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### An Incomplete Introduction

(Philadelphia Ledger.)

The express to the North was on the antly out of the window of a carriage containing only one other occupant-a man-in the far corner, who was looking with undisguised admiration at the girl's charming animated profile and at the coils of her auburn hair. the color of which was so well set off by her stylish blue costume. Another girl came running along the platform.

"Here are your papers, Ethel; there was such a crush, I thought I should not be in

The auburn-haired girl sat down, laughing. "Thanks, Marion, and good-bye !"

As they shook hands the man in the corner came forward, thus attracting their attention. "Why, Stanley!" cried the girl on the platform. "Going to Trevor Grange?"

"How do you know?" he asked.

a banging of doors.

"Why, of course, Ethel-Oh, I forgot, you have never met. How funny that you two should be travelling to the Grange to gether." The train began to move. "I must introduce you," she cried, running to keep pace with the moving carriage. "Ethel, this is my cousin, Stanley Mertiner-" But the train, having gathered speed, she was left far behind on the platform.

In the carriage the two laughed.

"Rather an unconventional sort of introduction," said the girl, letting her beautiful eyes fall on her companion; "but I suppose we shall have to make it do."

"So you are going to Trevor Grange," said Mortimer. "I am fortunate in making the journey in such pleasing company."

She opened her lips to answer, but his eyes expressed such open admiration that she could not repress a smile, to hide which she bent her head over the pages of the magazine she held.

She had heard much of Stanley Mortimer. Presently she looked up to find his admiring glance still fixed upon her. She smiled sweetly, making some remarks on the length of the journey.

"Oh," he observed, "It cannot be too long for me; its long duration adds to its charm." "Indeed! You are fond of travelling?" she queried.

"Under present circumstances, yes," he replied, his dark eyes emphasizing the meaning of his words.

"You mean, of course, the return of fine weather," she said innocently.

"I mean," he answered boldly, "the privilege of the society of a charming fellow

"Oh, well," she laughed, "you will have the multiple pleasure of many charming guests' society at the journey's end; the

house party is to be a large one." "Still," he responded, "however selfish it may sound, I should prefer to retain the present delightful situation as long as pos-

sible." "Would you," she replied absently, turning over the pages of an illustrated paper. "I suppose you have stayed at the Grange before," she questioned, lifting her blue eyes

to his. "Oh, yes, some time ago, before Harry Trevor was married. He has just returned from abroad, I understand, and is to be there with his wife. You know her?"

"Very well, indeed," she replied, smiling "I have never met her. As, no doubt you know, Harry married abroad and stayed away two years; but I hear glorious accounts

of her." She made a little pout. "People exagger. "That," said Harry, "is as it should be.

it's always well to reserve one's opinion, and look after your traps." form one's own judgment?"

"From what I may infer," he suggested, laughing, "that you are not a blind admirer of Mrs. Harry.

"Oh, I don't know; I daresay she is all right. Of course," she continued, "you are quainted with most of the guests who are coquetry. Victory was at hand! They were

"I have seen one of them, at any rate," he replied meaningly; "and by the time that we arrive at our destination I hope the acgaintance will have ripened sufficiently to warrant my claiming friendship with her.

"So soon ?" she asked. "Why should it take longer?" he protest ed. "Nearly three hours' tete-a-tete should be equivalent to many days in ordinary circumstances."

"Perhaps so," she admitted, laughing. "Besides, I have heard so much about you that I seem to know you quite well; your reputation is a wide one; that is the penalty of notoriety."

He tried to look ardently into her eyes, but she kept them fixed on the flying landscape.

that this man, while trying to find the woman who is to fill his life, should in the meantime make love to girls whom he knows are not the one ideal? Is it fair to lead them to believe that he cares for them ?

"You must admit," he replied lightly, 'that some girls are so ready to be made love to that they mistake ordinary courtesies for something different."

She raised her eyesbrows slightly. "Do they? Then all the more reason why men should be more circumspect. Surely, the point of starting. A girl was leaning expect- line of demarcation between amiable social intercourse and love making should be easy

She had spoken in earnest; a little color had mantled her cheeks, making her look absolutely bewitching. The desire for conquest, always strong in him, was fanned by her detached, self-possessed manner. This was a girl different from any he had met. He became aware that his heart was beating wildly. Was he in love! He could have laughed at the thought. Well, at any rate, she was worth it. Then he realized that, as many times before, he had begun flirtation as a pastime, but that now he was in earnest and could not help himself; he felt determined to make sure of her before the journey's end.

"You may be right," he admitted, very The guard's whistle sounded. There were humbly, "my attentions to girls might, in reality, have been flirtations; my excuse is this: that was before I met you."

> At this she turned her bright, smiling face to him; her eyes, full of mischief, looked straight into his. "Indeed!" she said, "have I converted you, then; are you really never to flirt again?"

> "That," he said, "is an easy promise. You understand, do you not, that having met the one woman I longed for, my flirting days are over?"

> She looked down at her book again, running the pages through her fingers. "And how many times before now have you thought that you had found her?"

The half-mocking expression on her face baffled him. She was so elusive how could he touch the cord of sympathy in her?

