

DOCTORS

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THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

The Veiled Lady's Hour of Triumph.

(Tatler.)

It was the height of the winter season in a crowded Swiss hotel. Maj. Wotherston had just arrived and was being persuaded by a pretty niece to attend the ice carnival that evening.

"You simply must come. All you have to do is to buy a mask; you needn't even bother about a fancy dress."

"Oh, I'm too old."
"Too old! Nonsense! Besides, everybody's going! Why, even that hideous Miss King with a hair lip is sure to be there, and she's about the limit," laughed the girl.

"Thanks for classing me with the limit, but I'll go if only to keep you quiet—and who's Miss King anyway?"

"Oh, an old frump who talks to nobody and looks melancholy."

"Ah, then, it couldn't be the same," remarked the major to himself.

The lady in question was sitting in her bedroom on the fourth floor with a mirror in her hand. She was neither so old nor so frumpish as she appeared to highly critical 18, but the face she was looking at in the mirror was almost grotesque.

Ten years ago she had been beautiful and had carried all before her. Now naught remained of that beauty but the eyes. They were lovely still, dark blue and expressive. Ten years ago Hermione King had fallen face foremost from a dog cart; her face had hit a sharp stone and the curious scar from nose to chin which appears to cleave both upper and lower lip in two made her well-nigh hideous.

She had been on the point of being engaged to a promising soldier when fate dealt her this crushing blow. She determined he should never see her again.

Had it not been for a frontier war and a hasty call to active service she might not have been able to carry out her plan, for the soldier was much in love; but things were made easy, and she was able to take herself out of his life completely.

"And he's arrived here of all places," she said to herself. "I might have known I was bound to come across him one day. He shall not see me, though. He loved me then, but who could love this?" and she stuck the image of her face in the glass with the back of her hand.

"And yet, the eyes are always the same. Who was the Frenchwoman who said, 'Give me a good pair of eyes and I'll do the rest? I believe I could do the rest,' too."

She sat thinking for a minute.

"I will, I will, and it shall be tonight at the ice carnival. He shall see me and—yes—he shall love me again just for an hour. I'll forget these grim years—throw them off and be young again and enjoy. I'll have just one hour back of my lost youth and beauty. And afterward? Well, what matter?"

"Ah! it's good to live again," and she laughed to herself as she went about her room, pulling drawers hastily out, searching for the articles she required for the fancy dress which was to conceal all that was repulsive and only show what could charm and delight.

A cloudless sky illuminated with a thousand stars, snow peaks towering on all sides, made a romantic setting for the brilliantly lighted rink, and the exhilaration had apparently entered into the souls of the revellers.

The veiled Turkish lady was undoubtedly the success of the evening.

"Did you ever know a girl with eyes just like yours named Hermione King?" said Maj. Wotherston, who had skated boldly up to mysterious veiled lady.

"Ah, monsieur," she replied laughingly and speaking in French, "I don't understand one word. In French, please."

"Oh—er—esker, esker, but I can't speak French." Dash it all! I know you are English, and do speak to me in your natural voice."

"Ah, Monsieur, you are charming, and so handsome I know under that mask, mais, quel dommage que je ne vous comprends pas!"

He looked long at her.

"It is Hermione! There's only one pair of eyes like that in the world. The game's up, Hermione; speak to me and tell where you've been all these years and why you disappeared out of my life?"

"Why? Because I chose; don't ask a woman her reasons, for you're sure not to hear the right ones."

She was speaking her natural voice.

"And now that I've found you, am I to loose you again?" he asked.

"Perhaps, who knows? It depends how glad you are to find me."

"Glad! Hermione, just the sight of those eyes sets me on fire again. You knew I loved you before, I love you more than ever today. But come away out of the crowd," and he led her to a little deserted kiosk by the side of the rink.

The fun was growing fast and furious. Brightly dressed figures were darting to and fro—girls were laughing, and quite half-heartedly, fleeing from their masked pursuers, and a note of wild abandon was creeping in. The band was playing faster and louder, and under cover of the noise and laughter Maj. Wotherston was speaking to Hermione in the little kiosk.

"Ah, my darling! say you love me and let me kiss those eyes."

He leaned forward, and as he kissed her he put his hand to draw aside the yashmak which covered nose and mouth.

"Let me see your face again."

"No, Fred, no—wait," she said, holding down the yashmak with all her strength. "Tell me, could you love me whatever I was like, even if I were ugly—hateful to look at?"

"What do you mean? You could never be that, you would always be beautiful, Hermione; years could make no difference."

