

VITOL

Men, women and children all find a benefit from this great blood, flesh and nerve tonic. It is an unfailing blood builder and nerve tonic, and

VITOL

the thousands who have used it, and have been benefited by it, never cease to recommend it to their friends who have suffered as they themselves. Vitol cures all diseases which are directly due to a weak and watery condition of the blood, bringing new life and cheer; cures general muscular weakness, loss of appetite, depressed spirits, weakness on slight exertion, coldness of hands or feet—which is an unnatural condition, pains in the back, loss of memory, all forms of female weaknesses, suppression of menses, and rheumatism; in short, all blood diseases instantly. For sale 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes at \$2.50, at The Sheasgreen Drug Company, Ltd, Woodstock, N.B.

VITOL

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The Gift O' Sandy McTavish.

A STORY, BY GEORGIA WINKLER.

The night was wet, bleak and dark, just such a night when ban-shees and other spirits are at large. Sandy McTavish sat alone in his little old log shanty and counted his gold and silver. The shanty was a veritable curiosity shop, every corner was heaped full of old clothes, empty bottles, pieces of iron and all kinds of odds and ends that he had picked up on the streets. But Sandy was happy, for was he not counting his beloved siller?

First he would hold it up the dim light of the candle, then let it run through his fingers. "My, my," he would mutter, "but it's braw. See it shine, the bonny, bonny siller. An' a' from o' penny, didna' ma' mither say, save the pennies Sandy lad, for a' penny's the seed o' a pun, the seed o' a pun. Save a wee Sandy, dinna waste the siller lad."

"Wha' was it the meester said, better ta gi' than ta receive. Gi' my braw siller; na, na, Sandy mon."

"Whist, was that a knock at your door?" Sandy swept the siller into a box and put it under the table, then he called out, "Wha's there?"

A little voice answered, "Sandy McTavish let me in, Sandy McTavish, let me in." Sandy arose and opened the door, and a little boy stepped into the room, his clothes were dripping and the water ran down upon the floor.

"Wha, dee ye want wi' a poor lone mon like me?" said Sandy, "that canna' even afford a bit o' fire on a cold, wet night."

"Sandy," answered the boy, "the Master sent me to see what you would give the poor this cold wet weather."

"Me gi' the poor," screamed Sandy. "me, me, yer crazy laddie. Tell yer master, wha' iver he is, that Sandy McTavish is a poor lone mon, me gi', hoots lad, I ha' na'na'."

The boy looked around the room. "Sarely, Sandy, you'll give something," he said. "Just one penny?"

"A penny," moaned Sandy. "The seed o' a pun. Where would I get a penny?" "Then a quart of flour to feed the poor?" begged the boy.

"Flour," said Sandy, "flour, me that dinna, has enough to eat myself." "Then only a stick of wood to warm the poor?" pleaded the lad.

Sandy stamped in rage. "Me gi' wood that canna' afford a fire." The boy stooped and picked up an old rusty, broken key.

"Will ye give this Sandy?" he said, and the look on his face seemed to strike a chill to Sandy's heart.

"Take it an' be gone," he wailed, and threw open the door. The boy stepped out into the wet, dark night with the key clasp in his hand.

Sandy shut and bolted the door, muttering to himself, "was a gude key, worth a penny anywhere." Then he lit a fire, for he felt strangely cold and chilled.

Several days after Sandy fell ill, but would not get a doctor, for doctors cost money. The neighbors brought him food and fire, for they thought he was very poor, but it was no use, Sandy's day for gathering rogs and old iron were at an end.

One night, after a long restless day, just as the clock struck twelve, he sank into a deep heavy sleep, and awoke to find himself on the bank of a beautiful river. All was still and peaceful save for the soft sweet

strains of delicious music, that seemed to come from the inside of a large golden gate that seemed to Sandy to enclose all the river bank.

The soothing, restful strains of music seemed to draw Sandy inward, and he tried to open the gate to see what was beyond, but behold, it was locked and fastened and he could not move it. Still the longing grew intense, and he looked around for some other means to enter. Suddenly a soft, sweet voice, not unlike the music, said, "Sandy McTavish, wouldst thou enter?"

Sandy looked up, but could see no one. Again the voice said, "I am the Master, wouldst thou enter?"

"I would," said Sandy, "but I canna' unlock the gate."

"State your dole on earth, Sandy McTavish, if you wouldst unlock the gate."

Sandy thought a minute, then said: "I took Jock Stuart's overcoat from him in the winter because he owed me twa shillings. I sold the Widdy Murphy bad eggs for her sick son. I hoarded my siller when the poor wa' starving. I am not fit to enter."

