

## Scott's Emulsion

is the original—has been the standard for thirty-five years.

There are thousands of so-called "just as good" Emulsions, but they are not—they are simply imitations which are never as good as the original. They are like thin milk—SCOTT'S is thick like a heavy cream.

If you want it thin, do it yourself—with water—but don't buy it thin.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Send Me, name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Savings Book and Child's Sketch-Book. Each book contains a Good Luck Penny.

SCOTT & BOWNE  
125 Wellington Street, West Toronto, Ont.

## THE QUEST OF KATE.

BY MARIAN W. WILDMAN.

He stooped and picked it up—a lace edged cobweb handkerchief, elusively fragrant and marked with a daintily embroidered "Kate." Harper watched the couples gliding by him. "Jane—Gladys—Anne," he murmured—"Dorothy—Isabel—Ruth. Now, which of the hundred I don't know is Kate? Kate!" he repeated musingly.

The music stopped with a crash, and the young lawyer mingled with the promenading throng, a frowning, preoccupied expression in his eyes.

"Look at that coat of Ted Harper's, Miss Cavanaugh," drawled a gilded youth to his companion. "He cares as little for clothes that fit as I—"

"For anything else, Reggie," she completed. "He's too good looking to need to care. He's like the lilies—not that he doesn't toil and spin," she added quickly. "He's worth a dozen of you lazy society boys—is Theodore Harper!"

Her voice was low, but the passing owner of the name turned suddenly and came back with outstretched hand.

"Rena! I was afraid you hadn't come. Can't I have this dance?"

"I saved it for you, Ted. And we'll talk—I know you'd rather."

"Good girl!" he replied gratefully, as he escorted her to the moonlit piazza. There, with the music softened by distance, he was content. He even forgot the mystery of Kate while he and Rena laughed and chatted.

"Now that you are getting rich and famous, Teddy, you ought to marry. You're plenty old enough. I know your age to a minute."

"And I yours, my dear, I haven't forgotten being dragged to see you when you were three weeks old nor how I cried when our mothers made me kiss you."

"Poor boy! It has been a long friendship, Ted. It would have broken my heart if you had taken whittled fingers and love affairs to any other girl."

"Oh, by Jove, that reminds me—I'm in love again, Rena!"

Rena's silvery laugh was anything but credulous.

"I am honestly. Aren't you interested this time?"

"Profoundly! Who is the happy lady?"

"Her name is Kate."

"Kate what?"

"I don't know."

"Well, really, Teddy, what do you know about her?"

"This!" said Harper, laying something in her soft hand. Rena held the handkerchief up to the moonlight.

"You always were susceptible, Ted, but to fall in love with a bit of linen and lace!"

"I haven't. It's the suggestion, the atmosphere, the—the!"

"The violet perfume!" suggested Rena helpfully. "We all use it, you know."

"Rena, you're heartless! I'd counted on your help."

"Teddy, what is it you want me to do?"

"To tell me all the Kates who may possibly have been in this jam tonight. Then I'll devote myself between briefs to narrowing the inquiry."

"Kate Simpson, Kate Ray, Kate"—  
"Hold on, Rena! One at a time, please."  
"Very well. Kate Simpson you ought to know. You went to dancing school with her. She has dimples."  
"She's not the Kate I'm after. I remember her now. Dimples in a baby are all right, but how about Kate Ray?"  
"Engaged to Reggie Van Dyke. You know that, of course."  
"Of course I didn't. Who next?"

"Kate Delemater, a new girl in town, handsome, tall, black eyes, awfully clever. Shall I take you in and introduce you?"

"Thanks; I can wait. I'll have some one of the fellows get permission to take me around for a call. If she doesn't prove to be the real Kate I'll come to you, say, Friday for more clues."

"You might come in any case. I shall be wild to know. Yes, really," in reply to his protest as she arose, "I must go in now."

Harper offered a reluctant arm, and they passed from the freshness of the June night to the glare and gayety within.

The October evening was cool, and Harper found Rena by a fire of snapping hickory.

"I'm too delightfully weary to rise," she said. "I've been in the country all day."

"Look," with a comprehensive wave of her hand. The library was aglow with lavish masses of color—the orange and scarlet of maple, the crimson of sumac, the purple and rustic of oak and beech. "This is my October carnival. I always celebrate when the autumn gets into my blood. Oh, the glory of the woods today, Teddy!" She leaned forward to lay a fagot on the coals. The seasoned wood burst into a whirl of blue and yellow flame.

Harper watched her face curiously as she talked. "All summer these leaves have been quiet, contented little dreamers. Today they are new creatures, glorious. It's the transfiguration of their lives—what they have been waiting for all these tranquil weeks."

