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THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

JACK'S RETURN.

"It must be yes or no tonight. Of course he has a right to it after these five years."

Elaine, looking pale but sweet and wistful, was lying propped up with pillows on the sofa. It was her first day up after a severe illness, and now that she could think again, memories both sweet and bitter crowded through her mind. They took her back to the ball that her father had given her in honor of her 18th birthday five long years ago. How happy she was then! Why shouldn't she be? Only daughter of a wealthy banker, pretty and lovable, admired by many. And the one she cared for, her ideal "Jack" was to open the ball with her, and probably he would ask her that evening to marry him she had thought since they had been such dear friends, pals from childhood and then so much more dear that she had been sure he really loved her. He had just graduated from college, a bright future before him, one who would make a keen business man, being admired and esteemed for high intellect—not a chap to care for every pretty face, since few interested him.

And now the same old question, why did he go that evening without a word? It all came back so vividly tonight, though she had lived it over in imagination many and many a time before. First, the ball had been kept waiting until it was shocking to wait any longer, and then she had to open it with Frank Winton, her father's junior partner, whom everybody else considered an ideal match for her. When the waltz was nearly over, there was a stir at the entrance, and her watching eyes discovered "Jack" tall and distinguished, surrounded by a bevy of chattering girls. Intense relief drove away all anger and mortification, so that it was one of her most bewildering "light smiles," as "Jack" called them, that she threw to him around Winton's shoulder as they waltzed by.

It seemed an age till the music stopped, then Mrs. Van Couver had beckoned them to her seat near the conservatory and insisted on congratulating her in the most loquacious manner possible. Then, as the minutes passed and "Jack" did not come over to her, she looked across to where he had been, and he wasn't there. The rest happened so swiftly—Winton taking her into the conservatory, his proposal, her refusal, and promise that they should still be friends, her eagerness to get back to the ballroom where "Jack" must be hunting for her, then her sitting out the next dance beside her chaperon in amazed wonderment—the dance that she had saved for "Jack"—and finally Winton's return for what should have been only his first dance. How gay she had been that evening in her bitterness! Since then not a word for five

Tap, tap, on the door at this point, and there was a visitor—Elaine's dearest girl friend, Edith Somers, with her 4-month-old Baby Warren, to see his sick "auntie." Delightfully, Elaine cuddled the tiny creature to her among the pillows, when Edith, with a mischievous "Now be a good little mother until I come back," ran away on some trivial errand.

Baby cooed and gurgled responsively. And the touch of the soft little hands gave a new impetus to her thoughts. Frank Winton, the true friend and faithful lover for five years, noble and good and rich—surely she would do well to accept him, as everyone said. Yet when the sudden ring of the door bell a moment later reached her ears, she sighed and wondered wearily. Oh, that is Frank, I suppose, coming for his answer.

A gentleman to see you," announced the maid.

"Show him up, please," Elaine said, unemotionally.

Calmly, too, she listened to the approaching steps, which sounded familiar, yet somehow seemed unlike Frank's; and then, even as the maid repeated his name, she looked up into the face of—"Jack" Armitage, standing pale and horrified upon the threshold. Neither spoke; each gazed at the other.

At this dramatic instance Edith appeared through an opposite door, and spying "Jack" ran forward to greet him delightedly; then in one breath wanted to know whether he thought Baby looked most like herself or like husband, Mr. Somers, and didn't he think Elaine looked "too sweet for anything" with Baby nestled there beside her. In another moment both she and Baby hurried away to "meet papa," and they were alone.

