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 THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

VENGEANCE.

BY FORBES DWIGHT.

Cuyler stood at the gate watching the much decorated motor disappear down the road in a cloud of dust, out of which the white ribbons still fluttered in flamboyant fashion.

The ground before him was white with rice, while here and there a decrepit shoe, having done its duty in speeding the parting couple, lay in pathetic neglect, its brief moment of popularity now over.

With a grim smile Cuyler turned on his heel and made his way up the gravel walk, past the groups of pretty, laughing girls, each with its attendant train of satellites.

On the wide veranda the orchestra played luring waltzes, to which apparently no one was listening, and near by the bride's mother, a portly, rather handsome woman, was talking gayly with a solemn faced young man, whom Cuyler recognized as the officiating rector.

"Where is Elinor?" he asked as Mrs. Trenholme turned to him with a welcoming smile which plainly invited him to join her. "Elinor? Really, Fritz, I haven't the least idea. Isn't she down there on the lawn?"

Cuyler shook his head. "She was standing beside me when they entered the motor," he explained, "and after they had started I found she had slipped away."

"I think," the rector interposed, "I saw her going through the house a moment ago. She went through the rear door, if I remember."

"Thank you," said Cuyler. He entered the hall, crossed to the door at the rear and stepped out on the broad veranda that commanded a fine view of the hills to the west.

Below him the formal gardens on the terrace were cool and green and, to his disappointment, apparently deserted.

Lighting a cigarette, he descended the broad steps and sauntered leisurely along the path that led down the terrace.

He had proceeded no great distance when from behind a clump of bay trees he caught the flash of a white dress.

He tossed the cigarette away and turned from the path. Behind the barrier of bay trees was a rustic seat, and sitting very straight on this seat, her hands clasped and her eyes a most suspicious red, was Eleanor Trenholme. Cuyler was beside her in an instant.

"Well, well," he said lightly, yet not without a certain touch of gentleness in his voice; "this is rank desertion. It will never do in the world. Aren't you going to ask me to be seated?"

"I came here to be alone," she said doubtfully. "I'm not sure that I want you here just now."

But nevertheless she moved over and made room for him beside her. Cuyler at once took the seat, looking at her searchingly meanwhile.

"You shouldn't feel about it the way you do," he chided gravely.

"And how do you think I feel?" she challenged.

Cuyler looked at her again. "Rather cut up, I fancy," he replied.

"You are wrong. I am not cut up, as you choose to call it, only—only—"

"Only what?" said he.

"Of course he's perfectly splendid," she said slowly, "and I am awfully proud of him, just as we all are, but—but somehow I can't help being selfish. I can't bear the idea of giving up Margaret to him. We've always been together, she and I, and—and—oh, well, I'm selfish, that's all there is to it."

Cuyler saw something glistening in her eyes. A tear coursed slowly down her cheek and hung in ridiculous fashion on the point of her chin. She brushed it away almost savagely.

"You see," Cuyler declared, "I was sure you would feel this way about it. That was why I came out here to find you."

"I'm not sure how I feel about it myself yet," said she.

"Oh, I can make a good guess," he replied. "You are very glad that she is to be happy, and yet there is a little ache in your heart that you can't deny, try as you will to do so. There is an end to something, just what you can't definitely decide, but something has gone out of your life. Of that you are certain. Isn't that it?"

"Yes. That is just it. How did you know so well?" she asked.

Cuyler turned to her, with a smile of understanding. "I have a brother," he said simply. "He was very close to me—closer, indeed, than any one else in the world—until one day he found the other and, of course, the greater happiness, just as your sister has done. It was tremendously lonely without him."

"But you got over it in time?" she asked quickly.

"In a way, yes; in another way, no," said he.

She looked at him questioningly. He was smiling down at her with a certain whimsical gravity.

"There is only one way to get even with these people—this sister of yours and this brother of mine," he asserted.

"And how is that?" she asked.

"Follow suit," said he.

Her brows wrinkled in a perplexed frown. "I don't exactly catch your meaning," she said.

Cuyler suddenly leaned toward her. There was something in his eyes that brought a quick flush to her cheeks.

"Let's not permit these other people to have all the happiness in the world. Let's reserve a little for ourselves," said he.

Her head was turned from him. Presently he saw her shoulders shake convulsively. At the same time she arose from the bench.

"I'm—I'm going down to the pond," she faltered, still refusing to look at him. "Please, please, stay here and don't come until I call you."

"Just a minute, Elinor," he pleaded. "I wanted to say"—

But with a little imperious gesture she moved away, leaving him there somewhat mystified and decidedly angry.

He sat down again on the rustic seat, drew out a cigarette and began smoking furiously. When it was burned out he lighted another and then another.

It was not until his fourth cigarette that a voice sounded faintly from the little pond at the foot of the terrace.