"The autumn has gone into your blood, Rena. I hardly know you tonight."

Her thoughtfulness vanished.

"What of Kate?" she laughed.

"Oh—Kate! I'm tired of this folderol about Kate."

"Ungrateful—when I've spent my whole summer finding you Kates."

"You have been very good. The fault is in the Kates." He took a notebook from his pocket and laid it open in her lap, leaning against the back of her chair to look over her shoulder as she ran her finger down the neat list.

"Katie Simpson—dimples; Kate Ray—engaged to Reggie Van Dyke; Kate Delemater—I hardly dare mention her, Teddy!"

"You have reason to blush. You know how I abominate the bohemian girl who smokes cigarettes and is always stopping on the verge."

"Didn't you find her clever and handsome?"

"Oh, very! Who next?"

"Kate Randall. Mother suggested her. You did like her a bit, I remember."

"I liked her a great deal. She's a sensible, modest, well behaved young woman. But she's not Kate."

Rena sighed patiently.

"What was the matter with Kittie Pomeroy? There isn't a dearer, sweeter, prettier little girl in—"

"I'm not looking for a dear, sweet, pretty little girl."

"What sort of girl are you looking for, Ted?"

Harper mused in smiling silence, his eyes idly watching a trembling silver butterfly in her hair.

"I think she's tall and has dark eyes. She's well bred, but not conventional. She's honest and kind. She has brains and a sense of humor. She"—He broke off suddenly.

"I have it, Rena! Find me a Kate just like you, and I surrender the handkerchief."

"And your heart?"

The light words had an unfamiliar tremor in them, like that of the butterfly's filigree wings. Something sweet and sudden and unforeseen swept over Harper's heart. He was looking down at the leaves in her lap, and fragments of what she had said of them came back to him—"All summer contented dreamers—today new creatures—the transfiguration of their lives—what they have been waiting for all these tranquil weeks."

"Rena," he whispered, bending lower over the silver butterfly, and then as she looked up into his face with startled eyes, "I believe it is you I love!" he added simply.

"And Kate?" her eyes smiled through her lashes were still wet.

"Kate was an airy nothing."

"Dear, stupid boy!" Rising she crossed the room and brought back a great Biolo, which she laid on his knee. Perching on the arm of his chair, she opened the volume at the pages of family record and laid a finger on one of the names.

"Katherine, daughter of James and Katharine Cavanaugh, born June—"

"Rena, is it you?"

"Who else? But Rena I've been from my cradle save to one person."

"And he?" jealously.

"And she"—reassuringly—"is a college friend who dislikes my poor nickname. I can show you dozens of letters from her addressed to Miss Kate Cavanaugh. The only other proof I could have offered—her gift to me last Christmas—I unfortunately lost."

"At a ball?"

"At a charity ball last June."

"I don't believe you're my Kate, after all. I told you my Kate was honest and kind."

"And had a sense of humor. Teddy, do you regret the prosaic end of your romance?"

"Prosac?"

"Do you?" she insisted.

## TURN TO THE PHONE

When you are in doubt as to selling possibilities.

(Ring the market station. INSTANTLY you are brought in direct contact with the people who can most aid you.)

When you think it is going to rain and the reaper has been very busy all day.

(Ring the weather man.—INSTANTLY you know whether you must take to the fields with all hands, or sit down and smoke the pipe of peace.)

When your Barn is on fire.

(Ring your nearest neighbors.—INSTANTLY you know that as fast as animals can travel, fellow tillers of the soil will come to your aid.)

Every day you will find your phone "a friend indeed" and it will prove to be a "payer" too.

Booklet 3117 is free for the asking. Tell us we ought to send it to you.

THE NORTHERN ELECTRIC and Manufacturing Co. Limited



Manufacturers and Suppliers of all apparatus and equipment used in the construction, operation and maintenance of Telephone and Power Plants. Address Office nearest you.

MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG VANCOUVER REGINA

"I should be an ungrateful fool if I did."

"Then forgive your Cinderella and give back her glass slipper, dear prince!"

From the pocket nearest his heart Theodore drew a crumpled bit of linen and lace still faintly fragrant. He laid it in her hand, and his own fingers closed over it.

### Club Notes.

The following is quoted from The National Food Magazine:—

The confectioner's shop was quite free of flies, though all the cakes and sweetmeats were uncovered. "That mignonette," said he, "is what keeps the flies away. We have it in spots all over the place. The odor is so unpleasant to flies that they won't come near us. I got the idea from the south. There the butchers and confectioners always have mignonette growing in their shops, and they can expose their wares without any fear of fly's attack."

