

SCOTT'S EMULSION

stops loss of flesh in babies and children and in adults in summer as well as winter. Some people have gained a pound a day while taking it.

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

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

(London Opinion.)

"I am not at home to anyone, Jenks."

"Yes, sir. Shall I take tea into the library, sir?"

"No," was the curt answer. The door of the library was closed with a decisive hand and locked.

He crossed over to the fireplace and stood for a few minutes leaning on the mantelpiece, with his haggard eyes staring down into the recess of the glowing coal. Then he seated himself at the writing table, and for the next ten minutes there was no sound but the tearing of papers. He wrote two letters, both equally brief, and addressed one to his wife and the other to his lawyers and placed them before him. Without a pause, he opened a little drawer and brought out a small revolver. He did pause then, and moving his head took a slow survey of the room. The hand pointed to five minutes to five.

A grim smile flitted over his face.

"I will wait until five," he said aloud.

Four minutes to the hour. Three minutes. Two. Eternity swung in sight—the portals of death were open when someone knocked with a boldness that demanded entrance.

"What do you want? Who is it?"

"It's me, father—Doll," said a clear, childish voice.

"Go away, Doll," he said thickly. "Go to Miss Carter, Doll—I'm busy."

"But Miss Carter's gone to a wedding and she won't be home till seven, and it's dreadfully lonely."

"I can't see you now."

"Not when it's my birthday?" indignantly.

In spite of everything he could not withstand her. He must let her in for a minute and then send her away. He slipped the revolver into its drawer again and opened the door.

"Oh, daddy, how cold you are; and yet,—peeping past him—"you have got a lovely fire. Darling, you are cross, or not well?"

"A bit of both, perhaps, Doll."

"Not cross with me?"

"No, Doll, no."

"You were lonely like me, weren't you. And you wanted me—really?"

"Old woman, I can't let you stay here—this evening."

"Are you very busy, darling?"

"Yes."

She gave a deep sigh.

"It was dreadfully lonely upstairs," she began apologetically. "I don't care two pins about Miss Carter being away, but it's—my birthday, and—and—tragically—"you never wished me any happy returns."

"I am a brute, Doll," he said unsteadily.

He took her little round chin in his fingers and looked down into her honest eyes—replacings of her lovely mother's, but with a depth, a soul in them that had never shone in the sparkling orbs of the fashionable beauty. Now as Doll's eyes met his he flinched before them, for their pure glance seemed to reach the recesses of his guilty soul.

"Ten today, are you? Getting quite an old lady," with a forced smile. "Good angels guard you, sweetheart, for many years—happy years."

"Father let me have tea with you—it would be a perfectly glorious birthday party. Say yes, do."

"Very well," he said quietly. Have your own way, Doll."

She gave a little ecstatic scream and fled into the hall like a radiant white bird, too impatient to ring.

"Jenks, Jenks! I am going to have tea with father! Bring it to the library directly, please, and the cake!"

She was back again, all movement and vivacity. The man from the chair where he had thrown himself could not take his haggard eyes from her—she seemed the very embodiment of life.

"And after the tea was over he could not get rid of her without absolute sternness."

"Do you have remember last birthday, darling? I was nine, and mummy gave a ball. She promised me one this birthday, but she had gone to the Latouches, you know. Mummy is away a great lot," she said with a little regretful sigh.

"And you are very disappointed to be done out of your party, old woman?"

"Not very," said Doll stoutly. "Next year mummy is sure to be home, she says so. And she sent me this. Isn't she a darling, sweet mummy?"

She opened a little gold locket attached to a slender chain round her neck and showed him the charming, smiling face of her mother.

He took it in his hand and looked at it long and intently. Tomorrow those gay blue eyes would be clouded—that haughtily poised head abased with dishonor. Well, he thought bitterly, she had had her hand in it. They had never run well together—she had gone her own way and he his. Once things might have been different—was it his fault or hers? He closed the locket with a little snap and let it fall again on Doll's breast.

"And this is her letter—look darling. I'll read it to you: 'So sorry, my sweet Doll, to be away on your birthday—but this is an old engagement, you know, and Lady Latouche would not let me off. Next birthday—indeed, when I return—we must make up for it. I am sending you something to console you. I hope my Doll is a good little girl and does what Miss Carter tells her to. Take good care of father.'"

"And I am, aren't I?" Doll broke off to say.

"Yes, Doll, old woman. You—you would miss me a bit if—supposing that I was lost, now?"

"Do men ever get lost?"

"Often, Doll?"

"Then I would die," said Doll, tragically.