"Fritz!" it called. "Oh, Fritz! You may come now if you like!"

He hurried down the path. Elinor sat on the rail of the little boathouse. Her eyes were very red, and beside her lay a tiny bit of lace, crumpled and very wet.

"Elinor," he said contritely, "I didn't mean to make it any harder for you. I was trying"—

"Listen," she interrupted. "I came down here to have a last grand orgy of feelings all by my lonesome. Whatever tears I have for Margaret I wanted to shed once for all, and that's what I've done. I—I had to shed them now, because—because—what you've just said, you know—makes it—makes it—oh, Fritz, don't you see?"

The manner in which she sprang to her side told very plainly that he did see.

"And now," said she, rather breathlessly a moment later, "we'd better go up to the house and tell them how I've got square with Margaret."

In sickness, if a certain hidden nerve goes wrong, then the organ that this nerve controls will also surely fail. It may be a Stomach nerve, or it may have given strength and support to the Heart or Kidneys. It was Dr. Shoop that first pointed to this vital truth. Dr. Shoop's Restorative was not made to dose the Stomach nor to temporarily stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. That old-fashioned method is all wrong. Dr. Shoop's Restorative goes directly to these failing inside nerves. The remarkable success of this prescription demonstrates the wisdom of treating the actual cause of these failing organs. And it is indeed easy to prove. A simple five or ten days test will surely tell. Try it once, and see! Sold by All Dealers.

Voodooism in Haiti.

(London Times.)

That the hold which the voodoo worship has on the people of Haiti is stronger than the power of the church is shown by the fact that the day before the writer's inspection of a voodoo temple in the mountains, where he saw six gostskin drums, a Roman Catholic priest had visited the district and made his ministrations conditional on the people destroying their instruments, but they refused. The government does not, as a rule, interfere with the practices of the cult on account of the political influence of its leaders.

The question whether human flesh is now eaten in connection with the voodoo ceremonies is a perplexing one, which it is impossible to answer with any degree of confidence. Local opinion is divided on the matter. Some assert that the practice is secretly in vogue; others categorically deny it. No one can be found to state that he has been an eyewitness of any such sacrifice. The conclusion which the writer came to is that there is no organized human sacrifice taking place as a part of the voodoo ceremonial, but that in ordinary life an occasional instance of cannibalism occurs—as murder cases occur in civilized countries—where the perpetrator, probably from a tribe of anthropophagi, becoming temporarily insane or highly excited, reverts to the aboriginal habit. It should be added that public opinion generally reprobates the act and the educated Haitien is thoroughly ashamed of the dark stain which lies upon his country.

What would you take?

Suppose you were required to live for a certain length of time on only one article of food. Which would you choose?

There is one food that stands without a rival for such a test. Quaker Oats is that one. It furnishes more strength with least wear and tear on the digestive organs than any other food. You'll feel well and strong at the end of the time. Try it. Don't stop eating other things, but eat more Quaker Oats and you'll notice the gain in strength.

You'll find Quaker Oats put up in two size packages, the regular size and the large, family size for those who are not convenient to the store. The large package contains a piece of handsome china for the table.

All grocers sell these. Eat Quaker Oats daily for breakfast, it strengthens you for the day's work. It's Canadian.

How to Pot Plants.

New or ery pats should be sealed in water before potting plants, so as to fill the pores, or they will absorb moisture from the soil and dry out the roots. It is a good plan to protect potted plants with covers or set them inside of a second pot to keep plants from drying out. The roots near the sides of the pot are easily dried in sun or draft. Covers or double pots shade them. Covers can be made of rice matting and various other material, or pot covers can be purchased ready made. Plant rooted cuttings in two and two and a half inch pots and repot into larger sizes as the pots fill up with roots. Small plants should never be put into large pots, but advanced as they gain size and strength. If overpotted the soil becomes sodden before the plant grows large enough to require room. It grows slowly and often makes a complete failure. In repotting turn the pot over, face down, placing the fingers across the top to hold the plant, and gently rap the edge of the pot on the edge of the table or potting bench. The plant will slip out easily, and the roots may be examined and plant slipped back in the pot or potted on as desired. If the roots have reached the outside of the ball and formed a network around it the plant requires a larger pot.

A New Kind of Joshua.

During a recent term of the United States Court at Frankfort, Kentucky, there appeared by Judge A. J. M. Cochran a tall, lanky, awkward specimen of humanity from the mountainous regions of Jackson, Kentucky, where the chief industries of the natives are feuds and illicit stills.

"What is your name?" said Judge Cochran, when the mountaineer was brought before the bar.

"Joshua—Joshua," was the halting response.

"Joshua, hey?" remarked the judge with a twinkle in his eye that strangely belied the gravity of his countenance. "Are you the Joshua that commanded the sun to stand still?"