"It's a good idea. One sprig of mignonette in my window keeps it quite fly-free."

It isn't so difficult to strengthen a weak Stomach if one goes at it correctly. And this is true of the Heart and Kidneys. The old fashioned way of dosing the Stomach or stimulating the Heart or Kidneys is surely wrong! Dr. Shoop first pointed out this error. "Go to the weak or ailing nerves of these organs," said he. Each inside organ has its controlling or "inside nerve." When these nerves fail then those organs must surely falter. This vital truth is leading druggists everywhere to dispense and recommend Dr. Shoop's Restorative. A few days test will surely tell! Sold by All Dealers.

### Purebred Horses for N. B.

At the request of the Provincial Department of Agriculture, Wm. McHarey, of Russell, Ont., one of the leading Canadian Clydesdale importers, has arranged to bring sixty-five purebred Clyde mares and three stallions to St. John. They will leave Glasgow on the Donaldson liner "Wassandra" on the 20th inst, should reach St. John between 1st and 4th of December, and will be offered at Public Auction there on Tuesday, 14th of December. Arrangements have been made with the Railways by the Department of Agriculture for return tickets to St. John at single first-class fare upon the Standard Certificate plan, and the department will pay the freight from St. John to the purchaser's station upon all animals bought within New Brunswick.

On 27th November A. H. Thomson, of Paris, France, is shipping per Canadian steamer "Montfort" three Percheron stallions, which will be offered for sale in New Brunswick during the month of December.

### Scotch as She is Spoken

Tourist (to Scotch boy)—Where does that road lead to my lad?  
Boy—A'm no' shair.  
Tourist—And that one?  
Boy—I dinna ken.  
Tourist—And that one?  
Boy—I canna tell ye.  
Tourist (to himself)—Great Scott! What names they give to places in this benighted country!

### Debec.

Morley Flemming has returned home after spending some time buying hay in neighboring villages; the price of hay is about \$12 per ton.

Mrs. Harry Crawford, of Elmwood, has gone to Woodstock to spend the winter.

Rev. E. Ramzy preached in the Forester's Hall, Sunday evening.

J. G. Kirkpatrick, bookkeeper for Jas. Burgess, Grand Falls, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Kirkpatrick of this village.

Mrs. C. A. Leiom, of Benton, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. F. A. Kirkpatrick, passed through this village en route for Portage, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Flemming and their two children spent Sunday with relatives at Benton.

There was no school at this village Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 8th and 9th, owing to the illness of Miss Kinney, the teacher.

Miss Taylor, of Grand Falls, is visiting at the home of Robt. Kirkpatrick, Federal customs officer.

The Jessie Home Mission Band met in Harrison's Hall, Saturday, Nov. 6th. Owing to the absence of Mrs. Geo. Sanderson, who is the leader, from the village, Mrs. J. R. Kirkpatrick presided.

Mrs. LeRoy (King, of Perth, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Dickinson of this village.

S. A. Nason spent Sunday with his family at Debec.

Miss Beulah Bradsreer, of McKenzie Corner, who for some weeks past has been confined to her bed from inflammatory rheumatism, is lying very ill at present with acute appendicitis. An operation is inevitable.

The Richmond Agricultural Society held its annual meeting in the Foresters' Hall at this village, Tuesday, Nov. 9th. A very good attendance is reported. Milton Green, president, of Green Road, presided, and the usual amount of business was transacted. The election of officers resulted in the reelection of Milton Green, as president; Burnham Hoyt, of McKenzie Corner, as secretary and J. R. Kirkpatrick, of this village, as treasurer. The society decided to import some pure bred sheep, three animals of the Strophshire and three of the Oxford variety.

The home of W. V. Benn, Elmwood, presented an impressive appearance Friday evening when about twenty-five invited guests assembled to witness the baptismal ceremonies for the infant sons of W. Ernest Benn, Harry Crawford and Jas. I. Nason.

Rev. Edmund Ramzy, Methodist clergyman officiated and the children were named Harry Wayhouse Benn, Harold Clayton Crawford, and Elder Paul Nason.

Among the guests who came from a distance were Mrs. Gordon Mitchell, of Woodstock; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. I. Nason, of Houlton, Me.; Mr. and Mrs. Louis Punington, of this village; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Currie, of Richmond Corner.

Several of the energetic farmers of this vicinity who have considerable capital at their disposal, expect to organize a company for the erection and operation of a starch factory, at this village. This will be a boom to the farmers round about who plant large acreages of potatoes.