"Nonsense. Mothers always count for more, don't they?" he persisted.

She pressed round his face and looked at him critically.

"Do they—always?" she whispered.

"Mostly, Doll."

"But sometime you—they could love the fathers just a wee quarter more, couldn't they?"

He considered the question, while she watched him anxiously.

"They might sometimes, Doll."

"It wouldn't be wicked?"

"No, of course not."

She gave a deep sigh of relief.

He put his arms round the little warm body, and pressed her close to him. And as he held her there a sudden love of life—a remembrance of all the best and highest of the life he had so basely ill-used came back and stirred his pulses with gladness and pain.

He closed his eyes dizzily and leaned against Doll's shoulder. How near had been Death—and Doll had come between them? He reviewed the mad acts of the last few days—the maddest acts of his spoiled life. He had dishonored the name that generations of good-living men had transmitted to him. That very afternoon—was it only this afternoon or centuries ago?—his lawyers had begged him to pull in to retrench. They had asked him to go abroad until they could settle his submerged affairs. They had sworn that if he would promise them to give up his mad gambling they would be able yet to save an honored name—an honored house. And what had his answer been? He had flung away with them with a laugh. "Let my name and the place go. My whole existence has been a mistake. I shall go to the devil my own way."

And then in the place of Death and dishonor had come—Doll. He was alive, thank God! Thank God!

"Doll, darling, wise old woman, did you ever turn over a new leaf?"

"Lots," said Doll, promptly.

"Well, I've turned over one, all the leaves in my book are stained but this one, but I am going to keep this clean. And, Doll, tomorrow, you and I are going in search of the very loveliest birthday present that we can find in the whole of London. But I have given you one to-night, dear."

"What?" asked Doll, eagerly and puzzled. He stooped down and kissed her, and she hugged him gleefully, for she thought his kiss was the gift, but he knew it was his life.

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.

Running the Gantlet.

David Johnston, one of the early settlers of Indiana, was a noted hunter, and at one time was with a hunting-party of which John Severns was a member. On that occasion the early settlement of the state was discussed. Mr. Severns, having been there so many years before any other white man, was accepted as authority on all such subjects. In the "Pioneer History of Indiana" Col. W. M. Cockrum gives one of Mr. Severns' stories as repeated by Mr. Johnston.

"Mr. Severns said that in the fall of 1793 he was with half a dozen of his Indian neighbors, hunting, and that he stayed all night at an Indian village. During the night two white prisoners were brought in, and preparations were made for their trial and death.

Quaker Oats Griddle Cakes

Try them today!

The family that hasn't eaten Quaker Oats griddle cakes has a delightful surprise coming to it. Besides the delicious flavor, there is the pleasure of knowing you can eat all you want, and the more you eat the better for you. The best of all foods for anyone wanting more strength and vigor.

Hundreds of thousands of packages of Quaker Oats are consumed in Germany annually and almost all of it is eaten in the form of Quaker Oats griddle cakes. In the cereal restaurant of the Quaker Oats Company, located in one of the large cities, these griddle cakes are very popular.

Here's the best recipe for making them:

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked); 1½ cup flour; 1 teaspoonful salt; 1 teaspoonful soda—dissolve in two tablespoonfuls hot water; 1 teaspoonful baking powder (mix in flour); 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk; 2 eggs beaten lightly; 1 tablespoonful sugar; 1 or 2 tablespoonfuls melted butter (according to richness of milk).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture and quantity of melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes—they make your mouth water for more.

arrations were made for their trial and death. First two lines were formed facing each other and two men were compelled to run the gantlet between the lines. A point some hundred yards beyond the lines of the gantlet was designated as the place that was to be reached to save their lives. One of the men was of middle age, but frail; the other was a strong, athletic young fellow. The lines were made up of more than one hundred Indians, mostly squaws and boys, with enough active men to keep the prisoners from getting away. The young man was the first to make the race. He got through the lane and to the life-station without being much hurt. The older man, before he started, held up his hands and offered a prayer to God for aid, then commenced the race, which was not more than half-completed before he was knocked down by a heavy club in the hands of a squaw, and was set upon by the horde of squaws and boys and beaten to death. As soon as he was knocked down the young man, who was seven hundred feet away, ran like a deer and jumped into the throng of Indians and tried to save his friends life, but was soon overpowered and dragged away. For this brave act the chief of the village adopted the young man, to take the place of a son whom he had lost. Mr. Severns, on being asked why he did not intercede for the prisoners, said that if he had attempted to interfere it would have cost him his life.

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.

How Britain's National Treasures are Guarded.

