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THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

ON THE WINGS OF THE STORM.

BY PHILIP KEAN.

The manager of the Bear Lake stock farm watched the storm from the window of his bungalow. It was a typical western hurricane, coming after a dry spell, with pink lightning and tempestuous winds and the continuous roll of thunder.

To the unaccustomed eye it was terrifying, but Alexander gazed undisturbed. He was young and strong.

But something very like fear gripped him now as he saw between the swaying trees a wraithlike figure running toward the house. He went to the door and opened it. He dragged her over the threshold—a little, gasping, frightened girl.

"I'm so afraid," was all she could say at first.

"How does it happen that you are out?" He put her in a big chair by the side of the fireplace. "It's so late and such an awful night."

She looked at him with startled eyes as she tried to pin up the thick brown locks that had fallen about her shoulders.

"I—I was running away," she confessed.

"Oh," Alexander said as he sat down opposite her. "You look a bit old for that. I was nine when I decided to take to cave dwelling and a man Friday."

A dimple showed in the corner of her mouth. "But—but I wasn't running away to live in a cave. I was running away to get married."

"But," Alexander said presently, "you—you don't look quite old enough for that."

"I am eighteen," was the explanation, "and he is twenty-one."

"He?" murmured Alexander. "Where is he?"

Her lip quivered. "I think the storm must have kept him home. You wouldn't think a storm would matter to a man, would you?"

"Not a man who was going to marry you," Alexander found himself saying.

"Oh"—the warmth in his tone brought a rosy flush to her face—"of course something may have kept him."

"Where was he to meet you?" Alexander asked.

"Over there by the church. We are stopping at one of the cottages just beyond."

"And when you didn't find him there you ran to the nearest house?"

"I saw your light and ran toward it."

"And now," he told her, "if you are rested a bit I'll take you home."

"But I can't go back!" she cried. "The door locks with a spring, and I haven't a key."

"Ye gods!" Alexander's brows were knitted. And then, because he could think of nothing else to say, he asked, "Are you hungry?"

"Starved," she said.

He brought out crackers and cheese and sardines and olives and marmalade and all the dainties that a bachelor manager who expects to eat at meals the coarse food that is given his men keeps for private consumption.

"If—if I only knew where Bobbie was," she said, "I should be almost happy."

"So his name is Bobbie?" Alexander asked.

She nodded. "We went to school together, and he is at college now, and he hasn't anything to marry on, and that is why mother objected, and that's why we ran away."

"Do you love him?" Alexander asked slowly.

"Of course," she said quickly, "only I'm not so sure right now. It seems as if he couldn't have let me come out in the storm alone—if he had loved me."

"He couldn't," said Alexander briefly.

And then, after a moment, he said slowly, "I wonder if you know what love is really like—love for which one suffers, for which one dies, if need be?"

She caught her breath. "No one ever said such things to me of love before," she said. "Bobbie and I just thought of fun—and—of having our own way."

She was such a little innocent thing, but with such purity in her eyes, such a fore-shadowing in her face of the woman that she might be, that Alexander said impulsively, "Dear little girl, wait until love—real love—comes to you before you marry."

She held out her hand to him. "I will," she whispered, "I will wait." And even as she promised there came a knock at the door.

Alexander opened it, and Bobbie stumbled over the threshold.

"Why didn't you wait?" he complained at once. "Why didn't you wait, Mollie?"

"It was such an awful storm, and you weren't there Bobbie."

"You might have known I'd have come," he fumed. "I don't see why you came here. I looked everywhere for you, and then I saw this light, and I came over and looked through the window."

Alexander interposed. "She could not stay out in the night and storm. You were late."

The boy turned on him. "Well, what if I was?" he demanded. "Is it any of your business?"

"Yes"—the other man's tone was quiet—"it is always a man's business to see that a young and helpless girl is protected."

"But I—"

"I think you should take her home at once," Alexander advised, "and wait until you and she are old enough to know your own minds."

"Oh, don't preach," the boy flung out.

But Alexander's eyes were on the girl.