### The Pope Has a Pianola.

In his apartments in the Vatican the Pope has a piano and a pianola. These are innovations. In communion he finds great relief and solace from the weighty care under which he struggles. He has always been particularly fond of his favorite organist to St. Peter's a man for whose education he himself paid, the Abbe Perosi. The world knows well that it was the present Pope who restored to the Roman Catholic Church the old Gregorian music, which of recent generations had fallen somewhat into disuse. The violin is also a favorite instrument of the Pope, and in his youngest days he was considered a considerable master of the bow.—THE DELINEATOR FOR DECEMBER.

A clergyman writes: "Preventives, those little Canada Cold Cure Tablets are working wonders in my parish." Preventives surely will check a cold, or the Grippe, in a very few hours. And Preventives are so safe and harmless. No Quinine, nothing harsh nor sickening. Fine for feverish restless children. Box of 48 at 25c. Sold by All Dealers.

### The Season's Collars.

There are two extremes shown in dress collars. They either clasp the neck to the ears or are extremely low. Some are cut out in the front and filled in there with a net or series of narrow straps. The same idea is also carried out in ruchings, and the ruche in several instances is cut out across the front, as if to accommodate the chin. This may be comfortable for the person having a double chin, but few who have not will care to suggest the presence of one by adopting a ruche of this sort.

## CROUP

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.

## How To Tell Catarrh

An Experienced Physician Says the Following Symptoms Are Sure Signs:

You can always tell Catarrh by the following well-known signs:  
Eyes red and watery?  
Difficulty in breathing?  
Are the nostrils stuffy?  
Do you sneeze frequently?  
Is your throat hoarse?  
Do you spit phlegm?  
Oppression in the chest?  
A ringing in the ears?

If you have any of these indications of Catarrh, cure the trouble now—stop it before it gets into the lungs or bronchial tubes—then it may be too late. The remedy is "Catarrhazone," a direct breathable cure, that places antiseptic balsams and healing medication on every spot that's tainted by Catarrhal germs.

There can be no failure with Catarrhazone—for years it has successfully cured cases that resisted other remedies. "No one can know better than I the enormous benefit one gets from the very first day's use of Catarrhazone," writes T. T. Hopkins, of Westvale, P. Q. "I had for years a stubborn case of Bronchial Catarrh, ear noises, headache, sore eyes, stopped-up nose and throat. It affected my appetite, and made my breath rank. Catarrhazone cured quickly." Get Catarrhazone, use it, and you are sure of cure—beware of imitations and substitutes. Large size Catarrhazone, with hard rubber inhaler, lasts two months, and is guaranteed. Smaller sizes 25c and 50c. By mail, 3

### Strict Impartiality.

(Ram's Horn.)

Big Tim Sullivan tells this story of a fight he recently saw in the East End of London between a negro and an Irishman.

The referee was also of Irish birth, and when in the first round the negro reached the Irish fighter's jaw and the latter's head thumped the boards with a crash that seemed to preclude further contest, the following monologue by the referee took place:

"One!" (In an undertone to his gasping compatriot, "Come on, man, get up out of that. Are yez goin' to let this black son of Ham say he knocked yez out?")

"Two!" (Wurrah, man, can't yez raise yourself and listen to what I'm tellin' you? Come on, get up!)

"Three!" (For the sake of your fathers that bled on many a field, get up and wipe the floor with this black smoke that's grin'nin' at you.)

"Four!" (An' sure, are yez goin' to lie there slapin' while this limb of Satan takes all the money? Get up. I say afore I pull you up.)

This sort of entreaty continues until as the disgusted referee lingered on the final count, the badly-dazed Irish pugilist staggered to his feet, swung wildly at the unguarded negro, and bowled him over unexpectedly. None too quick, however, for the ever-ready referee, who rushed over to where the negro was fast picking himself up and counted.

"One-two-three-four-five and five is ten. You're out, you naygur."

An Irishman who may as well be called Pat, once got a job moving some kegs of powder, and to the alarm of the foreman, was discovered smoking at his work.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the foreman. "Do you know what happened when a man smoked at this job some years ago? There was an explosion which blew up a dozen men."

"That couldn't happen here," returned Pat calmly.

"Why not?"

"Cos there's only me and you!" was the reply.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

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; Vancoboro, 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, Port Fairfield, Caribou 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; Vancoboro, 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. M. St. Stephen, St. Andrews after July 1st, Boston, Montreal and West.

5.33 P. M.—EXPRESS—From Port 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, Vancoboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.

W. B. HOWARD D. P. A., C. P. Ry. St. John, N. B.

Deeds, Mortgages, Bills of Sale, Capias, Summons and Execution Blanks for sale at the Dispatch Office