The amusing, if somewhat embarrassing situation in which 300 Tower of London visitors were placed when they suddenly found themselves imprisoned behind locked doors, the other day brings to light the effective manner in which Britain's treasures are guarded.

There is a system of secret electrical alarms installed at the Tower, the sound of which is a signal for the immediate closing of all the doors in the building as well as all the entrances. On the occasion referred to an atmospheric disturbance set the alarm bell ringing in the guard house and at once all the doors were closed. Warders and policemen took their appointed stations and nobody was allowed to enter or leave. The officials were uncertain whether an attempt had been made to carry away the crown jewels or to blow up the Tower and watch was kept on the tourists until the order was given for the doors and gates to be swung open again.

Similar elaborate precautions against robbery are in use at the British Museum. There is a secret electrical alarm in every room and if a burglar takes place in any part of the building a policeman has only to touch a button to notify all the officials, who close the doors and entrance gates, which are swung round by the turning of a crank. The National Gallery and other museums are equally well protected.

"All the latest popular novels!" sang out the train boy. Then, holding out a copy of "The Guest of Quesnay" to a prosperous-looking passenger, he urged; "Buy Booth Tarkington's latest work, sir?"

The man looked annoyed.

"No! I am Booth Tarkington himself."

"Then buy a copy of 'Three Weeks,'" persisted the boy. "You ain't Elinor Glyn, too, are you?"—Everybody's Magazine.



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.

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-Lilley 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 cash sale. Dec. 7th, 1908. J. N. W. WINSLOW.

WANTED.

Dressed pigs and hogs, any weight, fat cattle and veal, fat sheep, lambs, ducks, geese, chickens, butter and turkeys. Imperial Packing Co., Limited, Woodstock, N. B.

Houses and Lots For Sale.

Apply to LOUIS E. YOUNG, Woodstock, N. B., Nov. 27th, '08. —tf.

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Rhymed Hints on Matrimony.

Married in January's hoar and rime,
Widowed you'll be before your time.
Married in February's sleety weather,
Life you'll tread in tune together.
Married when March winds shrill and roar,
Your home will be on a foreign shore.
Married neath April's changeful skies,
A checkered path before you lies.
Married when bees o'er May blossoms flit,
Strangers around your board will sit.
Married in the months of roses' bloom,
Life will be one long sweet tune.
Married in July, with flowers ablaze,
Bitter-sweet memories in after days.
Married in August's heat and drowse,
Lover and friend is your chosen spouse.
Married in September's golden glow,
Smooth and serene your life will flow.
Married when leaves in October fall,
Toil and hardship for you begin.
Married in veils of November mist,
Dame Fortune your wedding ring has kissed.
Married in days of December cheer,
Love's star burns brighter from year to year.

When Saloons Will Close.

(New York Sun.)

In refusing to grant a licence for the sale of liquor in a New Jersey township the judge in whom lay power in the matter has made this statement:

"There is one phase of this question which seems to have been ignored by counsel, the protest of 137 adult women of this township. They indeed are the chief sufferers, and have no other method of defence against the liquor evil than their protest to the Court. I see no reason why their testimony should not be accepted by me as to the actual conditions existing in the township. Their protest must therefore be combined with that of seventy-five worthy citizens resident of the township and must be controlling with the Court."

There certainly can be no quarrel with this conclusion, nor is exception likely to be taken to the Judge's reasoning. It only put in words the fact that has been recognized wherever the crusade against licensing drinking places has been pushed vigorously. The anti-saloon fights have been won by the women who have taken part in them, and wherever the women have been united on the side of the prohibitionists the liquor interests have been worsted. In many instances hysteria and frantic appeals have marked their campaigns, but success has always attended them in the end.

The liquor manufacturers and sellers must acknowledge this and may as well make up their minds that when the women are practically a unit aggressively opposing them their cause is lost.

Perth Milling Co. Sold.

J. D. McLaughlin, the well known contractor and lumberman, who has been in the city for a few days, left last evening by C. P. R. for Fredericton en route to Victoria County, where his lumber business is situated.

Mr. McLaughlin has recently added to his already extensive interests by the purchase of the Perth Milling Company's plant at Perth, and it is now being operated under Mr. McLaughlin's control, Messrs. Brown and Cox being retained as managers.

The plant is valued at something between \$20,000 and \$25,000 and has a capacity of 25,000 feet per day. The mill was built only four or five years ago, and is in splendid working condition. A woodworking plant is also operated in connection with the mill at Perth.

A grist mill at the same place was owned by the Perth Milling Company, but this property Mr. McLaughlin has not acquired.—St. John Standard.

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