"When a woman loves a man it is such a wonderful thing that we ought to give her all our chivalry. Wait until you are older, Bobbie, and you'll know."

"Oh, come on, Mollie," the boy interrupted rudely. "I've got the horses outside, and we can get away in a minute."

But she stood very still in the middle of the room. "No," she said.

"Why not?"

"Because I know now that I—I don't love you as I ought to marry you. Bobbie," she faltered. "I—I want to go home."

"Well, you can't go home," Bobbie told her—"not now. You haven't a key."

"She shall go home," Alexander said suddenly, "if she wishes."

They faced each other, the boy and the man, and then before the stern glance of the other Bobbie dropped his eyes.

"Oh, well, how will you manage it?" he said.

"I shall get her mother to the telephone," Alexander said, "and she can open the door for us."

The boy turned to the door. "I'll leave you to arrange it," he said to Alexander. "I don't seem to be in this." And he was gone.

"I'm afraid his feeling are hurt," Alexander said, "but it was best, wasn't it?"

He took Mollie's hand and stood looking down at her, and presently she said: "Yes, it was best. And now will you call up mother, please?"

When he had given the message over the wire he took Mollie home. On the way they said little, but just before they reached her porch she whispered, "I—I want to thank you for what you said to me about—love. I shall think of it differently—now. I shall never marry Bobbie."

"Perhaps Bobbie will be different," Alexander said.

"No; I couldn't marry him—now." She held out her hand. "Will you come and see us some time? Mother will want to thank you."

"Will I come?" Great joy ran through his veins. "Will I come?" Then he bent down over her. "Are you sure there isn't any chance for Bobbie?"

"Yes," very low.

"Then I'll come," he said, and he knew in his heart that some day he would teach her the things that Bobbie had not known how to teach—things of love and life and of happiness.

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO, Toledo, O Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

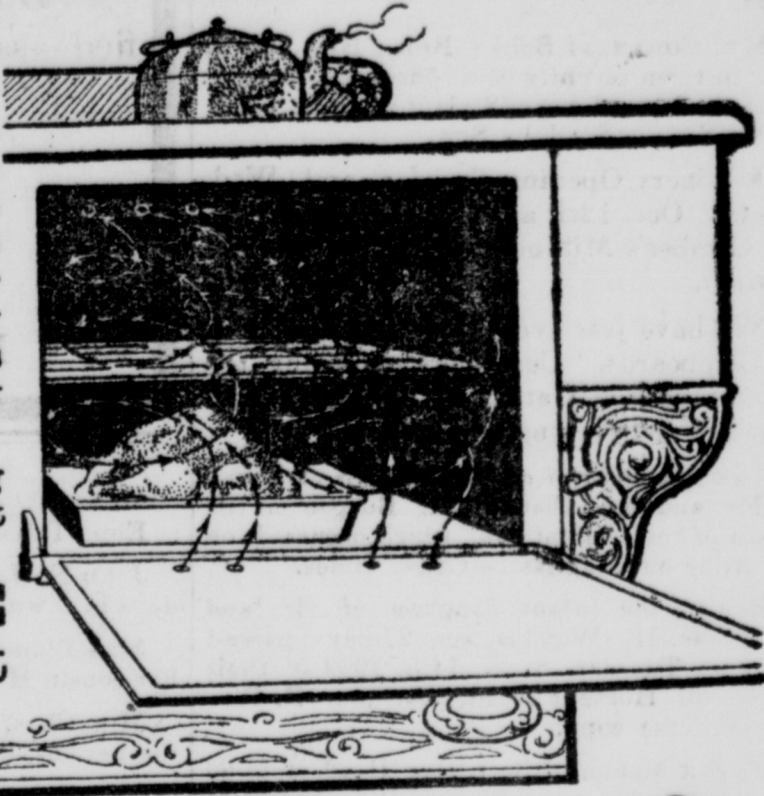
Sudden Death.

Mr. George Clynick, a well known and respected resident of Meducie, died very suddenly at that place on Sunday morning at the home of his son-in-law, Mr. W. S. Tompkins. He arose as usual at seven o'clock in the morning in apparent good health and fell dead in his yard a few minutes later. The deceased gentleman was 72 years of age and leaves a widow and one daughter, Mrs. W. S. Tompkins of Meducie. The funeral took place on Monday afternoon. Rev. Dr. McLeod conducted the services and interment was made at Meducie.