"No, judge," responded the prisoner with a corresponding glint in his own shrewd gray orbs. "No, judge; I'm the Joshua that made the 'moonshine.'"—Ella Hutchison Ellwanger.

Ammonia As a Fire Extinguisher.

It is not generally known that common household ammonia, such as almost every housewife uses, is much more effective in case of an incipient blaze than water. In a recent case, in which towels hanging at the back of a kitchen range caught fire, a part of the contents of a quart bottle of household ammonia was used effectively, and averted what for a moment threatened serious consequences to clothes-bars filled with the week's ironing, which were standing near.—S. E. A.

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Address,

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

HAS RETURNED.

Dr. Manzer, who has been taking a Post Graduate Course in Surgery and Dentistry, has returned. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

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.

HOUSE FOR SALE.

A tenement house suitable for one family, with garden and orchard, near Smith's Crossing, Lower Woodstock.
 For further particulars apply to HAMILTON BROS. Woodstock.

FARM FOR SALE.

A farm containing 110 acres, 90 acres cleared, and 20 acres heavily timbered. It is under good cultivation, well watered, three quarters of a mile from consolidated school, very handy to post office and only one and a half miles to depot. For further particulars apply to
 Mch 24 3m. A. B. McCAIN, Florenceville.

FARM FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers his farm for sale situated in Jacksantown consisting of 140, acres 4 miles from railroad, school within 100 rods, running water in house and barn. Fine set of buildings, farm will be sold with or without machinery or stock. For further particulars apply to
 Jacksonville, N. B. GEO. C. WATSON. Mar. 24-2mo.

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How the Big Trees are Felled.

When one of the huge trees in the North-western forests is to be felled the boss of the timber gang looks over the ground in the vicinity and finds the best place for the fall. If there is a marshy spot near the tree, so much the better, as it will strike the mud and water with less danger of splitting or being broken.

If the ground is hard and stony the men gather branches of different sizes and make an artificial bed. The branches are piled at intervals of ten to fifteen feet apart to a height of three or four feet above ground. Any small trees which might throw the falling tree out of the course marked for it are cut down.

When the direction of falling is decided upon and the tree's "bed is made up," the expert axemen get to work, one pair on each side. Sometimes a whole day is required to cut a "gash" in the side of a fir tree fifteen feet in diameter, but the axmen cut away steadily, usually following lines which have been marked around the trunk, showing the length of the cut, also the width of the notch which is allowed.

When the axmen have cut through from four to five feet of the fifteen-foot tree, it is ready for the saw gang. The big cross-cut saw, twelve or fifteen feet in length, is brought up, and its teeth covered with a coating of oil. They vary from half an inch to one and a half inches in length, and every tooth has been sharpened to an edge which is as keen as a file can make it.

This is one of the hardest tasks of the lumberman's work—sawing through the tree trunk. It must be done in a straight line, for if the saw should run "crooked" it may buckle and break, and in that case a new fissure must be cut.

The time to pull out the saw is generally indicated when it has gone through the heart of the trunk and is half way to the other side. The enormous pressure of the trunk causes it to sag a little into the hole made by the axes. A cranking sound is heard, and this means the beginning of the end. The saw is pulled out and two men begin cutting away on each side of the fissure.

In an hour or two after the chips have commenced falling enough has been cut away to start the forest giant, and it comes down with a crash, which may be heard a mile away through the still woods. The piles of limbs are crushed to the earth and pieces fly in every direction. The top branches frequently dig a hole several feet deep.

Tenders For Debentures.

Tenders will be received at the office of the undersigned up to the 6th day of July next, for the following debentures in denominations of \$1000. each, dated June 1st instant, with interest half yearly at 4% and payable at the office of the undersigned, Woodstock, N. B. for the following debentures.—

12 debentures payable \$1000. per year for the 12 years next ensuing the date hereof.
 14 debentures payable \$2000. per year for the 7 years next ensuing the first day of June A. D. 1921.

The tenders to take the debentures in such quantities and at such times as same may be needed by the Municipality of Carleton.

Tenders may tender for the whole or any portion of same stating the specified debentures wanted.

The whole of the debentures will be negotiated on or before the 1st day of March next.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

J. C. HARTLEY,
 Sec. Treas. Carleton County,
 Woodstock, N. B. June 19th, 1909.—31.

CLOSING OUT SALE

Having decided to retire from business, our immense stock consisting of

Ready-Made Clothing, Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Paints and Oils, Hardware, Etc.

will be sold in the next few weeks. Prices will be greatly reduced in all departments and the public will get the benefit. A few Ladies Fur Coats and Fur Neckwear will be sold at half price to clear. As this is a genuine sale at cost or less it will be cash only. Produce taken at cash prices. Come early and get your choice of the bargains.

WHITE & TWEEDIE,

Centreville.
 Sale commenced on Saturday, the 15th.

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Estimates cheerfully furnished on any kind of work in my line

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