

You needn't be afraid.

One day a lady who had been reared in the careful luxury of the old-fashioned English home was invited to visit the kitchen of a great metropolitan hotel. She wanted to go, but was afraid. When asked why, she replied, "I'm afraid I'll see something that will forever destroy my appetite for hotel food." She went, and found everything delightfully clean.

Good housewives consider cleanliness and purity first of all; that's why Quaker Oats is their choice among all oatmeals. In making Quaker Oats the grain is sifted and resifted, passing through more than fifty processes of cleaning before it is cooked and rolled.

If you took a handful of oats and scrubbed and polished and wiped each separate grain, it wouldn't then be nearly as clean as Quaker Oats. No human hand ever touches a single grain of Quaker Oats from the field to your kitchen. The best advice on foods you could have is: Eat Quaker Oats every morning for breakfast.

You'll find Quaker Oats put up in two size packages, the regular size and the large, family size for those who are not convenient to the store. The large package contains a piece of handsome china for the table. Quaker Oats is one of Canada's greatest products.

Telephones and Truthfulness.

"Have you ever noticed what a bad influence the telephone has had on the morals of the people?" queried a club man of some friends. Being given a little encouragement, he went on: It is strange but true, that some people who are scrupulously truthful become absolute liars when they take the telephone receiver into their hands, and as yet I haven't been able to study out a good reason for it. Listen to your friends, your family or yourself, when conversing over the wire, and see how fluently everything but the truth is told. How easy it is to announce that you are just going out to luncheon, when the fact is you have but just returned. And, again how many headaches, toothaches and faceaches that never existed are reported in such conversations. To lie fluently, readily, and without compunction is a trait of the habitua telephone user, and I, for one, distrust most of the messages I receive that way. Now the point of investigation should be: "How much does such inexactitude affect the morals of a community?" Anyhow, the telephone is to blame, and when I get married there won't be any in my house, no matter how much I need it to explain why I can't come home to dinner. I want to know if my wife's telling me the truth when she says she's coming down town to lunch with me. I don't want to feel my pocketbook and wonder if it's a shopping trip she is thinking about."—Philadelphia Record.

In a certain Sunday school a teacher told her pupils the tragic story of Samson and Delilah. Then she turned to a little boy.

"What do you learn, Joe," she said, "from the Samson story?"

"It don't never pay," piped Joe, "to have a woman cut a feller's hair."—Harpers Weekly.

One of the Six Hundred.

(M. A. P.)

Lord Tredegar, who has recently come in for some publicity in the English papers because of his promise of a site for a sanitarium on Penrhidarven Mountain, near Abercorn, is one of the most notable survivors of the Balacava charge. As a young officer he rode with the Light Brigade, and on his return, found himself, then a lieutenant in the 17th Lancers, in command, all his senior officers having been killed or wounded. Some time ago he was induced to put on record what he did and saw on that memorable day. A hunt-time he was as near death as a man can possibly be. "I appeared," he said, in the narrative, "to be riding straight on to the muzzle of one of the guns, and I distinctly saw one of the gunners apply his fuse. I shut my eyes then for I thought that settled the question so far as I was concerned."

"But the shot just missed me and struck the man on my left full in the chest. In another minute I was on the gun, and the Russians gray horse, shot, fell against my horse, dragging it over with him and pinning me between the gun and himself. A Russian gunner came on foot and covered me with his carbine. He was just within reach, and I struck him across his neck. At the same time a mounted gunner struck my horse with his sabre on the forehead. Spurring my horse, 'Sir Briggs,' he half jumped, half blundered over the fallen horses, and bolted with me. I only remember finding myself alone amongst the Russians, trying to get out as best I could."

In spite of all, both Lord Tredegar and his horse came out alive, Sir Briggs to die many years afterwards in the calm seclusion of Tredegar Park.

A tickling or dry cough can be quickly loosened with Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. No opium, no chloroform, nothing unsafe or harsh. Sold by All Dealers.

In A London Club.

(From Bellman.)

Recently at a dinner party the conversation turned upon the subject of clubs. The special features of the Athenaeum were referred to with great respect, and then J. M. Barrie, who was the only member of that august club who happened to be present intervened:

"After having been elected by the Athenaeum club," he said, "I went there for the first time and looked about for the smoking room. An old man with long white hair was wandering in a lonely way about the hall. I asked him if he would be so kind as to tell me the way to the smoking room. He agreed with alacrity. When we returned to the hall I thanked him heartily, when he begged me to do him the honor of dining with him. 'But my dear sir,' I said, 'you have been far too kind to me already. I cannot think of imposing myself upon you in this fashion.'"