"I may have thought so more than once," he admitted, laying his hand softly on her gloved one, "but I do not think so now-I know, that is the difference."

She gently disengaged her hand and turned to the window again. He thought he had gained an advantage, and tried to pursue it.

"You will believe," he said impressively, as he bent toward her, "that you are the one woman for whom I have waited."

The train was slowing down; they were pproaching the country station to which they

"At any rate," she said, very gently, "we may consider that you have secured the friendship which it was your desire to claim at the end of the journey. Mr Mortimer; but remember, you promised to turn over a new leaf and never flirt again."

She fluttered her handkerchief out of the window. "That is the car from the Grange," she explained.

But he would not let things rest at that. Again he tried to secure her hand; his own hands were trembling.

"Friendship? I want more than friendship; I want your love."

"I am afraid I could not promise you that," she said, gathering up her books and

"Do you mean that there is no hope for me? Ethel-you will not forbid me-" The door of the carriage flew open.

"Here you are, Ethel; had a good day in town?" said a cheery voice. "Why, here is Mortimer, too! How are you old boy. Let me introduce-"

"Mc. Mortimer and I travelled together, Harry," interrupted Ethel. "Marion introduced him to me in London, just as our train was starting; it made the journey so pleasant and we have become such great friends, have we not, Mr. Mortimer?"

ate so," she remarked. "Don't you think Now come along, Mortimer; the man wil

Mortimer followed. Smiling to himself. She had laid such gracious stress on the fact of their new-formed friendship; her smile had been so brilliant and kind, that he thought her previous reception of his advances could only have been prompted by approaching a large motor, where sat a nurse with a one year old child on her lap.

Ethel took a quick step toward it. "Oh, the darling," she cried; "let me have him, nurse." She kissed the cooing baby raptur-

"Harry," she said, "Mr. Mortimer has not seen our son yet; isn't he a love?" and she held up the lace-swathed child for Mortimer's inspection.

Stanley looked from one to the other in bewilderment.

"Your son?" he gasped.

"Yes; you did not guess that I was the proud mother of such an important perso nage, did you? Would you like to hold him," she asked her face rippling with fun, "'tis quite an honor, I assure you."

"Mortimer does not care for babies," in-"Still," she suggested, "is it necessary terposed Harry Trevor, laughing; "he will be much more interested in the bevy of pretty girls waiting for him at the Grange."

"But," said Ethei, who was now installed in the tonneau with the nurse, "Mt. Mortimer made a vow never to flirt again."

Harry laughed incredulously. The blue eyes met the dark ones for an instant, then the horn tooted and the car glided on its way.

#### Thoughtless Cruelty.

A member of the advisory board of the Humane Society, Octawa, writes the editor: "I read, with pleasure, your article in last Sunday's World on cruelty to dogs, which I am sure was much appreciated by all animal lovers. Might I suggest that you publish a similar editorial against the abominable practice of docking horses' tails. The majority of people are very much against the brutal practice and it is rapidly going out of fashion now in England, where I regret to say, it originally started, 500 years back."

The practice of docking horses' tails is not only a foolish one, but cruel in the extreme. Docking does not enhance the beauty of the horse but rather does it detract from it-

This foolish fashion started centuries ago, should not be tolerated by a humane people

The horse is to good a friend of man not to merit man's protection and friendship.

An owner who will over-check his horse unduly, or take away his protection from the agonizing flies by docking the tail, which was given the horse for his protection, should be deprived of the rights of owning a horse.

No docked horse is allowed to enter into certain states of America and those states have a commendable law against the docking of any horse.

As a matter of fact, the laws of England provide that no docked horse can be shown at the horse-show, and a fact not generally known, is, that docking is illegal in any British country, if merely for the sake of appear-

Fortunately the foolish custom is dying out of Canada. In Ottawa where some of the best horse flesh in our Dominion is to be found, very few docked horses are today seen, where yesterday a good horse was not considered a really good horse, unless he had

Today the best "turn-outs" in England and other countries have now undocked

The docking custom is foolish, ridiculous and crael.

Let every horse-lover raise an appeal gainst it .- Toronto World.

#### Nerves Unstrung Loaded With Worry Unable to Sleep

#### Tired and Excitable You'll Grow Steadily Worse Unless the System is Better Nourished.

Nothing will build you up with the certainty of Ferrezone. Thousands it has cured who never hoped to be well -and here is ample proof-substantiated by one of Nova Scotia's prominent residents. "Before taking the first box of

Ferrozone," writes Mrs. Annie Jeffry of Sandy Cove, N.S., "my condition Though I employed was deplorable. the most skilful medical aid I grew steadily weaker. In fact, I was in such a low condition that it was impossible for me to walk across the room. My heart was very weak, and I suffered from terrible palpitations, which the doctors said were from troubles peculiar to women. Friends urged me to try Ferrezene, and I When I had used bought six boxes. the third box my old-time vigor and The palpitation strength returned. ceased, my appetite increased, and I got a good rosy color in my cheeks. It would be impossible to speak too All weak of Ferrozone. highly women should use it. I hope many suffering sisters will use Ferrozone, for it will surely cure them." Ferrozone does what is claimed for

it. Three weeks' treatment costs 50c, or six boxes for \$2.50, at all druggists, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston,

### WEAK KIDNEYS KILL QUICKLY

Are You Irritable, Depressed? Does Your Back Ache? Have You Nervous Fears?

