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 a month, and four bot-  
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 and will make the baby  
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 lay the foundation for a  
 healthy, robust boy or  
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Send 10c., name of paper and this ad. for  
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 Book. Each bank contains a Good Luck  
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 125 Wellington Street, West Toronto, Ont.

## THE TRUE HEIR.

The old house, with its coat of fresh paint,  
 gleamed among its magnificent elms in the  
 bright August sunshine. In the upstairs  
 front room Priscilla stood before the mirror  
 giving a last critical look at herself. Her  
 hair was done high on her head in a style of  
 bygone days, and an ancient shell comb was  
 at the back. Her dress was a gorgeous  
 brocaded silk which had belonged to her  
 great-grand mother. It had never  
 been altered, and it fitted her tall, straight  
 figure to perfection.

"There," she said, "I guess that will do!  
 Now I will sit down and wait till they come."  
 She went over to one of the west windows  
 and sat where she could look down the road.  
 Her face was alight with joy. This was the  
 happiest day of her life. It was what she  
 had looked forward to and worked for. As  
 she sat waiting for expected guests her mind  
 travelled back over the years that had led up  
 to this day, which seemed to her to be the  
 fulfillment of all her hopes.

She remembered how when she was a little  
 girl and lived with her grandmother in the  
 house she could see from where she sat she  
 had looked with awe upon the mansion which  
 stood on the hill, and all the stories she cared  
 to hear must be about the old house.

Her grandmother could tell her many  
 stories of the old place, of the young people  
 who had lived there and made it gay with  
 their happy voices, of the noted general who  
 courted and married his fair bride there and  
 of the sad times that came when the young  
 people all went away and the old folks grew  
 feeble and died and the old house fell into  
 alien hands.

Priscilla remembered how she teased and  
 teased till her grandmother took her to see  
 the man and his wife who lived as care takers  
 in three or four rooms in the ell. After that  
 she used to slip away to see them, and they  
 got to be fond of her and let her roam over  
 the house at will.

When she got to be eighteen she deter-  
 mined to earn money enough to buy the  
 old house and restore it. The owner took  
 no care of it, and it was going to destruction.  
 It seem such a bad thing to Priscilla to see  
 the blinds sagging, the shingles and clap-  
 boards coming off and the chimneys losing  
 bricks in every high wind. She would buy  
 it and save it in all its old time dignity, a  
 valuable historic landmark.

She told no one of her plan, but set about  
 deciding on her work. She had always in-  
 tended being a nurse, and this work would  
 serve her purpose as well as any.

So by the time she was twenty-one she  
 had finished her course at the training school  
 had taken her first case and deposited her

money in the bank toward buying the old  
 place.

Then came a disappointment. The great-  
 aunt for whom she was named sent for her to  
 come and take care of her. Priscilla rebell-  
 ed inwardly, for the old woman was crossed-  
 grained and miserly and grudging her the  
 food she ate. But Priscilla knew that it was  
 her last sickness, and she could not find it in  
 her heart to leave her alone in her misery.

For two long years, therefore, she devoted  
 herself to her kinswoman and gave her as  
 good care as if she had been a wealthy, pay-  
 ing patient. And the aunt's disposition soft-  
 ened wonderfully at last, and Priscilla con-  
 fided her secret about the old house to her.

After her death there was a great surprise  
 for Priscilla. Her aunt had left all her prop-  
 erty to her. There was more than any one  
 had suspected, and the will expressed the old  
 lady's wish that Priscilla should use the  
 money to buy and repair the old place on the  
 hill.

After the place was actually bought there  
 was much to be done. Carpenters and mas-  
 ons and painters were kept at work for  
 weeks. The yard was made tidy, and after  
 that the inside of the house was cleaned and  
 repaired.

It was in June that everything was done  
 and Priscilla had moved her aunt's old fash-  
 ioned furniture into the house. The old  
 couple who had lived in the ell still stayed,  
 and the woman was Priscilla's housekeeper.

Then Priscilla found that her legacy was  
 greatly reduced and that she must go to  
 work. So she went to nursing again with a  
 light heart.

And now it was old home week, and as one  
 feature of the occasion she had thrown open  
 her house and was to read a paper to the  
 guests telling some of the most interesting  
 stories about the place. She had furnished  
 the rooms as nearly as possible like what  
 they had been when the family lived there.  
 There was not a modern piece of furniture in  
 the whole house and she had even been able  
 to procure some of the very articles that had  
 once furnished it.

At last she saw her guests coming. She  
 colored as she recognized one figure among  
 the others. He was the only one of the old  
 family name who had taken the least interest  
 in the old place. To be sure, he was merely  
 the great grandson of the last of the family  
 to live there, and he had never seen it till  
 this week. But he had taken an intense in-  
 terest in what Priscilla had done, and some-  
 how she had seen a good deal of him during  
 the week.

