

One of the most common causes of hot weather discomfort, and danger too for that matter, is the tight neckband. Passing up and down the sides of the neck are two very important arteries, the carotids, and two large veins, the jugular veins. The carotid arteries carry blood up to the head, while the jugular veins convey it back to the heart. As elsewhere in the body the arteries are situated under the muscles and so are partly protected from pressure, says a writer in Quoting. The jugular veins, however, are quite near the surface, and a slight degree of pressure upon them is enough to impede the flow of blood away from the head. This retention of blood in the head is a frequent cause of that headache peculiar to hot weather where the headache is accompanied by flushed face and feeling of fullness, often with buzzing in the ears. This condition is always present in heat prostration. Now the tight neckband and the tight collar make pressure just over the jugular veins, and so by preventing free escape of blood from the head often produce heat headaches and other discomforts as well as add to the risk of heat prostration. The neckband of the summer shirt then should be loose and the collar low and easy fitting.

Paid For the Kiss.

Lord Northcote was once made curious use of while governor general of Australia, says London M. A. P. Strolling one night through an avenue of somber trees to a friend's house to dinner, he was suddenly pounced upon by a maid-servant, who kissed him effusively and pressed a little parcel into his hand. "Here's a sausage for you. I can't come out tonight, as master has company, she whispered and as mysteriously disappeared. When he got to the house he found one of his servants loitering by the gate. "What are you doing there?" asked Lord Northcote. "I'm waiting for my sweetheart," the man stammered. "Where is she?" "In service here." "Ah, then, I am right. Here is a sausage from your sweetheart, and she wishes me to tell you that she cannot come out tonight, as her master has company." Seeing that the man looked nervous, he added, kindly: "She also gave me a kiss for you, but perhaps you would rather wait until you see her. Here is 5 shillings instead."

Accommodating.

"Some years ago," says a Boston lawyer, "a man in Nantucket was tried for a petty offence and sentenced to four months in jail. A few days after the trial the judge who had imposed sentence, in company with the sheriff, was on his way to the Boston boat, when they passed a man busily engaged in sawing wood.

"The man stopped his work, touched his hat politely and said, 'Good morning, your honor.'"

"The judge, after a careful survey of the man's face, asked:

"Isn't that the man I sentenced to jail a few days ago?"

"Yes," replied the sheriff, with some hesitation, "that's the man. The fact is, judge, we—er—we don't happen to have anybody else in jail just now, so we thought it would be a sort of useless expense to hire some one to keep the jail four months just for this one man. So I gave him the jail key and told him it would be all right if he'd sleep there o' nights." —Harper's Weekly.

The Yellow-Journal School.

New Editor (from Gotham)—Quick sleepy! Got a story?

Village Reporter—Old Maids' Home is burning.

N. E.—So? Anybody killed?

V. R.—Now! Nothin' but nine tomatoes.

N. E.—Eh? Good! Tell Banks to run a

twelve o'clock extra: "Horrible Fire!

Eighty-one lives lost!"