"Jack" crossed the room and bent over her. "Elaine, I have come to ask your forgiveness for going away so abruptly," he said. Then he told her how he had been detained by his father the night of her ball to talk over a splendid business proposition, which was to take him to South Africa immediately; how happy he had been in the thought that this would enable him to offer her within six months the kind of a home he wanted her to have if she would accept it, and his intention to ask her that night. On entering the ballroom, however, chagrined at being late yet eager and enthusiastic, he had found her dancing with Frank Winton, to whom, as a lot of chattering girls confessed to him, it was expected she would that night announce her engagement. "I wanted to think it all out," he continued, so while waiting to speak to you I wandered into the conservatory. Then you came in, too, with Winton, and I heard him asking you to be his wife. Then I rushed up to the dressing rooms. When I passed out through the hall I saw you again dancing with him, and you looked so happy I thought it must be true. I sailed for South Africa the next morning, and I have been there ever since. It was only two months ago I heard you were free, so I've come home to see if I have a chance. These years past have been bitterness and I had to come back to see you.

Then, when I saw you with Elith's baby I thought they had made a mistake, that you were married. And what I suffered in those few minutes was worse than all the years. Now I know differently. Is there any chance for me, Elaine?"

Just then, looking into her eyes, he saw a light which could mean only one thing, and drawing her to him he exclaimed: My darling, I love you! Will you marry me?"

Her answer was: "Jack" dear, of course, you or no one."

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.

Punishment and Crime.

(Exchange.)

"She seems to be having a pretty good time now that she and her husband are separated," whispered the three girls in the corner as she entered the room.

"I don't blame her," said one. "He beat her didn't he?"

They looked her over again.

"Well, I don't blame him for beating her." The third declared, "if she dressed like that. That red is awful."

PRIZES AWARDED IN DAIRY CONTEST.

Prize-Winners in Dr. Chase's Calendar-Almanac competition for best-kept diary for 1908. \$200 in gold distributed.

After a most difficult task, due to the high standard and neatness of the large number of diaries submitted, the judges of the Dr. Chase/Calendar-Almanac competition—Mr. J. F. MacKay, Business Manager, The Globe; Mr. Geo. E. Scroggie, Advertising Manager, Mail and Empire, and Mr. Peter Rutherford, Advertising Manager, The World—have awarded the first prize of \$100 in gold to Mr. Robert Hazelton of Todmorden, Ont. There was so little to choose between the winners of the first and second prizes that the most careful inspection was necessary before a decision could be made. The following is a complete list of the prize-winners: 1st, \$100 in gold, Robert Hazelton, Todmorden, Ont.; 2nd, \$50 in gold, John Jacob, Brodhagen, Ont.; 3rd, \$25 in gold, Mrs. James E. Poole, Aitken's Ferry, P. E. I.; 4th, \$5 in gold, Mrs. Joseph Cass, Armstrong, B. C.; 5th, \$5, in gold, Mrs. William A. Watt, Box 41, Alexander, Man.; 6th, \$5, in gold, John P. Marnell, 14 Barnes Road, St. John's, Nfld.; 7th, \$5 in gold, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Biehler, Box 48, Quyon, Que.; 8th, \$5 in gold, Mrs. (Capt.) A. McNutt, DeBert Station, N. S.; 9th, \$5 in gold, Miss Bessie E. Ross, Box 508, Mount Forest, Ont.

That the interest in this great contest is rapidly increasing is shown by the large increase in the number of diaries submitted over that of last year and by the many requests received for the Calendar-Almanac of 1909. If any one has not received one of the 1909 diaries, Edmonson Bates & Company of Toronto, Ont., will mail one upon the receipt of name and address.

"My dear," remarked a gentleman, opening the dining-room door, "the girl has left the vegetables on the hall table."

"Don't be so stupid," exclaimed the wife. "That is my new hat."

Do this with your children.

* School children should be fed plentifully and frequently on Quaker Oats. It makes the best possible breakfast for anyone who is to work with either brain or muscle. It's easy to prove this in your own family. Increase the daily consumption of Quaker Oats and you'll see an almost immediate improvement in the health and energy of those who eat it.

Regular size packages for city trade, large size family packages for those who are not convenient to the store. The large package contains a piece of handsome china for the table.

Breakfast on Quaker Oats every day. Quaker Oats is made at Peterborough, Canada.

Where Rich Men Are Few.

