

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 GRAY GHOST OF
DERRY.

BY GEORGIA G. WINKLER.

It was in the spring of nineteen hundred and two that I first met Danny. I had been ordered to the country for what the doctor called a rest cure; not that I was sick, but I was overworked, so I rented a place in a little Irish village on the outskirts of Dublin, and it was there that I made the acquaintance of Danny.

He was sitting on a broken fence rail stroking an old gray horse, himself only a little freckled-faced, red-headed Irish lad. Something wistful about the boy's face caused me to stop and speak to him. "Hello, sonny," I said, "getting your horse ready for the races?" He looked up at me and a beautiful Irish smile, a smile not of the features alone, but straight from the heart, lit up his little face.

"Shure, yer honor," he said, quite seriously. "I am afeard Erin has run his last race." "He looks to me," I answered whimsically, "as if Erin's last race was nearly run."

"Shure yer honor is plazed to be foolin'," said the lad, but I mane it. Erin was wance a rare race horse; and won hapes and hapes av money, so me father said.

I took a more critical look at the animal, and sure enough there were the unmistakable signs of a race horse; the long sinewy legs, the throbbred mouth, and a good horse it must have been too.

With a season of good pasture, a careful rubbing down, Erin, as he was called, wouldn't be a bad horse at all. The only thing that was against him was his color, a dirty, rusty, iron gray.

"Well, tell me all about him," I said to the lad, and I seated myself beside him on the rail; "surely he must have a story as well as a pedigree."

The child hung his head bashfully. "Oh, there's not much to be tellin'," he said. "Whin father was alive, I was all the toime acossin' him fer a horse. Whin he would go to town he would say: 'And och son, pwhat will I be brinin' ye the day?' and I'd answer, 'a horse, father?' and sure, sorr, if he didn't come home wan day aheadin' Erin."

"Father had iver a tender spoh in his heart fer a horse, and whin he sees a cabby batin' a horse that had fallin' down, he goes up to him and offers him foive pounds fer it, niver thinkin' sorr, that it would be accepted. The man, so father said, snapped up the offer; 'Och,' says he to father, ye'll be a losin' yer money, sorr, fer it's only an old ould race horse, an' it won't be long alive.' He said its name was"—and the boy leaned over and whispered a name as if it was too sacred to be spoken aloud. "What," I said, not the Gray Horse of Derry, child? "Sure, an' it is yer honor," answered the lad; "the very horse."

"Is your father dead, son?" I asked him. Immediately the tears swelled up into the little creature's eyes.

"Och, sorr," he said, "that's pwhat makin' me sad the day. Shure whin father died we had to sell all the stock, all but a few pigs and Erin. Mother took in a little sewin' and I git an' odd job now an' thin' but oh, sorr," and here the lad swallowed a sob, "mither is agoin' blind an' the doctor say she had better go to Dublin and see the grate apbellast man that lives there, an' to git the money, sorr, I must—sell Erin."

While the boy turned away to wipe his eyes I got up and examined the horse. At the first glance I had given it I thought it merely an old gray nag. Now, upon a closer examination, I saw that it was still a very good horse, good pasture had done wonders for it.

I examined its legs, they were firm and strong, and from its mouth I could see that it was not an old horse. It had merely been worked beyond its strength and the scattered thought in my brain took a more material shape.

The Dublin races would take place in a month's time, why not enter it?

A month in my stable, with my groom and trainer to look after it, would do wonders for it, and even if it lost, well no one would be apt to bet much on it, so no one would be a heavy loser. It would be a risk, but what Irishman does not love a risky venture? I turned again to the boy who was watching his beloved horse as it wandered a few yards away.

"Say son," I said, suppose we enter him for the Dublin races?"

The lad looked at me as if to see if I was really in my right mind.

"Now yer honor's kiddin' me," he answered. "No, I'm not. Danny," I said, "I mean it. I'll have him taken to my stable, given him into the hands of my trainer; he's not an old horse you know. Who can tell? Strange things have happened on a race course, lad, but don't set you heart on it, my little man, if he loses you will have to sell him, if he makes good—well—you know the purse, it's no small one."

"Consent, boy?"

The lad's eyes grew big and round, "God bless ye, sorr, it was Himself that sent ye this road this day, but oh! yer honor, may I, may—" and the boy looked pleadingly up in my face.

"Out with it, lad don't be afraid."

"Thin, sor, may I—ride him in the race?"

"Can you ride, son?" I said.