"'Imposing yourself!' exclaimed the old man in an eager voice. 'On the contrary, you will be doing me the greatest favor in the world; the fact is that I have belonged to this club for 30 years and you are the first member who has ever spoken to me!'"

The Ten Richest Women.

There are ten women in the world who own between them over \$350,000,000.

One is Mrs. S. G. Asher, the daughter of Mr. Harry Barnato. When she married her father bestowed a million on her and at his death left her another clear million.

Then there is Mrs. Hetty Green, the American woman financier, who is believed to own no less than \$16,000,000.

Mrs. Russell Sage, widow of the well known millionaire, received a fortune of \$17,000,000 at his death.

The Marchioness of Graham has an income of over \$500,000 per annum.

The Duchess of Roxburghe was left \$5,000,000 by her father, Mr. Ogden Goelet.

Baroness Eckhardstein was left an income of over \$300,000 per annum by her father, the late Sir John Blundell Maple.

The Countess Szachenyi, formerly Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, inherited \$12,000,000. Frau von Bohlen, the daughter of Krupp, the German gunmaker, has property valued at \$80,000,000.

Mrs. Anne Weightham Walker possesses a fortune rated in the millions.

Mme. Creel, a Mexican lady, has an annual income of \$1,000,000.

Learning and Assurance.

(New York Sun.)

Two Irishmen were talking of their experience in making application to the police force and the first deplored the fact that he had not been able to answer the astronomy question.

"Astronomy?" said the second. "What did they ask?"

"How many stars were there?"

"An' why did ye not tell them?"

"How many wud ye say?"

"Six million, four hundred thousand."

"But how cud they be sure of that, Dinis?"

"An' how cud they be sure I was wrong? Faith, it's too little imagination ye have for the force."

An East-African Carrier.

(Putnam's for May.)

A carrier costs about ten cents a day in money, with a few red bananas and green stuff thrown in for his food. One will "tote" a load of sixty pounds through a place where a Missouri mule would lie down in disgust. Toting here means a good many things. The packers will follow an elephant road, cut their way through flags and weeds high above their heads, wade through black mud waist-deep in the marshes and ford rivers up to their necks, and when they "squat" the bundle from their heads it will be dry and clean. There are man toters in the caravan. Mr. Roosevelt is a rather heavy weight, but the Baganda carriers have black muscles like iron that will hold him above the water unaided, for they are among the strongest men in the world, and "Ndulu" is the song in which they brag of their ability to do "stunts" like this. If Kermit takes a snapshot of his father sitting on the shoulders of a totor, his legs astride his neck, it will probably not be published, but this sort of thing is common enough in the swamps.

Some funny things go into those bundles. Not only food and clothing, dishes, bedding, even stoves; but they tie live goats and calves by their legs, curve them like links of the letter S and make a pack as snug as a blanket roll. To drive the animals on the ground gives a scent, and in many places they cannot walk, so it pays to carry them. Sometimes a pet dog or a calf will be fastened around a carrier's neck, while he balances the pack on his his head.

The New Parasols.

There are several new ideas in summer parasols. One fetching model was in light lavender, with ruffles of the material up the entire depth of the sunshade. These ruffles were scant, two-inch affairs, button-holed in points with matching floss, and three little dots in each point.

Other pretty effects were gained in white taffeta parasols by having only three button-holed ruffles, scalloped, and with one large dot in place of the three smaller ones. On white sunshades the embroidery edge may be done in white or color.

There is a knowing little air about these ruffled parasols, and they fill a long felt want for they are just the thing with a dressy silk suit when neither lace lingerie nor plain taffeta quite fill the bill. Anyone could outdo two or three of these ruffles themselves and sew them on a plain sunshade. It would be a tremendous saving, and by doing a bit of the stitching at odd moments one would have it done by summer without realising the task at all. Last year's parasol might easily be remodelled by adding ruffles.

Another ruffled idea is the old-fashioned stiff, corded frill, made of silk to match the parasol and put on in deep points or scallops, or simply straight around the edge. A variation of this model has the sunshade itself cut in points and the frill around it. The handles of these very smart sunshades are of delicately carved work, or plain wood with crystal top, and for ornament are little taffeta rosettes or long silk tassels in matching color.

