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HIS OWN MEDICINE.

BY CAROLINE LOCKHART.

"Don't kill yourself to-night; wait until to-morrow," said Turner, the barkeep, in a soothing but unemotional voice. "Never mix business with pleasure."
"But, Turner, you don't understand, you don't understand a-tall. She don't love me—nobody loves me." Helm of the Wind River Lumber Company laid his proud head on the bar and burst into tears.
"That's because you don't know how to make her love you. You don't show no more sabs than a rabbit," replied the barkeep, coldly.
"Tell me whater say; tell me whater do, and I'll do it!" Helm clasped his hands and lifted his streaming eyes pleadingly to the barkeep's stern face.
Turner's voice took on an authoritative tone.
"When she goes into one of those tantrums, then's when you want to stand up on your hind legs and let her know you are boss. Keep a stiff upper lip and be cool and kam. Nothing scares a woman like dignity. You might say: 'Woman, this rumpus must cease. I cannot permit my peace of mind to be disturbed by the rancibooos of a hysterical female. The strain of my business life is such that I must have perfect rest in my home. If you cannot control yourself, you had better pack up and make your mother a long visit.'
"Thash great!" said Helm, his eyes shining with admiration through his tears.
"But," his face fell, "shay, she might go. You don't know my wife—perfec' bronch', reg'lar mustang when she's mad."
"Women are all alike. You've got to make 'em feel the iron hand in the glove."
"Iron hand in the glove—thash good!" Helm gurgled with pleasure. "Go out now, thish minute, 'n pair gloves f'r m' iron hand."
Turner watched him with contemptuous eyes until the swinging doors fanned the air behind him.
"Buffaloed!" he muttered, "plumb buffaloed!"
Turner, broad-shouldered, iron-jawed, with a heavy black mustache drooping over a cynical mouth, towered above the polished bar in the only hotel in White River City, Wyo. Without doing anything in particular to earn it, he had acquired the reputation of being a "bad man." He had dropped into Wind River City one evening at sunset and stayed, and no person had the temerity to inquire into that past in regard to which he showed such singular reticence.
Turner had a peculiar position in the community. He was the recipient of the heart confidences of every man who patronized his bar. After 12 o'clock at night the married men practically stood in line waiting to tell him why they could not get along with their wives. His advice was valued by the younger men, who consulted him at critical points in their love affairs. In some indefinable way, like the acquisition of his reputation for ferocity, Turner was believed to know the heart of woman—like a book. He interpreted their moods and actions to anxious cowpunchers and range riders. The measures he suggested for the subduing of too high-spirited women were generally heroic, but this only increased the feeling of awe for him, it being firmly believed that Turner would not hesitate to follow the advice he doled out so generously to others.
In the corner of the bar a youthful cowpuncher sat with the high heels of his elaborately stitched boots hooked over the top rung of his chair. His cheeks were round and rosy, his bushy blonde curls looked like a

