

DOCTORS

say consumption can be cured. Nature alone won't do it, it needs help.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is the best help, but its use must be continued in summer as well as winter.

Take it in a little cold milk or water. Get a small bottle now. All Druggists. THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

Hope of the Heart.

BY BALDWIN SEARS.

The scuttle in the roof of the farm-house opened slowly, and a girl's head appeared. As she held up her face to the evening breeze her fair face, yellow hair and delicate features made her appear like some faint star just glancing above the horizon.

A young man with a scythe over his shoulder crossing the lane below the barn looked up toward the house. Seeing the girl, he stopped, straightened his shoulder as though he half expected her to speak and to speak himself, then walked on with lagging steps and disappeared below the orchard where the brook flows into the woods.

Mary leaned her arms on the edge of the scuttle and looked out. The hot air from the garret blowing in gusts past her face was like a twitch at her sleeves reminding her of the household she had left below.

She was the only one who had not already gone to bed. It was harvest time. They were cutting the wheat in the meadows, and all day the hum of the reaper had come up from the broad white fields where the men were at work. Since dawn the house had been buzzing with lively toil, but now the day's work was ended.

In the front room off the porch the farmer and his wife were asleep. They had gone to bed immediately after supper, and while Mary had sat on the porch she heard their low voices talking over the potato crop and the grain, their drowsy words growing fewer, slower, until at length they sank away and ceased while yet the bobolinks were skimming over the meadow and the red of the sunset lingered.

Across the gate her married brother and a neighbor had talked politics, Mary had heard their nasal voices alternating like the wooden balls tossed by a juggler. In the south chamber just under the attic her sister-in-law had been putting her children to bed, the creak, creak of the rocking chair as it swayed over the an uneven board dimly audible through the silent house. In the attic under the roof slept her little brother Bob, dreamless, tired and contented at the end of his long summer day.

Down in the kitchen yard the turkeys and chickens had gone to roost in the apple trees and the grape arbor, clucking and twittering in sleepy protest against the awkward ones as they settled themselves together.

In a few moments it had grown very still and dark.

The girl on the housetop drew a long breath and leaned her head back against the edge of the roof. It was only 8 o'clock, and the faint yellow twilight lingered on the border of the summer night. A new moon hung low over the crest of the woods. The west wind brought up the hot smell of ripening cornfields, and a bat darted out of the orchard in swooping circles against the clear night.

From her eyrie above the treetops the farm buildings, and neighboring houses, the fields and lanes, even the wide post road, looked quite small and cheap, like a toy village. The countryside in its irregular check-board of pasture, corn and woodland, pale yellow with the wheat stubble, somber green where half ripened orchards spread marked here and there by a cluster of roofs, a spire that told a hamlet in the hills, become significant only in the mystery of distance as it mounted towards the hills and ended at last in one vast, gray, sealike level against the trackless sky. Mary looked at it all as one upon whose wind the meaning of these familiar scenes had just begun to dawn—these fields, the chickens she must pluck, the bread she must make, the raspberries she must preserve, all grouped themselves before her in a coherent scheme of life. From dawn till dark, each day alike, cooking, washing, preserving, holding the babies—the burdens of each side were hers. So far she had carried them unthinkingly, unquestioningly. It was only the lot of every farmer's life.

Tonight she was unusually tired. To escape a feeling of restlessness she had determined to go to bed. It was refreshing to lie in the cool darkness. But before she reached the top of the attic stairs she felt the dry heat of the sun baked roof. The great, timbered space, dark with its age blackened beams and scantily windowed twilight, held a strange odor of cedar shingles, of ancient eather trunks, of musty papers. In the solemn dust the candle lost its bold glare and drooped to a wavering spark, eyed by the glimmering grey panes of the gable windows high under the ridge.

The two chimneys, like huge stone giants whom she had been feeding all day, stooped over her as they towered toward the roof, reminding her of tomorrow's kitchen work. As Mary sat on the edge of her cot, think-

ing of these things, she looked up vaguely. A star, the first in the pale night, shone through the window upon her, clear, unwinking, pensive, holy.

A lock of hair loosened by the wind floated softly across her cheek like the kiss of unseen lips. For the first time in her life she felt restless longing for some good of which she was ignorant. What was it her simple, sweet existence lacked? Had she not everything that a girl could ask—father, mother, food and shelter, a place in the world? What else had any one? The aged farmer and his wife—those two good people fast asleep without a thought in their nightcaps beyond the potato crop—their daughter-in-law, the men at work in the fields, all those dependent on the great harvests on the bountiful farm—were they not happy, contented, unquestioning? Was she not happy too? Had she anything to complain of, to regret, to wish for?

Suddenly out of the bush came the cry of the whippoorwill, that piercing, mournful voice of the vacant, wind blown fields, of meadows flowering unseem and far away. It thrilled her like a pain. It stabbed her through and through and cut her to the heart with its questioning solitary call, hidden in the twilight of the woods.