"Didst thou do no good, Sandy?" said the voice.

"None," said Sandy.

"Didst thou give naught to the poor? Think again, Sandy."

"Naught but a broken key," said Sandy. And even as he uttered the words, a little boy stood beside him, and in his outstretched hand lay the key. But no longer rusty and broken; now it was bright and glittering.

"Behold how the Master returns what is given to the poor, Sandy. Take it and enter."

And immediately the gate swung open on its golden hinges, and hand in hand they entered the presence of the Master.

In sickness, if a certain hidden nerve goes wrong, than 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 side 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.

HARTLAND NEWS.

The Tennis Club is getting in trim and is having a new court laid out on land lent for the purpose by Dr. L. DeC. MacIntosh, J. H. Barnett is president; Miss Annie Davis, vice-president; Frank Aiton, secretary, all of whom with Miss Mabel Curtiss, Miss Sadie Currie, Vernon Noddin and Roy Cameron form the executive. The membership this season is not so large as in other years.

In this parish (Brighton) Councillors Allen Bradley and C. J. Connolly have selected A. W. Rideout as the third member of the board. He is in every way qualified to act. Commissioners have been chosen as follows: J. Ed. McCollom, for Hartland district; J. F. Richardson, for Lower Brighton; Henry Smith for Windsor; Herbert Sewell, for Carlisle, and Leighton Noble for Rockland. In Hartland a large share of the taxes collected will be expended on the village sidewalks, which have long been in a state of disrepair.

The June Busy Man's.

The jolly vacation period is again at hand. In accordance with the spirit of the season Busy Man's Magazine for June is a splendidly illustrated Outing Number. It is brimful of bright, breezy contributions on the timely subject of a holiday. "The Proper Way to Spend a Vacation," and "Suburban Life for City People," will be perused with much interest. Another clever sketch is on "Canada the Summer Playground of America," Canadian articles of merit and instruction by crisp, entertaining writers "The Illustrator of Dr. Drummond's Poems." "The New Era of the Intercolonial Railway" and "A Day with Canada's Premier." There are half a dozen short, snappy stories, and the best selections from the leading publications of the world on home and business interests, which make the June edition of Busy Man's a welcome Summer guest. It is readable and diverting from cover to cover.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Say, Fellows! Don't Forget Them-- Write and Let Them Know You Have Not Yet Forgotten Them.

Last Monday I followed the crowds and went to the Island to see the base-ball. I thought I was early, but when I got there the grandstand was packed and I was glad enough to get a seat with the boys on the bleachers (who, by the way, have the most desirable seats on a hot sunshiny day) I had not been there long before a middle aged man came and sat down in front of me. He shook hands with a young fellow beside him, and after a few preliminary remarks about the weather and the crowd he asked him how the old folks were at home?

"I guess they are all right—they were the last time I wrote them."

"How long ago is that?"

"About three months ago."

That is all the conversation we can report, but it is sufficient for present purposes, and our sitting among the boys gave us a message to the boys and girls, the young men and women, who are far away from the parental roof and following legitimate business pursuits in the exciting and crowded city.

Young friends! Do not forget the old folks at home.

There is always a liability, when sons and daughters have gone away from the home of their childhood and have formed homes of their own, gradually to lose the old attachments and cease to pay those attentions to their parents which were so easy and natural in the olden time. New associations, new thoughts, new cares, all come in, filling the mind and heart, and, if special pains be not taken, they crowd out the old loves. This ought never to be. You should remember that the change is with you, and not with those you left behind. You have everything new, much that is attractive in the present and bright in the future; their hearts cling to the past, they have most in memory.

When you went away you knew not, and will never know till you experience it, what it cost them to give you up, nor what a vacancy you left behind. They have not, if you have, any new loves, to take the place of the old. Do, not, then, heartlessly deprive them of what you still can give them of attention and love.

Write to your parents. How often do they wait with sick hearts through weary months, longing that some word might reach them from an absent son? They have watched the mails till in despair they have ceased to expect any more, and while they may not have the grief of a great bereavement, it is what is almost as bad, the bitter consciousness that they are not in mind enough to even call out a few poor lines from one whose infancy and early years they watched with sleepless love. Sons are often guilty of this crime—I cannot call it less— from sheer neglect of indolence. While an hour, perhaps a few moments, would suffice to write a letter which would give unspeakable satisfaction, they let months and even years slip away in utter indifference to all the pain they are causing. Oh, how full is many a mother's heart of sorrow and foreboding, when just a few words from an absent son would fill it with joy and praise! Such indifference or neglect is shameful and wicked. One need not wonder that sons guilty of it are not prospered, that they wait in vain for those turns of fortune which will send them home, as they dream, to surprise the old neighborhood with their wealth. Their thoughtlessness has been productive only of disaster.