Mary Etta Bustard.

Mary Etta, the young's daughter of George and Elizabeth Bustard, of Monument Settlement, died about eleven o'clock on the evening, May 16th, of consumption, aged 17 years. She is survived by her parents, a sister, Elva, who is now Mrs. Anderson, three brothers, Howard, Edward, and Walter and a very large circle of other relatives who deeply mourn their loss. She was a very bright girl of a cheerful disposition, well educated, she attended school during the first part of the present term. Rev. A. W. Teed, of the Episcopal church will attend the funeral services.

An Alibi.

A milkman stood before her, nervously twirling his hat in his hands.

"So," she said sternly, you have come at last?"

"Yes, madame. You sent for me, I believe," he replied.

"I wished to tell you that I found a minnow in the milk yesterday morning."

"I am sorry, madame; but if the cows will drink from the brook instead of from the trough, I cannot help it."—Harper's Weekly.

The Forgetful Girl.

(Argonaut.)

The fair young debutante was surrounded by an admiring crowd of officers at the colonel's ball. Mamma was standing near by, smiling complacently at her daughter's social success. The discussion was over the quarrel of the day before between two officers. "What was the casus belli?" asked the fair debutante.

"Maud!" exclaimed mamma, in a shocked voice, "how often have I told you to say stomach?"

Change of Fare.

Customer (studying bill of fare)—Waiter, I have only sevenpence-halfpenny; tell me what you recommended.

Waiter—Another restaurant.—Chips.

Prison Life in Japan.

(May World Wide Magazine.)

Most people imagine that a prison is a place where malefactors are punished for their crimes. It is not so in Japan, however. There a convict may earn enough money while in jail to maintain his family, has the best of food and lodging, is taught a trade, and, if he wishes, pursues the study of foreign languages. At Sugamo a qualified teacher instructs the younger prisoners in reading, writing and arithmetic. Prisoners of twenty and upwards who are in seclusion for the first time are taught geography and history.

If, on entering the prison, a man states that he has a knowledge of English, he is carefully examined by a linguist and the extent of his knowledge fathomed. He is then allowed to pursue his studies, the necessary books being supplied by the authorities. When there are several in together a teacher is obtained from outside and lessons are given regularly.

In the offices a record of each prisoner is kept during his stay. This serves to show whether the convict is prompt to obey the officials; whether he shows affection for his parents and relatives; whether he writes letters home; whether he makes progress or not in his scholastic studies.

It was natural that, after parading this paradise, I should doubt if Japan's treatment of her criminals led to a decrease of crime. The officials confessed that, of robbers, burglars, thieves and swindlers, sixty per cent came back to the prison. Of those who had been twice imprisoned, sixty per cent returned; of the first offenders, forty per cent found their way back.

Troubles of An Editor.

Once in awhile I have troubles of my own and the following paragraph from a contemporary comes right home to me: Our paper is two days late this week," writes a Nebraska editor, "owing to an accident to our press. When we started to run off the edition on Wednesday night, as usual, one of the guy ropes gave way, allowing the gilderfuke to fall and break as it struck the flunker flopper. This, of course, as anyone who knows anything about a press will readily understand, left the gang plank with only one flip flap to support it, which also broke off the wapper choke. This loosened the flonking between the ramrod and the fiber snatcher, which also caused trouble. The report that the trouble was caused by the over-indulgence in intoxicating stimulants by ourself is a tissue of falsehoods, the peeled appearance of our eye being caused by our going into the hatchway of the press in our anxiety to start it and pulling the coupling pin after the slapping was broken, which caused the dingus to rise up and waltz in the optic. We expected a brand new gilderfuke on this afternoon's train."

The Self-Improvement Habit as an Asset.

The very reputation of having an ambition to amount to something in the world, of having a grand life-aim is worth everything, says a writer in Success Magazine. The moment your associates find that you are dead in earnest; that you mean business; that they cannot shake you from your determination to get on in the world, or rob you of your time, or persuade you to waste it in frivolous things, you will not only be an inspiring example to them, but the very people who are throwing away their time will also admire your stand, respect it, and profit by it, and you will thus be able to protect yourself from a thousand annoyances and time-wasters, and experiences which would only hinder you.