For answer, he leaped upon the horse's back and was over the fence around the pasture and back almost before I could draw my breath.

"You'll do, son," I said, for he could cling to a horse's back like a spider.

It was easy to gain the mother's consent, for she worshipped the boy, but I warned them to silence, I told them if the horse lost everyone would make fun of them. The next morning I sent my groom for the horse.

The day of the great races arrived all too soon.

All was stir and bustle in the dear, dirty old town of Dublin, for dear to an Irishman's heart is a horse race. Bands were playing flags were flying. The great grand stand was crowded with gaily dressed people.

When Danny in his little red and green suit led in Erin, I was sure a ripple of laughter ran over the grand stand.

The horse certainly did not look his best. It shambled along, it's great hulking gray frame, looking like a big gray ghost, or a plow horse.

But it was no time now so consider looks.

One by one, they took their places, those silent steeds, each eager to be off. Then the judge gave the order and amid the ringing of a bell and the shouts of the people they were gone—Erin in the rear.

Straining, struggling, muscles quivering, every pulse throbbing, on they went. Now one in the lead, now another.

Once around the course.

Erin ever in the rear.

My heart sank, for poor little Danny, poor little mannikin, oh! well-life held many disappointments. He must learn like the rest of us.

Suddenly, in that mad run something must have awakened in Erin's brain.

All this was strangely familiar to him. Surely he had run like this before—no—not like this for in those days he was the leader. He looked around him now. Why he was almost the last!

The fresh blood of a year's good pasture surged to his brain. Slowly, straining every muscle, inch by inch, he gained. Now one was passed, now another. This was the home stretch, and would he, the once famous horse of Derry, be left behind?

There was no need now for Danny's little voice urging him on. Gone were the visions of green fields and sweet clover. Erin had come into his own.

At first no one noticed the silent Gray Ghost—oh! see the plow horse! Men sprang to their feet. Then a name was whispered, oh! they recognized him. Men shouted, women cheered, the bookies groaned—slowly, slowly, inch by inch he gained.

There were only two horses to be passed. Now only one—a red mist swam before Erin's eyes.

Danny had ceased to whisper, and bending low was struggling only to keep his seat. Never would he forget that mad ride.

Neck to neck, shoulder to shoulder they ran. The immense crowd was now as silent as a village churchyard on a spring evening.

One more length, another inch gained. Would he make it? No—yes—the hammer fell!

With a mighty cheer the people as one man rose to their feet. The women wiped their eyes, and the men rushed to the race course. But Erin, as if that one mighty cheer had entered his very heart, gave one low whinny—then like a big crumbling gray giant, sank slowly to the race track, leaving to Danny a purse of one thousand dollars.

Erin's last race was won.

Tickling or dry Coughs will quickly loosen when using Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And it is so thoroughly harmless, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers to use nothing else, even for very young babies. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung healing mountainous shrub give the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. It calms the cough, and heals the sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Demand Dr. Shoop's. Accept no other. Sold by all dealers.

College Training and Success.

It is approaching the time when the colleges of the land are to open, and when thousands of newly launched life craft are to be started on a glad and prosperous journey over the high seas of success or on a course

that will end on the rocks of failure.

Success and failure are elastic terms, depending largely upon the ideas of each person as to what he desires to make of his life, but there are certain standards by which success may be measured and failing the attainment of which one must of necessity count himself a failure.

Because parents and guardians and advisers, and even the young men and women themselves, are too often unable to discern the trend of the life, colleges are frequently stigmatized for their failure to make successful men and women out of the material that is given them.

The only function of the college is to mold and broaden life. It can't take the man whose mental eyes are defective and who can see but a few yards about him and remove the scales from his eyes so that he may see new wonders.

It can take a man whose natural bent is to philosophy or science or literature and make of him, if he is industrious himself, a great philosopher or scientist or litterateur.

It cannot take a natural engineer and make a poet of him, and it cannot make a successful engineer of a born poet.

It is unfortunate that college faculties have not the right, and the power of discernment, that would permit them to select their students. It is unfortunate that they cannot place a kindly hand upon the shoulder of an applicant for matriculation and say to him, "Your place is not here. It is out between the handles of a plow, under God's blue sky, and with God's wonderful creation," "You do not belong within these walls. Your place is in the counting-room, and there, and there alone, will you reach the most real success and the supremest satisfaction in life."

And it is unfortunate that the college faculties may not go out into the fields and orchards and pick out a young man here and there and say to him, "Come with us, and we will help make your life a real success."