Bulgaria is the nearest approach to a pleasant commonwealth which the world has known in modern times. There is not a Bulgarian Slav who is not the owner of a plot of land upon which he gets his own livelihood by his own labor.

Large landowners are almost unknown. The few men of wealth in the country are mostly of foreign birth or decent, and even they would not be counted as wealthy according to the standard of other European countries.

The small land owners, who form the vast majority of the population, are peasant born peasant bred. They are extremely thrifty. They are content with very plain food. They wear the same sheepskin garments from year to year, only turning their coats inside out with the changes of the season.

Whole families, even of well to do peasants, sleep in the same room upon mats stretched out on the floor. They live under conditions of dirt and discomfort which no British or German or French laborer would tolerate for a week. Yet, notwithstanding their disregard of the simplest sanitary arrangements, they grow up singularly strong and healthy.

Moreover, they are free from the irritation caused among other laborers, overworked if not underpaid, by the spectacle of neighbors living in affluence and ease without any necessity to curtail their expenditure. Rich men are black swans in Bulgaria. I was told by a foreign banker in Sofia who had traded for many years in the country that he doubted greatly whether there were fifty men in all the rural districts who had net incomes of \$5,000 a year.—London Illustrated News.

FIG PILLS

For Fagged People

Are the great upbuilding medicine of the age. New interest in life after you've taken a box or two. 25 cents a box, or five boxes for a dollar. For sale by the Sheasgreen Drug Company, Main St., Woodstock.

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Just Received:

Nets for Waists, in White and Colors.

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Nothing but the Best Goods and Prices Right.

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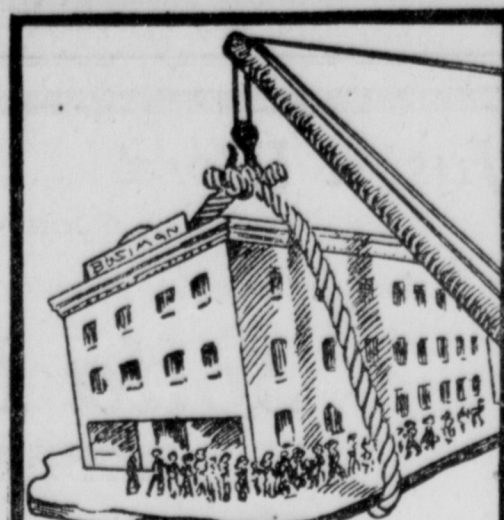
Mahogany Furniture.

I am prepared to restore old pieces of Mahogany Furniture, no matter how badly broken up. These old pieces when repaired are quite valuable and far superior to anything of modern make. Being a Cabinet Maker and "French Polisher" of many years experience in the city of St. John, I think I understand my business. Also general repairing. Write to

G. N. A. BURNHAM,
Upper Woodstock, N.B.

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stopped in 20 minutes sure with Dr. Shoop's Croup Remedy. One test will surely prove. No vomiting, no distress. A safe and pleasing syrup—50c. Druggists.



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Judicious advertising is the derrick that swings a business to success. Classified Want Ads. are terse business bringers that are suitable to any business. They help the small ones become big, and the big ones to become bigger.

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Business College

IS NOT CLOSED IN SUMMER.

Why waste the summer months? Two or three months wasted at this end of your course, may mean the loss of that many months' salary at the other end.

ENTER NOW. Catalogue giving full information sent on request.

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.

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 Mch24 3m. A. B. MCCAIN, Florenceville.

FARM FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers his farm for sale situated in Jacksonstown 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.

THE BEST PLUMBING

At most reasonable prices is what I am offering the public.

Estimates cheerfully furnished on any kind of work in my line

A full line of materials of all kinds. Aqueduct Pipe at specially low rates. All work guaranteed first class.