bunch of excelsior, and a sweet smile of contentment played about his girlish mouth. Fixing his absent gaze upon the barkeep, he suddenly realized that person was disengaged and he unwound some six feet of height and stood erect.
"Let's have something smooth and agreeable," he said, in a soft drawl.
"Things coming all right at the halfway house?" inquired Turner, carelessly, as he mopped the bar with his towel.
"Was comin' some this afternoon."
"So?"
"Had quite a little session with the old man. Took my gun and went over to ask for Jessie. Put it to him straight out behind the house, where he was mendin' a harness. Old man flew in one door for his gun and I flew in the other. We met in the middle; but there was a sewin' machine agent there and he thought we was after him for talking to the old man's wife. Agent got the drop on both of us. Set the old man down in a chair and backed me clean out to my horse. Amusin' old cuss, Jessie's pap; hollered after me that he'd shoot, me on sight."
"What you aim to do?"
"Do? Jessie's movin' her clothes out into the sage brush and we are goin' to run off to-morrow night."
He looked expectantly for an answering smile on the barkeep's face.
"Sweetness," said Turner, impressively, addressing him by the sobriquet which his innocent face had earned for him, "you're making a big mistake, you're beginning wrong."
"What's the matter?" inquired Sweetness, startled.
"You've been insulted in the house of your future wife. You owe it to your self, respect to demand an apology. The foundation of love is respect, and how can any woman respect a man who lets his father-in-law insult him?"
Sweetness' jaw dropped.
"He wasn't reely insultin'," he explained.
"He was just goin' to shoot me up. Old man's harboring a gretch against me ever since I sold him an outlaw horse for his wife to drive. But I can't make him eat dirt; he's handier with a gun than I be."
"Taint' your business to do it, it's the girl's. You ought to insist that she makes the old man apologize for the effect it will have upon her afterwards."
"Insist? Say, you never saw my Jessie girl, I guess."
"Women are women," replied the barkeep, cynically.
"Some women is," responded Sweetness.
"I hate to see you make a bad get-away," continue the barkeep.
"If you sure think I ought to—" said Sweetness, dubiously.
"Sure I do," declared Turner. "I'm looking ahead for you—peering into the future."
"I wish you'd peep a little more and see if she's goin' to fire me for tryin' to make her respect me," said Sweetness, grimly.
"You're taking no risks whatsoever," Turner's tone was positive. "You can't lose a woman onct she's good and stuck on you."
A hubbub of feminine voices arose in the hotel office. The closeness of matrimony had in nowise numbed Sweetness' interest in such sounds, and Turner said, in response to his look of inquiry: "A bunch of she tourists from New York on their way to the Yellowstone."
"Do you think we would really dare?" The question in a pleasing contralto was wafted into the bar.
"Yes, ma'am," came the clerk's business-like voice. "Plenty of ladies go in to look at the elks heads and the pictures."
"I'll tell you what we will do," said a deliberate voice. "We'll send for Turner. She looks so respectable."
"They're goin' to send for you," Sweetness whispered, excitedly.
"They said 'she.'" There was a strange look in Turner's eyes and a singular hoarseness in his voice.
A renewal of the hubbub in the office heralded the coming of the other Turner.
"Turner, we want you to go into the bar with us while we look at the pictures."
"Yes, miss, but I loathe grog shops."
The barkeep gripped the edge of the bar and a hunted look leaped into his face as he heard the smug voice.
"Rudgers!" he called to the barber, whose alleged mine was centered with the game of pool he was playing with the pastry cook, "come and take my place for a few minutes."
"Cart," said the flip barber, as he chalked his cue with maddening deliberation.
The shrill chorus in the office was coming nearer.
"Hurry up!" The sharpness in the barkeep's voice made the freeze-out players lift their eyes—there was a note of frenzy in it.
Turner had reached the end of the bar when the swinging doors parted. A small woman in a walking skirt and an alpine hat in which the quill bristled aggressively led a procession of excited young women. The barkeep's quivering gasp was audible some distance away as he dropped on his hands and knees and started to crawl to the door which led to the washroom.

The cold eyes of the person in the alpine hat fell upon the singular object on the floor.
"Gustave!"
The muscles of the barkeep's face twitched nervously, and he stopped in his flight like a well-trained horse at the voice of its master.
"So-o-o!" The long-drawn word reeked with satisfaction. "This is where you are, is it!" The wiry figure stiffened for battle.
"Liar! to deceive me! Coward! to run from me! Scoundrel! to desert me!"
Helm waited breathlessly for Turner's scathing reply. He had returned with a pair of sheepskin gloves in his iron hand. Sweetness stood rigid in the intensity of his interest. The freeze-out game was suspended.
"Amelia"—no one recognized the plaintive voice—"don't be hard on me, Amelia!"
Turner, the barkeep, resembled nothing so much as a greyhound which has been kicked. It seemed not to occur to him that he could rise from his knees.
"Excuse me, miss"—the woman turned to one of the astonished group behind her—"but he's my husband what I've caught at last."
"Get up!" she cried, advancing upon the cowering form. "Get up! I'll see you upstairs!" She stamped her foot.
Turner scrambled to his feet and the swinging doors hid the wilted sage from the eyes of the petrified barroom.