In other words, there is everything in declaring yourself, in taking a stand and thereby announcing to the world that you do not propose to be a failure or an ignoramus; that you are going to take no chances on your future; that you are going to prepare yourself for something out of the ordinary, away beyond mediocrity, something large and grand. The moment you do this you stand out in strong contrast from the great mass of people who are throwing away their opportunities, and have not grit and stamina enough to do anything worth while, or to make any great effort to be somebody in the world.

Suffragette.—What is a party without women?

Mere Man (flippantly)—A stag party.

Suffragette—Exactly. And what, sir, would this nation be without women but stagnation?—Chicago Tribune.

Spring.

We put away our heavy clothes, And we are feeling blue; We wish we had not done it now—Achu! Achu! Achu!

The Quaker Oats Company is advertising Quaker Oats in our columns. There ought not to be a family in town that needs any persuasion to eat this wholesome and strength-giving food. It's the most economical strength-maker anyone can eat.

YERXA'S
Main Street, Woodstock
FLOUR and FEED.
Granite per bl. \$7.00 1/2 bbl. \$3.65
Pilgrim " 6.35 " 3.30
Monarch " 6.05 " 3.15
" Bran \$1.45 bag
" Middlings \$1.55 "
These goods are guaranteed.

WOOL WANTED.
Hewsons Cloth, Blanketing, Clothing, Yarns, &c., will be exchanged for good washed wool at 26c. lb. Also our large stock of Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Crocking &c., have been marked for below the regular price. Highest prices paid for Butter and Eggs.
At J. W. KEARNEY Cash Store, May 12-Si. Florenceville.
Season 1909,
MAY 1st TO AUGUST 1st.
Copain 55164.

Will make the season of 1909 as follows Leave Centreville every Monday noon for Ednor Reid's Knoxford, Leave Reid's Tuesday for Centreville Leave Thursday noon for Bloomfield Corner leaving Friday evening, Balance of time at Centreville.
Terms:—Leap \$7.00 Cash; Warrant \$15.00 \$3.00 to be paid at first service.

Copain is now 7 years old and has been in the country over 3 years having been imported from France August 1905 he is thoroughly acclimated and last year proved very sure. He is a perfect type of a pure bred perchon and his blood shows in the appearance and conformation of every cut. His colts are very saleable and command the top prices. Breed to the best.
For further information write or telephone the undersigned.
F. D. Tweedie, Thos. G. White.

Special Offer.
Arrangements have been made with the publishers of the BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE, enabling us to offer this bright, up-to-the-minute periodical along with THE DISPATCH one year for \$2.00
The regular subscription price of the Magazine alone is \$2.00.

BUSY MAN'S reproduces the cream of the world's periodical press by culling the live, interesting and instructive articles. Each issue also contains original Canadian articles of interest to every Canadian. Busy Man's is the kind of Magazine which arouses the reader's interest in the first page and keeps it up until the back cover is reached. All those wishing to keep posted on the live questions of the day should not hesitate to take advantage of our offer.

Canadian Pacific Railway
Effective October 11th, 1908.
(Trains) daily, except Sunday, unless otherwise stated.)
DEPARTURES.
(QUEEN STREET STATION).
6.35 A MIXED—For Houlton, McAdam Jct. 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.
10.55 P MIXED—For Perth, Junction Plaster M Rock, and intermediate points.
12.10 M EXPRESS—For all points North; McAdam, Presque Isle, Edmundston, River du Loup and Quebec.
4.50 P MIXED—For Fredericton, etc., via Gib Meon 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 Northwesk, 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:
12.40 A. M.—EXPRESS—From St. John and East; St. Stephen, St. Andrews after July 1st, Boston, Montreal and West.
12.40 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, etc. via Gibson Branch.
1.17 P. M.—MIXED—From Perth Junction and Plaster Rock.
5.33 P. M.—EXPRESS—From Fort Fairfield, Caribou, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston and River du Loup.
10.05 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, St. John, and East; St. Stephen, Andrews, Houlton, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.
W. M. STITT, G. P. A., Montreal.
W. B. HOWARD D. P. A., St. John.

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She—They say there are germs in kisses. Now, what do you suppose a girl could catch that way?
He—A husband!—Ladies Home Journal.



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They represent Concentrated and organized skill as against the feeble individual effort of the alley tailor. If you're tailor-tied and glad of it, stop reading right here.

If you're open to conviction, but, as Tom said to Tim, "I'd like to see the man that can convict me," we'll show you how to make \$1.00 do the duty of \$2.00 when it comes to tailored clothes.

Suits \$12 to \$30.

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