Any Illness of the Kidneys Means a Sick Body All Over. Note the Symptons.

Are you weak? Feel tired out? Full of aches, pains?"
Have you bad headacnes? Does your back drag? Are your loins painful? Have you rheumatic pains? Are your ankles weak, swelled? Any puffiness under your eyes?

If you have any of the above symptoms, give your overworked kidneys help at once. They are diseased, but can be restored by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Thousands of men and women use Dr. Hamilton's Pills every daythousands have added years to their life by this best of all kidney medi-Mrs. W. U. Rossiter, wife of a well-known merchant in Kensington, writes as follows:

"Ten years ago my kidney trouble started. I suffered dreadful pains in my spine and around my waist, my back feeling as if hot irons were running through. I couldn't sleep, had no appetite, was pale, thin, and very ner-vous. Cruel headaches and despondency added to my burden. Not until I had used Dr. Hamilton's Pills did I get any relief. They proved capital and helped me immediately. Eight boxes made me well and now I do my own housework, feel and look the

picture of health." Your complete restoration to health is certain with Dr. Hamilton's Pills.
25c per box at all dealers.

#### On Old Letters

As dry rose-leaves speak of sweet summer

And of a sheltered garden where they

Of scented winds; of brilliant suns that shone; Of love-lit eyes that once looked up at you.

Or as some likeness, taken ere the brow By sobering Care had been with furrows

Expression fixed; and tells us plainly now What like it was in days else out of mind.

So these avowels, loved-bedewed, are such They keep the fragrance of forgotten years; These mood prints, free from Time's corro-

sive touch, Have still the power to call forth smiles and tears!

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surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally,

acting directly upon the blood and mucous

#### Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation. Civilization and the Hair.

(London News)

There was noticed in many newspapers of late an incident which is strikingly symbolic of the topsy-turvy state of civilization in which we have contrived to land ourselves. Some doctor or other in attendance on the compulsory schools of the poor took it into his head to tell all the little girls that they must have their hair cut off, because long hair was unhealthy.

Normally speaking, to cut off the hair of all the girls you can see is as nonsensical as to cut off all their ears. If we have really got into a social condition in which our little daughters must not have any curls then the time has come not for doctors, but for pikes and guilotines. If things are as bad as that, is it not time for cutting off hair, but for cutting heads off. The pendants of science have for some time been engaged in trying to abolish portions of the human mind. They are now going on apparently to abolish portions of the human body. Legs, I suppose will go next; I can imagine a very strong scientific case against legs. The sociological authorities (before chopping a little bcy's legs off) would explain earnestly and kindly to his mother how much she would save in shoe leather, how satisfactorily the problem of corns would be solved, how there was now no danger of treading on broken glass, how the boy would be less noisy about the house, and how he could never stray into unsanitary houses or run away to sea.

Two young men who had been chums at college went abroad together. One conscientiously wanted to visit every spot mentioned in the guide books; the other was equally conscientious about having an hilarious time. In the course of one of these, the lover of pleasure said tauntingly:

"Perhaps you are doing these places so thoroughly because you are going to write a book about your trip."

"I should," replied the other promptly, if Robert Louis Stevenson hadn't pre-empted the title I want to use."

"What's that?" "Travels With a Donkey?" "-New York

#### Speed.

Mr. Newcer (about to start on his first trip in his recently purchased motor car, to his new chauffeur:) "Now, William, I want it thoroughly understood I will not have fast driving. Always keep well under the legal limit-not as close to it as you can. Ten miles an hour is enough for me. What I want is comfort-not excitement Do you understand?"

Three days later: "E -William, I must be back home at 7 o'clock. This road seems very straight and wide. Don't you think you might go just a little faster without danger?"

Two days later; "William, this dust is very unpleasant. If you could pass that car ahead, now-it seems to be going rather slowly."

Next day; "Put on a little more pace, William. There's no use being a crank. This road is too good to lose the chance.'

A week later: "Open her up, Bill. There are no police within five miles, I'll bet; and if there are, who cares? I'm out for fun! Let her rip, my boy-let her rip! This kn't a steam roller! Let's have some SPEED!"

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#### All But Dinny.

She was an old an obviously earnest Irish woman, and she had travelled all the way to Frankfort to see her son Dinny drill with the First Regiment, now stationed at Todd's

Up and down, up and down, Dinny was being drilled within an inch of his life by the commander of the "awkward squad."

Dinny did not see his old mother, and she saw no one but Dinny. There she stood with her sweet, old blue eyes suffused with tears and such a longing, mother-love look in them that she attracted the gaze of the crowd. Turning for one instant to those nearest her, she gulpingly said;

"Aw, wisha, look at 'im-ivery mother's son of thim out of step but me bye Dinny!" -Ella Hutchison Ellwanger.

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