Priscilla's heart beat high as she went  
 slowly down the old staircase to meet her  
 guests.

Richard looked uncertainly about the dim  
 old room. In a moment his eyes became ac-  
 customed to the darkness, and he went quick-  
 ly over to where Priscilla crouched sobbing  
 on the floor. Her old brocaded gown lay in  
 folds about her and the arm on which her  
 head was bowed rested on the old chair by  
 the fireplace.

"What has happened?" cried Richard in  
 alarm. He lifted her gently to her feet, and  
 for a moment she rested heavily against his  
 shoulder. Then she drew away and sank  
 into her chair.

"I am very sorry you found me this way,"  
 she said tremulously. "I—I thought that  
 you were gone and that I was all alone."

"Wait a minute," said the young man, with  
 practical thoughtfulness, "till we have some  
 light, and then you must tell me what trou-  
 bles you."

Priscilla sat silent. She could hear the  
 low murmur of voices in the next room,  
 where the housekeeper and her husband  
 were. Richard lighted the candles on the  
 high mantel and one on the table; then he  
 drew his chair nearer and sat down facing  
 Priscilla.

They were two striking figures in the dim  
 setting of the old room. Both were very  
 good to look upon, she in her gown of a cen-  
 tury ago, he in modern dress.

"I suppose it is foolish," she said, "and hy-  
 sterical and all that, but I couldn't help it.  
 I was so happy this afternoon, and this is  
 the reason."

"But what is it?" he asked, looking per-  
 plexed.

"It all seems so futile!" she cried. "You  
 know I have worked and planned to restore  
 this house to what it was, but it is no use.  
 It was a home, but it is not now, and I can-  
 not make it a home. Besides that, it seems,  
 now that I have done all I could, that I was  
 presumptuous to undertake it. Every one  
 seems to think that I have done great things,  
 but what right had I? Oh, she cried passion-  
 ately, why, couldn't you have done it? You  
 are one of the family!"

"Priscilla," he said, and she gave a little  
 start and looked at him with dilated eyes.

"I understand how you feel, and I wish I  
 had done it, but there is a better way—a way  
 in which you can make a home and even  
 bear the old family name." His face was  
 very serious and he looked at her with  
 searching earnestness.

He rose to his feet and held out his arms.  
 "Don't you understand, Priscilla?" he said in  
 a thrilling voice.

And Priscilla understood and smiled at  
 him through happy tears.

### Curing Cold in Advance.

(Woman's Home Companion, October.)

We get sick because we are too lazy to  
 keep well. We are always looking for a  
 short cut to health. Of reputed cures for  
 coughs and colds, Dr. W. Hutcheson says:

"Their name is literally legion, for hardly  
 a drug can be mentioned, hardly a substance  
 discovered, which is capable of either being  
 swallowed or inhaled, that has not been re-  
 commended as a cough remedy. Eight  
 tenths of all colds are mild infections, which  
 run their course until the body has time to  
 produce an antitoxin or antibody to stop  
 their further progress. As this process in  
 reasonably healthy individuals is usually  
 carried out in from four to six days, any-  
 thing which happens to be given in that time  
 stands a fair chance of getting a reputation  
 as a cure."

"The only sure cure is to avoid the infec-  
 tions and the foul air of ill-ventilated rooms  
 and buildings in which they breed; to keep  
 the body toned up to fighting pitch, by cold  
 bath and an abundance of fresh air, espe-  
 cially in the bedroom; and if the infection  
 does get a foothold to assist Nature in her  
 fight against it by rest in the open air, and  
 prompting elimination through the skin,  
 bowels and kidneys."

"In fine, don't tinker with symptoms; look  
 for the cause, and remove it. Don't try to  
 lock the stable door after the horse is stolen.  
 But train your horse to bite strangers. At-  
 tack is the best defence. Keep your body  
 at good fighting weight, and can defy disease.  
 Sunlight, food, fresh air and exercise are the  
 only cure-alls known. Don't worry about  
 disease and what to take when you're sick,  
 but work for health."

### Case of Too Much Ham.

One morning not long ago there tripped up  
 to a butcher stall in a Baltimore market a  
 dainty little thing out for her first market-  
 ing.

"My husband bought a couple of nice hams  
 from you not long ago," she announced.

"Yes'm," said the smiling butcher, "I re-  
 member well. Fine hams, weren't they?"

"They were delicious," said the young  
 wife. "Have you any more like them?"

"Lots," responded the butcher, indicating  
 a row of hams in the rear of a stall.

The young thing surveyed the hams  
 thoughtfully. "Are you sure," she finally  
 asked, "that they're from the same pig as  
 that from which my husband brought?"

"Yes'm," answered the butcher, without  
 so much as a quiver of an eyelid.

"Then you may send me three more of  
 them," she said.