\$100 Reward \$100
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.

A Boycott and Its Sequel.
(Glasgow Herald.)
During a debate in parliament last February S. H. Butcher called attention to a very painful case of boycotting. The following was the story which he laid before the house:
"Mrs. Hall, of County Clare, sold her lands, but reserved the home or domain land, and recently the League started on agitation to compel her to distribute her domain land. Her agent was forced to leave, next her herdman, and then her laborer, and not a single man was left to feed the cattle and sheep. Her hayrick was burned down, and now four constables and a sergeant were quartered in her house with police patrol outside. This lady so treated was 80 years of age, and she wrote to a friend: 'I hope you can read my writing, as my hand has become shaky since the fire. How little England knows our sufferings, or if they do they do not seem to care if we are all shot down at once. But I will fight for my home, and if I die there are others who will be as determined.'

On the following day, February 24, Mr. Dillon said that "if the facts are as stated by the member for Cambridge University, we are ready in the Dublin League to use the whole strength of our organization to rescue that old lady." In March, in reply to a question, Mr. Birrell confirmed the facts. If it is understood that an independent inquiry into the case was made at the instance of Mr. Dillon. As a result last week it was announced that the standing committee of the United Irish League in Dublin has dissolved the Clooney Branch of the League. Thus effect has been given to Mr. Dillon's promise, and it is to be hoped that the power of the local League at Clooney may be broken by the action taken at headquarters.

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Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

His Advice.
(Saturday Evening Post.)
A colored man was brought before a police jury charged with stealing chickens. He pleaded guilty and received sentence, when the judge asked how it was he managed to lift those chickens right under the window of the owners house when there was a dog loose in the yard.
"Hit wouldn't be no use, Judge," said the man, "to try to 'splain dis thing to you' all. Ef you was to try it you like as not would get yer hide-fall of shot and get no chickens, nuther. Ef you want to engage in any rescality, Judge, yo' better stick to the bench, whar yo' am familiar."

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 support the weight of an extra heavy roast. Free Booklet on request.

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Passenger Train Service from Woodstock, Effective Oct. 3rd.
DEPARTURES.
(QUEEN STREET STATION.)
6.45 A MIXED—For Houlton, McAdam Jct. M St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, 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.
12.15 A EXPRESS—For all points North, M. Plaster Rock, Grand Falls, Edmundston, Fort Fairfield, Carleton and Presque Isle.
5.00 P MIXED—For Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.
5.33 P EXPRESS—For Houlton, St. Stephen M (St. Andrews 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.
11.30 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.
12.15 A. M.—EXPRESS—From St. John and East, St. Stephen, (St. Andrews after July 1st), Boston, Montreal and West.
5.33 P. M.—EXPRESS—From Fort Fairfield, Carleton, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Rivere du Loup.
11.00 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.
W. B. HOWARD D. P. A., C. P. Ry., St. John, N. B.

THE EYES
The eyes are the windows through which the soul looks out upon the world. There is no need of having them darkened or defective. Don't tamper with unknown inexperienced opticians. Vision is too precious, have them scientifically fitted with glasses, DONT DELAY.
For instance:—Mrs Freeman wife of the Rev. Mr. B. L. Freeman, for 7 years pastor of the Centreville Baptist church was troubled by defective sight. Five specialists treated her, one in New York, one in Boston, one in Halifax, one in St. John, one in Woodstock N. B. She could not wear their glasses and her eyes grew worse. Two years ago just before moving to B. C., with her husband she came to me, I treated her by my new discovery and supplied her with glasses. She now writes me as follows, the glasses are a perfect fit. You evidently have the right theory. My eyes are better than for years. Many thanks.
MRS R. L. FREEMAN.
If your eyes trouble you at all, come in and let me examine them FREE.
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Girl wanted to learn typesetting. Wages from start.