Keep up your intercourse with father and or mother; do not deem it sufficient to write when something important is to be told; do not say, "No news is good news." If it be but a few lines, write them; write, if it be only to say, "I am well," if it be only to send the salutation that says they are "dear" or the farewell that tells them that you are "affectionate" still. The little messengers shall be like caskets of jewels, and the tears that fall fondly over them will be treasures for you. Say, with a warm-hearted son:

"The hills may tower, the waves may rise, And roll between my home and me; Yet shall my quenchless memories Turn with undying love to thee."

Disorders of the Stomach.

The stomach, like all the other organs of the body, is, says Youth's Companion, subject not only to various forms of organic trouble, but also to many kinds of functional disorder, or neuroses.

That Spring Tiredness

Can't last after you've taken a box or two of

FIG PILLS

They've proven a boon to thousands—why not you?

For sale at Sheasgreen Drug Co's.



Our best Bouquet

is a come-back customer.

Seems to be fairly raining bouquets upon us this season.

As usual we show every tailorish fad this day that reigns in London and New York.

That's where our styles originate.

Ordinary styles we leave to ordinary shops.

Good Taste is our guide in choosing fabrics and Good Form in cutting them.

Suits tailored to your measure \$12 to \$30.

"MALE ATTIRE" Tailored Clothes

We are exclusive agents.

W. B. NICHOLSON, AGENT Woodstock, N. B.

In these nervous disturbances of the stomach, pain may be just as severe and the list of symptoms just as long and as trying as in true organic disease, and it is often impossible to convince the victim that he is not suffering from some terrible local disorder calling for immediate operation.

The stomach is usually a somewhat abused organ. It works hard, generally overtime, and often at tasks extremely distasteful to it. Small wonder, then, that it sometimes goes on strike.

When it declares to do this, the weapons it controls with which to boycott and intimidate the rest of the system are most efficient. In times of normal health we are no more conscious of the tremendous commotion and toil going on in the stomach than the passengers on a sunny deck are conscious of the engine-room below them; but when the stomach has stood all it is going to for the present, it telephones the brain to that effect, with the immediate result that the whole consciousness is flooded with the misery resulting from its rebellion.

The visible signs of this rebellion are myriad. Among the most usual of them may be mentioned nausea and vomiting, eructations that are sometimes so acid that the very throat is scalded, disagreeable sensations after eating, that range from discomfort to agony; and naturally in time a general "run-down condition" of the system.

When it can be proved that this state of affairs is traceable to abuse of the stomach, the treatment becomes a comparatively simple matter; but in many cases of so-called "nervous dyspepsia" the trouble will be found to be a fault of the nervous system, the stomach itself showing no sign of disease, but simply suffering from faulty nervous control, just as any other organ of the body may. This diagnosis, however, will be of little comfort to the patient so long as his stomach is made the vicarious culprit for the guilty nervous system.

When the trouble arises from causes that can be easily controlled, such as improper food, hasty eating, irregular meals, insufficient mastication, the cure lies largely in the hands of the patient himself.

Saved Bull, Who in Turn Saves Him.

An interesting narrative entitled, "A Hero's Life-Story," being incidents in the remarkable career of Nicholas Oberting, appears in the June issue of The Wide World Magazine. Oberting had been in charge of the ferry and several days after he entered upon his duties Col. Willis of Boone County, Kentucky, was taking a drove of cattle across from Lawrenceburg on the ferryboat when a vicious bull, whose feet had been hobbled as a precaution against accident, partially broke from its fastenings and plunged overboard in mid-stream, sinking almost immediately. Oberting volunteered to rescue the animal. With a keen-bladed knife clutched between his teeth he dived to the bottom of the river, where he speedily located the bull and liberated it with a few strokes of the sharp blade.

Freely of its fetters, and animal rose at once to the surface. Oberting, however, was less fortunate. His efforts to free the bull had caused him to sink almost knee-deep in a treacherous quagmire at the bottom of the river, and it was only thru almost

superhuman exertion that he succeeded in extricating himself. When the youth reached the surface his strength was nearly spent, but his presence of mind did not desert him. Espying the bull, which was a short distance away, swimming lustily for the shore, he, with a last desperate effort, reached out and grasped it by the tail, where he clung, utterly exhausted, while the animal towed him ashore.