### \$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  
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 stitutional 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 so much faith in its curative powers  
 that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any  
 case that it fails to cure. Send for list of tes-  
 timonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO, Toledo, O  
 Sold by all Druggists, 75c.  
 Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The world never changes in its at-  
 titude to God. It is, and always has  
 been, enmity to God. But while the  
 nature of the world, and its attitude  
 have never changed, the intensity and  
 conspicuousness of that attitude have  
 changed. The world is more intens-  
 ely opposed than ever to God. It tries  
 harder to win the love of men, dis-  
 plays itself in richer and more attrac-  
 tive colors than ever.—Sel.

The truest help we can render to  
 an afflicted man is not to take his  
 burden from him, but to call out his  
 best strength, that he may be able to  
 bear the burden.—Phillips Brooks.

**YOU'LL feel**  
 better for work,  
 play or rest if you  
 eat Quaker Oats  
 at least once a  
 day.

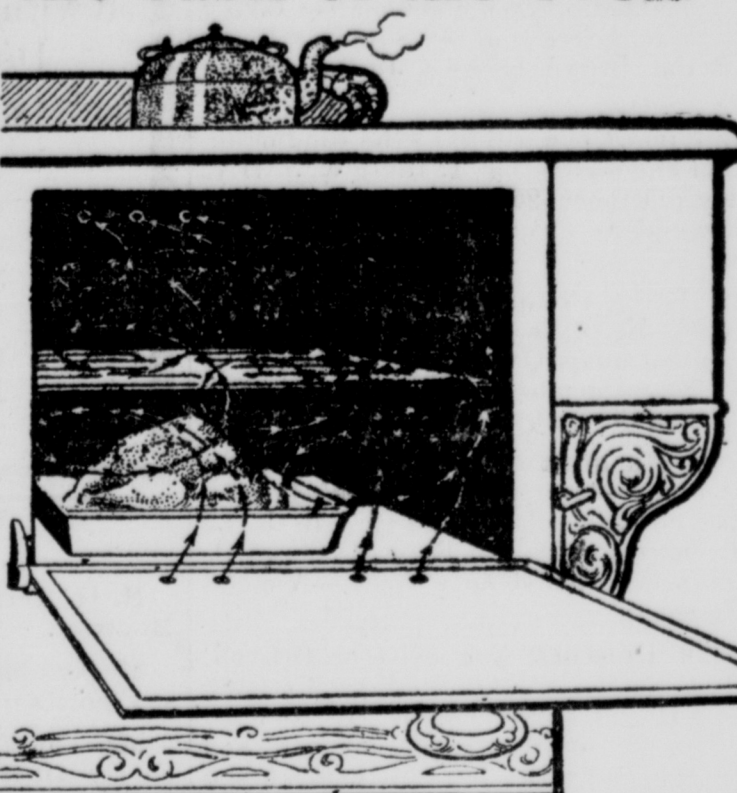
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 through another series of  
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 illustration  
 show method  
 of ventilation.)  
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### DEPARTURES.

(QUEEN STREET STATION.)

6.45 A MIXED—For Houlton, McAdam Jet.  
 M St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton,  
 St. John and points East; Vanceboro, Bangor  
 Portland and Boston etc.; Pullman Parlor Car  
 McAdam Jet. to Boston. Palace Sleeper, McAdam  
 Jet. to Halifax. Dining Car, McAdam Jet. to  
 Truro.

12.15 A EXPRESS—For all points North,  
 M Plaster Rock, Grand Falls, Edmund-  
 ston, Fort Fairfield, Caribou and Presque Isle.

5.00 P MIXED—For Fredericton, etc., via Gib-  
 son Branch.

5.33 P EXPRESS—For Houlton, St. Stephen  
 M (St. Andrews after July 1st), Frederic-  
 ton, 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.

11.50 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.  
 5.32 P. M.—EXPRESS—From Fort Fairfield, Caribou,  
 Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston  
 and Riviere du Loup.  
 11.00 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, St.  
 John and East; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton  
 Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.  
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 St. John, N. B.

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## 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 defect-  
 ive. Don't tamper with unknown experi-  
 enced opticians. Vision is too precious,  
 have them scientifically fitted with glasses,  
 DON'T DELAY.

For instance:—Mrs Freeman wife of the  
 Rev. Mr. B. L. Freeman, for 7 years pastor  
 of the Centreville Baptist church was trouble  
 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.

I would also like to call your attention to a  
 new line of Jewelry just in, finer and more  
 beautiful than I have ever carried before, my  
 souvenir goods especially will interest and  
 attract you.

Prices of course are right, that is why my  
 trade grows.

Thanking my former patrons and soliciting  
 a trial from new ones.

I am respectfully yours.

C. E. VAIL.

Jeweler And Graduate Optician  
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