Kootenay Steel Range

Fresh air is introduced into the Kootenay oven through a series of vents at the bottom of the oven door, and the cooking fumes carried out through another series of vents at the back of the oven.

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Medicines to Take to the Woods.

As to medicines, the stock need not be large. I should suggest something like the following: First you will need a good cathartic, and there is none better than the product known as phenolphthalein. Twenty-five tablets can be carried in a vial a little larger than your thumb. An average dose is three grains, and a full dose five.

There should also be a jar of vaseline and a small bottle of olive oil. The vaseline is universally useful, and the olive oil well rubbed in is about the best treatment for strains, stiffness, or lameness that is available to the wild woods camper. Liniments may smell stronger than olive oil, but it is not the smell that relieves the lameness, and it is not the liniment. It is the rubbing that does the trick.

Then you will need three or four rolls of gauze bandaging and the same number of adhesive strips. Both the plaster and the bandaging should be of varying widths.

And that is all. Any druggist can outfit you in ten minutes at a trifling cost, and you can carry the bundle in your pocket. Not to take it is a great mistake, for you are liable to need it at any moment, and as they used to say in Texas about a gun, "You may not need it, but if you do, you need it mighty bad."—Dr. W. R. C. Latson.

The Very Thing.

A certain elderly gentleman suffered much

from absent-mindedness, and was frequently compelled to seek the assistance of his servant. "Thomas," he would constantly say, "I have just been looking for something, and now I can't remember what it is," whereupon the obliging Thomas invariably made suggestions. "Was it your purse, or spectacles, or check book, sir?" and so on, till he hit on the right object.

One night, after the old gentleman had retired the bell rang for Thomas, and on reaching the bedroom he found the master rambling restlessly about his room.

"Thomas, Thomas," he said, "I came up here for something, and now I've forgotten what!"

"Was it to go to bed sir?" suggested the faithful retainer.

"Ah! the very thing—the very thing! thank you, Thomas, Good night!"

"Martha, where is the letter that was on my writing desk?"

"I posted it, ma'am."

"But it had no address on it."

"No, ma'am but I thought it might be one of them anonymous letters."

PILES

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Do You Realise the Danger of a POISONED FINGER—DEATH OFTEN LURKS IN A CUT.

YOU see this danger illustrated in the case of Mr. W. C. Edwards, a well-known Friendly Society leader, of Peter Street, Toronto. He cut one of his fingers with a piece of glass, and instead of applying Zam-Buk to prevent blood poison and to heal it, he neglected the cut, and blood poison followed. He says:—"The blood-poison from the finger spread up my hand and arm and caused me terrible agony. After two months' treatment the doctor said there was no cure, and amputation would have to take place if I intended to save my arm. I left that doctor and consulted another. After a few weeks' treatment, he also told me that operation would be necessary. He said the bone had become diseased and the finger would have to be opened so that the bone could be scraped. I went away to consider when I would have the operation performed and met a friend who advised me to try Zam-Buk.

"That night I bathed the wound and put on some Zam-Buk. I got a little sleep for the first time for many nights. In the morning the wound began to bleed instead of the foul discharging as in the past. This was a healthy sign so I went on with the Zam-Buk. Well, to cut a long story short, in a few days I put away the sling, and in a few weeks the finger was healed completely. To-day that finger is as sound as a bell and I owe it to Zam-Buk. I spent over \$20 in doctors' fees, and when I think how Zam-Buk at such a trifling cost saved me from amputation I am very grateful for the balm I can tell you."

WHAT ZAM-BUK CURES.

Zam-Buk cures cuts, burns, sprains, festering sores, ulcers, scalds, blood-poisoning, eczema, bad leg, diseased ankles, running sores, ringworm, cold-cracks, chapped hands, chilblains, and all other skin diseases and injuries. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box, 6 for \$1.25 or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse anything offered "just as good."