She had heard it so often, year after year, like the robin and the lark. Never had it sounded so lonely, so friendless and apart. A strange longing swelled up in her breast; tears filled her eyes. The years of her life, with their simple tasks, their ambitions, hopes and dreams, came to her like some vast tidal wave upon a sunny shore, withdrawing in a long resounding sigh at the absence of some unknown joy. She stared through the warm darkness toward the edge of the woods outlined against the evening as though one should try to read the soul of a shouette. Then she dropped her face in her hands for a single minute.

At 6 o'clock in the morning Mary was in the garden picking the vegetables for dinner. The sunshiny, dew fresh day, the beans and cabbages in their prim symmetry, the tall hollyhocks nodding against the fence, made the experience of the night before very remote and visionary.

As Mary reached the end of the row of peas she pushed back her sunbonnet and looked up; then her song stopped and she knelt silently.

A young man was standing on the other side of the garden wall looking at her. He blushed as he met her steady, smiling gaze. "Picking peas?" he asked. "You've got a lot, haven't you?"

"Yes, indeed; plenty this year. Have you?"

"All we can eat and more too. Getting old, though. How are these?" He crossed the wall and stood beside her. "Yours are pretty tender yet." He tore off another pod. "Shan't I help you? Two can work better than one."

"Oh, thank you; you needn't bother." Yet she smiled at him.

"Oh, I like to do this. I'll take the inside of the row."

"It's very kind of you," she answered, looking up at him sweetly.

How brown and strong and sinewy he had grown since he had begun to work in the harvest fields! She had not seen him for a long while, not since they were in school together. She was looking at him again when he glanced up and caught her eyes. This time they both blushed. They said nothing for some time. Mary picked busily, and the boy whistled half to himself. They were beside each other, with nothing between them but the slender trellis of pea vines, enough to give the boy courage to say, "Did you hear the whippoorwill last night?"

Mary felt a flash that made her nerves tingle.

"Oh, did you, too?" she exclaimed, then stopped abashed at her own eagerness. How could Algy understand the confession she had made to a whippoorwill just because it was unseen. "Where was it?" she asked, with all the carelessness she could summon.

"Down in the wood lot about past eight. I was coming home 'cross lots back of your barn; been up at the other farm all day."

They were picking slowly now. How pretty Mary was with her braided yellow hair, her rose pink ears, her smooth lidded, down drooping eyes!

Alvy felt his heart throb dizzily. So many words and thoughts went round and round in his head that he could not say one. And there was the screen of brush and vines between them. The delicate film of green was strong as a prison grille, through which the serene face of the girl showed upon him. Somehow their hands met upon the same pods, Mary's trembled, then lay still in his. "I saw you up on the roof," whispered the boy. "You were listening, weren't you?"

Mary nodded.

"Do you—do you like to hear it, Mary? Do you like the whippoorwill?" Mary's lips trembled. "I don't know, I guess so."

"Because he—he loves you, Mary."

"Mary, Mary, where are you?"

The two in the garden sprang up as the shrill voice called from the kitchen. As the boy leaped over the fence into his own orchard Mary looked after him. From the trees among which he disappeared came clear, low and sweet the call of the whippoorwill.

A book on Rheumatism, by Dr. Shoop, of Racine, Wis., tells some plain truths, and in a plain and practical way. Get this book, and a free trial treatment of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy for some disheartened sufferer in your vicinity. Make a grateful and appreciative friend of some one who is discouraged because of the failures of others to help him. Help me to make this test, and I'll certainly hold you suffering friend.

Collarless Yokes For Lingerie Waists.

Some of the lingerie waists have one or two shallow tucks at the shoulder and little round collarless yokes of net or filet lace. Around the yoke and running down into the blouse are used rows of crochet or cluny insertion, while the seams are put together with narrower insertions of the same lace. Only the heavier thread insertions and edgings are considered smart on the crepe waists, although the valenciennes laces are used as much as ever in the sheer lingerie blouses which are still being shown.

The first food of the day.

Every man, woman and child begins the day with more or less vigor of mind and strength of body according to the first food supplied to the stomach. The best first dish of the day is a bowl of Quaker Oats. The stomach can assimilate it more quickly and with less effort than other foods. There is little or no waste and every ounce of food is converted into muscle, vigor and brain activity. The strongest people in the world are the regular eaters of Quaker Oats. You should eat it for breakfast every day. Loyal Canadians are proud of this great industry. The mills are at Peterborough.

If you are convenient to the store you'll probably buy the regular size package. For those who live in the country the large size family package is more satisfactory. The large package contains a piece of handsome china for the table.

The Prince and the Captain.

The admiral commanding the British Mediterranean squadron a number of years ago gave a dinner to the captains of the fleet at Malta. By 6.49 most of the captains had reached the flagship, been received on the deck by the admiral and ushered below. Next the Duke of Edinburgh arrived. The admiral received him, and keeping him in conversation, continued to pace the deck. All subsequent arrivals were duly ushered below to the saloon, but still the admiral kept the duke on deck. At last it occurred to the duke that the dinner hour had been passed, and he ventured to inquire if his host was waiting for anybody.