Didn't Fit At All.

This story is told of Riccardo Martin, whose voice has conquered New York:

It appears that his tailor was very anxious to hear him sing, so the other day Martin sent him a couple of tickets for "Carmen."

A few days later when he saw the tailor, he naturally asked:

"How did you like it?" to which the tailor replied:

"It was simply awful! Your trousers didn't fit you at all."

The Shirtwaist Popular.

It is an interesting little fact that although the shirtwaist was of American origin, Paris now is recommending it to America with all enthusiasm. The French woman at one time looked upon the American blouse as part of a business outfit, and considered themselves not at all well dressed in such a semi-fitting garment, which they contended would eventually doom the figure. They have, however, says The Record-Herald, never favored the starched shirt so dear to the English woman.

"All right behind there!" called the conductor from the front of the car.

"Hold on," cried a shrill voice. "Wait till I get my clothes on!"

The passengers craned their necks expectantly. A small boy was struggling to get a basket of laundry aboard.

Season 1909,

MAY 1st TO AUGUST 1st.

Copain 55164.

Will make the season of 1909 as follows: Leave Centerville every Monday noon for Ednor Reid's Knoxville, Leave Reid's Tuesday for Centerville Leave Thursday noon for Bloomfield Corner returning Friday evening. Balance of time at Centerville.

Terms:—Leas \$7.00 Cash; Warrant \$15.00; \$3.00 to be paid at first service.

Copain is now 7 years old and has been in this country over 3 years having been imported from France August 1905 he is thoroughly acclimated and last year proved very sure. He is a perfect type of a pure bred percheron and his blood shows in the appearance and conformation of every colt. His colts are very saleable and command the top prices. Breed to the best.

For further information write or telephone the undersigned. F. D. Tweedie, Thos. G. White.

Canadian Pacific Railway

Effective October 11th, 1908.

(Trains) daily, except Sunday, unless otherwise stated.)

DEPARTURES.

(QUEEN STREET STATION.)

6.35 A MIXED—For Houlton, McAdam Jct. 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.

10.55 P MIXED—For Perth, Junction Plaster M. Rock, and intermediate points.

12.10 A EXPRESS—For all points North: Montreal and West; Edmundston, River du Loup and Quebec.

4.50 P MIXED—For Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

5.33 P EXPRESS—For Houlton, St. Stephen, Montreal and West; after July 1st, Fredericton, St. John, and East; Vanceboro, 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.

ARRIVALS.

12.10 A. M.—EXPRESS—From St. John and East; St. Stephen, (St. Andrews after July 1st), Boston, Montreal and West.

12.40 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, etc. via Gibson Branch.

1.17 P. M.—MIXED—From Perth Junction and Plaster Rock.

5.33 P. M.—EXPRESS—From Fort Fairfield, Carleton Place, Grand Falls, Edmundston and River du Loup.

10.05 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, Andrews, Houlton, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. W. M. STITT, G. P. A., Montreal.

W. B. HOWARD, D. P. A., St. John.

Special Offer.

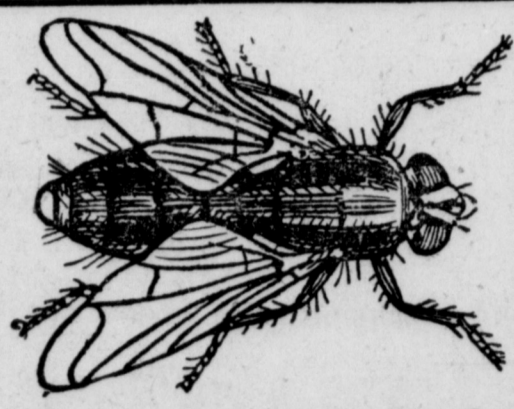
Arrangements have been made with the publishers of the BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE, enabling us to offer this bright, up-to-the-minute periodical along with THE DISPATCH one year for \$2.00

The regular subscription price of the Magazine alone is \$2.00.

BUSY MAN'S reproduces the cream of the world's periodical press by culling the live, interesting and instructive articles. Each issue also contains original Canadian articles of interest to every Canadian. Busy Man's is the kind of Magazine which arouses the reader's interest in the first page and keeps it up until the back cover is reached. All those wishing to keep posted on the live questions of the day should not hesitate to take advantage of our offer.

FARM FOR SALE.

The Kibbey-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 half cash sale. Dec. 7th, 1908. J. N. W. WINSLOW.



WILSON'S FLY PADS

Will kill many times more flies than any other known article. REFUSE UNSATISFACTORY IMITATIONS.