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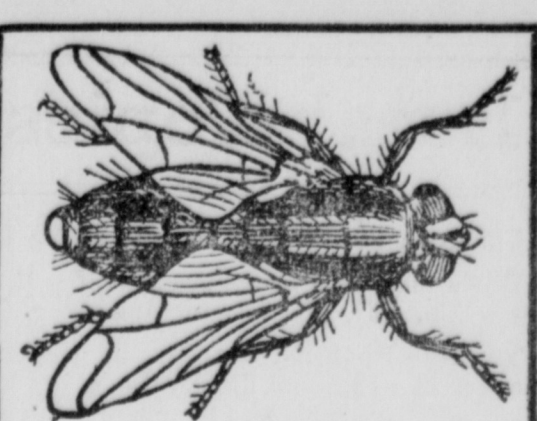
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Has actually killed a Bushel of Flies
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

The Sultan Kept His Word.

The threshold of the harem has occasionally been crossed clandestinely, yet, save those in rare cases where a Turkish family, having adopted the conventions of the Europeans, admits its intimate friends, no stranger has openly and officially been permitted to visit the gynaeceum of the Turk, says N. C. Adossides in THE DELINEATOR for July. The one exception to this iron-clad rule, strange to say, occurred in the palace of a sultan.

It was in the year 1807, when the British Government, attempting to coerce the Sublime Porte into a coalition against Napoleon, ordered the Sultan, Selim III., to surrender his fleet. This Selim refused to do, and the English fleet sailed through the Dardanelles into the Propontis. Meanwhile, General Sebastiani, the French ambassador, assisted the Sultan in organizing the defense of Constantinople, and did it so admirably that the British fleet retired without firing a shot. Accordingly, the Padishah told him to choose his reward. The general, a thorough Frenchman, asked permission to visit his Majesty's harem.

Selim, bound by his word, granted this unprecedented favor, and invited him to witness the review of the sultanas. As the latter, the most beautiful women of the East, with blushing cheeks and modest eyes, passed one by one before them, the Sultan said, "Whoever of them all you find fairest is yours." Sebastiani, delighted, indicated one of the imperial odalisques, a Georgian of divine beauty, with deep black eyes.

The next morning a procession of black slaves appeared at the embassy, bringing with them a magnificent casket. Raising the lid thereof, Sebastiani beheld, lying upon the purple cushion, the head of the beautiful girl he had chosen. By it's side lay a letter which read as follows:

"Though our law forbids that a woman of Islam be given to a Christian, yet thou shalt have at least the consolation that none other shall possess her whom thou has preferred."

Think Not.

Think not, whoever you may be, or how ever dark your lot is in this hour, that you are the only one who is passing through the shadow and the valley—countless thousands have gone on before, gone on triumphant.

Think not that you are the only one who has had a cut in pay, lost your position, or who has been degraded in the ranks, while another has been exalted—millions of men and women have lost positions fairer far than yours, have been forced to work in positions that they would have spurned before—and lived, and worked and waited, and won again.

Oh, sorry one, take heart again.

Think not that you are the only one who has been disappointed in your vocation or correctness of calling in life's great realm of commerce, that the Eternal Dice was loaded against you. Oh! soul of mine, how many a human heart has known the same thought, has felt the same pang, that he should have been something else, a doctor instead of a lawyer, a merchant instead of a tiller of the soil, a professor instead of a bank manager that he has not been given a square deal. Perish the thought, move along in your present calling.

Think not that your temptation is worse than any one else, that the niceness of circumstances to make you fall was never before equalled in the annals of man, the weakness, hereditary and the whole occasion unexampled. Sir! your name is legion, make no excuses, the world does not ask them, just show the people you are still fighting.

Think not that life contains any new pleasures, hopes, ambitions or aspirations.

There are none, not one.

Neither think that evil assumes any new guise, but remorse is keener, despair deeper, a jealousy more hateful in this hour than the days of our forefathers.

There is no new evil.

There is nothing new.

We are born, and die.

Some achieve, most fail, yet no matter how vast the achievement it is swallowed up in the great maelstrom of time and space.

Yet of atom, man keep trying.—C. F. R. in Tor. News.