"Yes," replied the admiral, "I am waiting for the captain of the—"

Instantly the duke took the hint, called for a boat and made posthaste for his own ship. He alone among the captains of the fleet had turned up in mufti, forgetting or not knowing that the dinner was official. On his return to the flagship in the quickest time on record and in full uniform, the gallant but inflexible admiral was still pacing the deck, and deprecating his royal highness' profuse apologies, conducted him to dinner.—London Queen.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY, & Co., Toledo, O. We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations by his firm.

WALDING, KINNA & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Where She Got the Definition.

In a Sheffield school the children were asked, says London Tit Bits, to come prepared with the meaning of the word "bachelor" for the next lesson.

This was one little girl's confident definition: "A bachelor is a very happy man."

The teacher wanted to know more. How did the child know that? "Father told me so."

The New Petticoats.

Some of the summer's petticoat novelties are at first glance very oddly cut. They are all narrow and sheath-topped, but at about the normal waist line a three or four inch belt is added, which girdles the body to a height about even with the top of the high skirts now worn. In silk petticoats the popular idea is a soft fabric which does not rustle, but which will take a sun-plaiting well and hold it.

Mrs. F. L. MOOERS

has the newest things in

Embroideries and Laces

for the Spring Whitewear trade.

Just Received:

Nets for Waists, in White and Colors.

Latest Styles in Veilings

Nothing but the Best Goods and Prices Right.

MRS. F. L. MOOERS, FAYSON BLOCK, Main St. opp. Queen. Woodstock.

Back Home.

(George Adele Pierce.)

If I could go back to my home tonight, Back to the long, low house when evening light

Just shadowed down to darkness—what would be

My first glad act? The first thing, I would see

Where mother was; go calling far and near, Through every room, until she answered "Here."

Then father'd come; and, after tea, we'd go Into the quiet room we used to know: And I would tell them all the joy, the gain, Since I had seen them last—the grief, the strain;

And mother'd kiss me, and my father'd smile, And say, "It will come right, just wait a while."


And both would know—and all things would be right

If I could go back to my home tonight.

Then He Collapsed.

The first time a man speaks in public, says London Tit Bits, he probably suffers more agony in a shorter space of time than any other part of his career. Young Frankington felt the truth of this very keenly the other day, when he found himself facing an audience of free and independent voters at an election. He had prepared a very fervid oration in support of his father's candidature; but for the first few moments he could do nothing but gasp. Then, in response to an encouraging cheer, he began to speak, "Mr.—Mr. Chairman," he stammered, "when I left home this evening only two people on this earth—my father and myself—knew what I was going to say; but now—now—well, now, only father knows!"

HONESTY



HONESTY

There are lots of honest people in the world. If you have lost something perhaps an honorable person found it.

This is an honest paper and honest people read it.

Tell them about your loss in our Classified Want Ads.

Fredericton 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.**

FARM FOR SALE.

The Kidney-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.**

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Pays special attention to

Savings Accounts.

SERIOUS DEPLETION IN FUNDS

HARD TIMES HARD ON THE POOR CONSUMPTIVE

Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives Makes an Urgent Appeal for Money.

\$35,000 Required to Cover Bank Overdraft and Provide for Maintenance of Poor Patients.

These head-lines tell the story of our needs.

They are heavy and urgent.

Many times during the past twelve months the question has pressed itself upon the Trustees, "Can we continue the work further?"

Every month brought its quota of accounts for salaries and wages of staff, bills of butcher, milkman, eggs, groceries, heavy coal bills—a serious item—and other uncontrollable expenses so long as the doors were kept open.



These had to be paid somehow.

Contributions—especially after the turn of the year when the financial depression was felt at its keenest—fell off to such an extent, that each month the burden became heavier.

During all this period there was only one thing to do, and that was to lean on our banker—swelling the bank overdraft.

The trial was the severest in the history of these Muskoka Homes, in which nearly 3,000 persons, stricken by the dread white plague, have been cared for.



Shack Life at Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives.

But never for a single hour did the doors of the Free Hospital fail to swing open, and give a welcome to suffering ones without money and without price.

The good news has gone forth of a rich harvest the wide Dominion over.

Friends, we come to you at this time, when the clouds of depression are being lifted, asking that you now—in the direness of our extremity—help to lift the burden being carried—not for any personal gain, but solely, alone, only on behalf of suffering sisters and brothers.

Our plea is on behalf of the sick ones.

What will you give? Do not say nay. Help generously. Help all you can. Help some. Help now.

Contributions may be sent to **W. J. GAGE, Esq., Chairman Executive Committee, 84 Spadina Avenue, Toronto;** or **J. S. ROBERTSON, Sec.-Treasurer National Sanitarium Association, 347 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.**

NOTICE OF TENDERS.

Tenders will be received at the office of the undersigned, at Woodstock, N. B., up to 5 p. m., on the 9th day of July next for a Superintendent of Water Works, Sewers, Fire Alarm and Steam Fire Engine.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

By Order Water Committee, **J. C. HARTLEY, Town Clerk.** Woodstock, N. B., June 29, '08

WANTED.

Dressed pigs and hogs, any weight, fat cattle and veal, fat sheep, lambs, ducks, geese, chickens, butter and turkeys. Imperial Packing Co., Limited, Woodstock, N. B.