There are men and men. Some, just a few, would have loved her in spite of all. Maj. Wotherston was not of those and she knew it.

Meanwhile he had his hand on the yashmak once more. "Just one kiss on those sweet lips, Hermione, that I may know you really are mine."

"No," she almost panted, "wait till tomorrow, and then—perhaps— She was trying to escape out of the kiosk. But he held her close in his arms while she struggled to free herself.

"Then you don't care for me after all," he said. "You let me kiss you after I made sure—"

"I've cared for you for 10 years," she almost sobbed, interrupting him, "but let me go now."

"I can't now you've said that."

She struggled. "Oh! Fred, please," she implored.

"Tell me when I'm to see you again and then you shall be free."

"Tomorrow, 11 o'clock, here."

He released her reluctantly and she glided away, quickly lost to sight in the motley throng.

A quarter of an hour later Hermione was hastily packing her trunks.

"I shall be gone long before he is up," she said to herself, "and I've had my hour. I've known again what it is to be a success—sought after—loved. I've felt his arms round me and his kiss on my eyes. But is one golden hour worth the heartache that I think I shall have all my life? Oh for strength to go back to the old sad life and to bear it as I did before tonight!"

Maj. Wotherston met his pretty niece at breakfast the next morning.

"What do you think?" she said. "I've discovered who the Sultan's wife really was—Miss King—that dreadful looking person I told you of. She left at 8 o'clock. I saw her trunks being taken down stairs, and then as I passed her open door just now on my way down I knew it by the curious border of sequins. What's the matter, Uncle Fred?"

"Oh positively awful, almost lugubrious, and I hear it was all the result of an accident poor thing. But fancy her carrying everything before her last night and making all the men just mad to find out who she was because they thought she must be a beauty and because she was more amusing and fascinating than any one there."

Hermione disappeared for the second time out of Maj. Wotherston's life.

He never found her, and for the best of reasons—he never sought her.—Tatler.

Tell some deserving Rheumatic sufferer, that their is yet one simple way to certain relief. Get Dr. Shoop's book on Rheumatism and a free trial test. This book will make it entirely clear how Rheumatic pains are quickly killed by Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy—liquid or tablet. Send no money. The test is free. Surprise some disheartened sufferer by first getting for him the book from Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis.

Stay Where you are Needed.

Blessed is the man, says Eibert Hubbard—blessed is the man who has found his job. But Mr. Hubbard's maxim needs a bit or two of amending to wit: Blessed is the man who has found his job and stays with it.

Writing in The Saturday Evening Post on "The Has-Beens of New York," Roy Norton tells the story of a criminal lawyer who, succeeding enormously in a little western town, essayed the great American metropolis, only to fail utterly.

Why did he fail?—Just because the western town was his proper field; it needed him, and the great city did not.

The obvious practical lesson is: Stay where you are needed, for that is the only place

The strength of a child.

It is surprising to find how few parents know the great strength giving qualities of good oatmeal. Most of them think of it as a food for the sturdy and brawny man, and overlook its value as a food for children. Every now and then a mother will take to feeding her children on Quaker Oats and will be astonished at their improvement in strength and vigor. Of course, she tells her friends, and they prove it for themselves, but every mother in the country should see that her children are strong and vigorous. Plenty of Quaker Oats, eaten often, will do it.

Put up in two sizes, the regular package and the large family size, which is more convenient for those who do not live in town. The large package contains a piece of handsome china for the table. Making Quaker Oats is a Canadian industry.

Don't miss a day; eat Quaker Oats every morning for breakfast.

where you will find your work cut out for you, and where you will succeed well.

Looking at the matter simply from the most worldly point of view, we observe considerable truth in the old maxim of being a big frog in a small puddle. After all worldly success in a matter of puddles. Success is wholly relative.

If you are the big man—merchant, lawyer, teacher, editor or what not—in your own town, stay right here on the job and make yourself and your work bigger and bigger each year. Then have you succeeded as thoroughly as J. J. Hill or Andrew Carnegie, or any of the great captains of industry who live and work in metropolitan centres.

The whole trouble with those who fail is that they come to believe that the bigger the spatial environment the bigger the opportunity.

Don't let the notion that opportunity comes knocking at the door obsess your mind. You should never forget that the truth is that a man creates his opportunity by seeing something to do in a place where he can do it well or better than anyone else—and he must jump at the chance and stay there making the opportunity bigger every day, by doing more and better work every day.

We are not meaning to throw cold water on ambition, or to insist that a man should stay where he is born.

We are really asserting that success is a relative thing, and that a man should first find his job, and then stay with and make the most of it.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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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.