And it is unfortunate that they cannot go into the counting-house and marts and say to many a young man there, "You should not waste your life here, amidst what must necessarily be to you mere drudgery. There is success and satisfaction awaiting you if you will come with us."

But colleges cannot do this. They must make the best of the material that is brought to them, and that there is not more ground for the complaint that the university training unfits a man for life is a tribute to the men and women who compose the college faculties.

The facts are that, in spite of the handicaps, the college-bred man has just one hundred times as good a chance to win success as the man without college training, and his life is infinitely richer.—Toronto World.

It's a pity when sick ones drug the stomach or stimulate the Heart and Kidneys. That is all wrong! A weak Stomach, means weak Stomach nerves, always. And this is also true of the Heart and Kidneys. The weak nerves are instead crying out for help. This explains why Dr. Shoop's Restorative is promptly healing Stomach, Heart and Kidney ailments. The Restorative reaches out for actual cause of these ailments—the failing "inside nerves." Anyway test the Restorative 48 hours. It won't cure so soon as that, but you will surely know that help is coming. Sold by all dealers.

Told to Earn His Own Salary.

Commodore Vanderbilt discovered in James H. Rutter, then in the employ of the Erie railroad, a man he believed the freight department of the Central needed, says the Baltimore News. It is related that some time after he took charge of the Central traffic office. Rutter called on the commodore to submit a plan for improvement. When he had stated the case the president looked at him sharply and asked.

"Rutter, what does the New York Central pay you \$15,000 a year for?"

The reply was, "For managing the freight traffic department."

And then the commodore said, "Well, you don't expect me to earn your salary for you, do you?"

Rutter went out and carried through his plan on his own judgment. The result was highly satisfactory. Rutter became president of the Central.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through MUNN & CO. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms for Canada, \$5.00 a year, postage prepaid. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Deeds, Mortgages, Bills of Sale
Capias, Summons and Execution
Blanks for sale at the Dispatch Office

Kootenay
Steel
Range

The oven door
of the Kootenay
drops down and
provides a shelf
upon which to
rest the pans
drawn from the
oven.

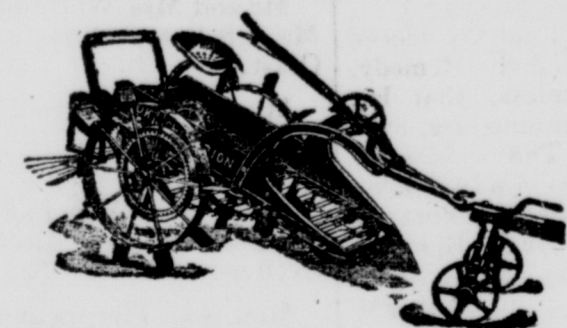
The door is
strongly braced
and will

easily sup-
port the
weight of an
extra heavy
roast.

Free Booklet
on request.

McCLARY'S

For Sale by H. E. BURTT.



The Machines For This Weather.

Deering Reapers, Deering Binders,
Champion Diggers, Moody Threshers,
Cambridge Reversible Sulky Plows,
Wilkinson Plows.

Want anything in above lines? Then call and see us or one of our agents.

BALMAIN BROS.
Woodstock.

\$15,000 IN CASH

is offered in Premiums for Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, Dairy, Agricultural, Horticultural and Floricultural Products, Fine Arts and Ladies' Work, Etc., at New Brunswick's Big Fair.

FREDERICTON EXHIBITION
1909 SEPT. 14 - 23 1909

The Big Fair of the Year.

Open to Canada and State of Maine.

Sensational Special Attractions:

THE BROADWICKS; RENO AND SMITH;

ROBBINS' WILD WEST SHOW;

BABY MABEL WITH HER DOGS AND MONKEYS;

MD'LE OMEGA; THE BLACK PRINCE;

BURGOS AND CLARA, AERIALISTS;

REX'S COMEDY CIRCUS

And Numerous Other Attractions Every Day.

Education and
Amusement Combined

SPECIAL EXCURSIONS AND CHEAP RATES.

Write the Secretary for further information.

JOHN A. CAMPBELL, President. W. S. HOOPER, Secretary.

Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Real Estate.

APPLY TO D. McLEOD VINCE

Barrister-at-Law, Woodstock, N. B.

Pointed Paragraphs.

(Chicago News.)

Regret will never be able to head off in-
discretion.

The emptier the head easier it is to fill it
with hot air.