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Office: G. W. Boyer's residence.

OFFICES TO LET.

I have to let on the second floor of my Woodstock 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.

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.

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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

A. B. MCCAIN, Florenceville.

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The subscriber offers his farm for sale situated in Jacksonville 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

GEO. C. WATSON, Jacksonville, N. B. Mar. 24-2mo.

NOTICE.

On and after the 1st of August, I will change my business over to the cash down system. Farm Produce taken as cash.

MRS. C. A. PHILLIP, Bristol. April 21-3mo.

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The Farmer and His Son.

Do farmers, on the average, want their sons to be farmers? Some do, some do not. If we judge the question by the amount of farm education the majority of farmers give their sons, we can certainly say that they do not want their sons to be farmers. Yet the villages and cities are full of men who have lived their life with nothing of confidence to show for it, who are failures, but who would have made a fair success if they had stayed on the farm. Hundreds of these men have told us so. Yet there are just as many foolish young men as ever, rushing away from the farms to the cities. Their fathers could have stepped this folly had they given the boys a term or two in the short course or provided a good supply of dairy and farm literature in the shape of books and papers.

The United States Country Life Commission state that in their investigations in thirty States the cry was universal against the country school; that the farmers would not make it fit to teach their boys even the rudiments of education; that nothing was taught that would help a boy gain any knowledge of agriculture or help to understand what he read.

The farmers in every school district are responsible for the school they produce. If they wanted better school-houses they could easily make them. If they wanted better teachers they could procure them by paying what they are worth. If they wanted the school to help make intelligent boys and girls, who would understand the chemical terms that are used in farm literature, they could secure that also. If the country school is a bad failure, if it fails to make intelligent men of their boys, the farmers are alone to blame for it.—Harold's Dairyman.

Hooker at Antietam.

Early on the morning of Antietam, says G. W. Smalley, writing in the N. Y. Tribune, Hooker had scattered his staff to the winds, and was riding alone; on the firing line. Looking about him for an officer, he saw me and said:

"Who are you?" "Will you take an order for me?" "Certainly." There was a regiment which seemed wavering; and had fallen a little back.

"Tell the colonel of that regiment to take his men to the front and keep them there."

I gave the order. Again the question. "Who are you?"

"The order is General Hooker's."

"It must come to me from a staff officer or from my brigade commander."

"Very good. I will report to General Hooker that you decline to obey."

"Oh, for God's sake don't do that! The Rebels are too many for us but I had rather face them than Hooker."

And on went his regiment. I returned to Hooker and reported.

"Yes," said he, "I see, but don't let the next man talk so much;" and I was sent off again.

THEIR HOPE, THE PEOPLE

Muskoka's Brave Battle for Needy Consumptives.

It is poor consolation to needy consumptives to say that the Government should make provision for the thousands who suffer and die from tuberculosis in Canada every year.

The Government should do a great deal more than they have yet dreamed of doing. But they are not doing it, and in the meantime twelve thousand die annually in the Dominion, from this dread disease.

As the situation is to-day, what would be the fate of many consumptives in Canada were it not for the two Homes for Consumptives in Muskoka that during the past eleven years, against many odds, have cared for upwards of three thousand patients in the earlier stages of the disease, whilst in the two sister institutions, on the banks of the Humber, those in the more advanced stages are treated.

This work in Muskoka is one of pure philanthropy. From the day the first patient was admitted to the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives in April, 1902, not a single applicant has ever been refused admission because of his or her inability to pay.

The Government contribute \$1.50 per week per patient. The cost of maintenance is \$9.25 a week. The difference in the cost of maintenance of all needy patients has through these years been made up by private philanthropy.

The Secretary-Treasurer of the Association, Mr. J. S. Robertson, 347 King Street West, Toronto, writes us that, with the financial depression of the past year, the funds of the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives have suffered greatly. At the commencement of the winter season the Trustees have to face a heavily overdrawn bank account and have many obligations to meet.

Despite these financial worries every applicant is receiving careful consideration and patients are admitted as promptly as beds are made vacant.

All through these years the institution has been maintained, not by any rich endowment, for such does not exist, but by the generous contributions of the masses of the people—the small sums rather than the large ones.

We frankly say that we do not know, in our experience, of a more worthy and deserving charity, and our hope is that the readers of these lines will respond to the appeal that is now made for funds for the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives.

Contributions may be sent to Mr. W. J. Gage, 84 Spadina Ave., Chairman of the Executive Committee, or to J. S. Robertson, Secretary-Treasurer of the National Sanitarium Association, 347 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario.