

SCOTT'S EMULSION
 stops loss of flesh in babies and children and in adults in summer as well as winter. Some people have gained a pound a day while taking it.
 Take it in a little cold water or milk.
 Get a small bottle now. All Druggists
 THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

A Matter of Conventions.

BY CLARISSA MACKIE.

The train screamed its way through the valley, grunted up the steep incline and came to a standstill before the ramshackle little station. It paused while two passengers alighted, and then it hurried off, as if it was glad to get away from such an insignificant stopping place.

Elsie Lansing accepted her leather bag from the taciturn station agent, who at the same time pushed a suit case toward the other traveler, a tall young man buttoned up in a gray ulster.

"Stage here for Greentop?" queried the latter, picking up his grip.

"Not this day!" returned the agent grimly. "Jim Laidlaw, he seems to think Saturday's made special so's he can get a little drunker'n usual! If you ain't expected, you'll have to walk! With which remark he slammed the station door and turned the key.

"Let me see—it's twelve miles to Greentop, isn't it?" asked the stranger thoughtfully.

"Twelve and a half. Straight road ahead." The agent tramped away across the platform and disappeared inside a small cottage perched on the high bank above the tracks.

Elsie Lansing looked dubiously at the frozen road stretching away between pine clad heights, faintly touched with the early morning sun. She had traveled all night and had telegraphed for her newly acquired brother-in-law to meet her.

There was no sign of the white motor car which had been a part of the bridal equipment and which was to speed her to the Eyrie, in the Green mountains, away from civilization and its attendant comforts.

"If you are going to Greentop, permit me to carry your bag," said the young man, lifting his hat. "It is a stiff walk, but perhaps it will stimulate an appetite for dinner."

"You are very good," replied Elsie pleasantly, "but my bag is not heavy, and I can easily carry it myself."

Without further conversation they left the station and made their way along the road in the shadow of the pines.

It was a crisp day, with a tang of early winter in the breath of the north wind. It was an invigorating day, with its strong scent of pine and balsam, the rattle of crisp, dry comes and the sweet purity of mountain air.

The stranger walked on ahead with long swinging strides. His head was bent thoughtfully, and it was quite evident that he had forgotten the girl, who was struggling to keep pace with him. Suddenly he turned and perceived her.

"I must ask you pardon!" he cried commiseratively. "I forgot—that is, I did not realize how fast I was walking. Let me take your bag. You are very tired."

He took it from her unresisting hand and looked down at the delicate cheek, paler by contrast of the fringing dark lashes.

"I hope it isn't much farther," she admitted ruefully. "I have been ill and my strength is fickle."

He stopped and looked about him. They had come to a slight opening in the forest, where the sun streamed over fallen tree trunks and glistened on the surface of a tiny brook that wound its way across the road.

"We will rest here," he said, with a note of authority in his voice. "It is a good deal farther. We have come perhaps three miles. If you will let me take you back to the station I will return to Greentop and procure a conveyance of some sort."

"No," she objected, sinking wearily on to a fallen log. "I will be rested presently. You see, I didn't eat any breakfast, and—"

"No breakfast!" he echoed blankly. "I don't wonder you are tired. Wait a minute, please!" He knelt down before his suit case and unlocked it. From its depths of masculine apparel he brought forth a small alcohol stove, a bottle of the necessary liquid and a small tin of beef extract.

Elsie watched him with amused interest. With deft fingers he filled and lighted the lamp and opened the tin of extract. "I wonder if he is a drummer and is demonstrating some of his wares!"

But there was something in the man's thin, intellectual face, with its nearsighted blue eyes behind thick glasses, that belied her estimate. There was a vague familiarity about his movements that puzzled her.

"Here," he said, approaching her with a small silver drink cup, "drink this, please." "You are very kind indeed," she said gratefully, sipping the hot liquid. "I am

afraid I am depriving you of your luncheon."

He threw back his head and laughed heartily. Elsie liked the laugh and decided that she liked the man.

"Excuse me, but you must think I'm an old maid—to be traveling about with that equipment," he said. "You see, I have an invalid aunt in Greentop. These are to rejoice her heart!"

"I have bonbons in my bag," confessed Elsie. "Shall we eat them?"

"Let's," he assented gayly.

When the empty box had been thrown away and the spirit lamp and its appurtenances had been returned to the suit case Elsie arose and drew her furs about her white throat.

"I feel like a new woman," she said gratefully.

"The Lord forbid!" he cried, with fervency.

They laughed in unison as they resumed their journey. The way seemed shorter now as they chatted of impersonal matters. Once the man referred to a certain scientific work.

"I haven't read that; I did read Professor Ray's book?" he questioned.

She nodded. "I had to!"

"Why under compulsion?" There was deep interest in his tone.

"You see, Peter Ray is my brother-in-law's elder brother."

"You know him?" he asked.

"Not at all. I have never seen him, but Bob says he is a jolly grind, and my sister says he is charming."

"See that squirrel," said the man, suddenly changing the subject. "It is a flying squirrel, and his antics are worth watching. Squirrels are perfect acrobats."

A long, white motor car crawled down the road to the railroad station. A man struggled ineffectually with the speed levers.

"Four hours from the Eyrie, darling," murmured a white veiled vision from the tonneau.

"I can't help it, Lettie! I don't know what's got into the machine! Elsie will be starved to death after this long wait. If Laidlaw isn't there she may try to walk," groaned Bob Ray dismally.

"If Peter was only here!" said Lettie gently.

"Aye, Peter could make the blamed thing go! By Jove, Lettie, look there!" He pointed ahead, where a huge log was rolled beside the path.

On it sat a man and a girl deeply interested in watching the antics of a squirrel in the pine tree overhead.

"Elsie!" cried Mrs. Ray breathlessly.

"And Peter, as I'm a sinner!" added her husband, tooting his horn gayly.

The pair on the log turned around and then arose.

For the first time that day Elsie felt embarrassed at the situation. She could explain the fact that a stranger had accompanied her on the long walk, but now to make it clear to conventional Lettie that sitting upon the log was a natural outcome of their friendly companionship?

Bob Ray saved her from Lettie's displeasure.

"Peter, old man," he shouted gleefully, "forget all your old 'isms' and 'ologies' and get down and tinker this thing into shape! How is Elsie—tired, eh?"

Elsie flushed and hesitated. Professor Ray came nobly to her aid. "I met Miss Lansing at the station. We came up on the train together, you know. There was no conveyance, so we walked. Glad you met us, though," he added mendaciously.

When the automobile had been inwardly soothed by the skillful hands of the professor they wizzed smoothly toward the Eyrie.

"I thought you and Peter had never met, Elsie!" said her sister, with an interrogative glance.

"Why—yes—we—er—met"—faltered Elsie, with a pleading glance at the nearsighted blue eyes that peered at her from the front seat.

"We me"—said the professor, whose mental insight was without flaw, "we—er—met. Is not that sufficient?"

"I think that is sufficient," she said, with a sage nod of her pretty head.

A pretty little girl of three years was in a drug-store with her mother. Being attracted by something in the show-case, she asked what it was. The clerk replied, "That is a scent-bag."

"How cheap!" replied the little girl. "I'll take two!"—Neva Hudson.

Spring Tiredness
 or spring fever is only natural. It simply that you want an invigorator—something to BRACE YOU UP after the rigors of winter.

VITOL
 will do the trick every time. Vitol will make a NEW MAN or a NEW WOMAN of you. 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. For sale at the Sheagreen Drug Co.'s, Main street, opposite Carlisle Hotel, Woodstock.

In Five Minutes.

Take your sour stomach—or maybe you call it Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gastritis or Cattarrh of Stomach; it doesn't matter—take your stomach trouble right with you to your Pharmacist and ask him to open a 50-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin and let you eat one 22-grain Triangule and see if within five minutes there is left any traces of your stomach misery.

The correct name for your trouble is Food Fermentation—food souring; the Digestive organs become weak, there is lack of gastric juice; your food is only half digested, and you become affected with loss of appetite, pressure and fullness after eating, vomiting, nausea, heartburn, griping in bowels, tenderness in pit of stomach, bad taste in mouth, constipation, pain in limbs, sleeplessness, belching of gas, biliousness, sick headache, nervousness, dizziness and many other similar symptoms.

If your appetite is fickle, and nothing tempts you, or you belch gas or if you feel bloated after eating, or your food lies like a lump of lead on your stomach, you can make up your mind that at the bottom of all this there is but one cause—fermentation of undigested food.

Prove to yourself, after your next meal, that your stomach is as good as any; that there is nothing really wrong. Stop this fermentation and begin eating what you want without fear of discomfort or misery.

Almost instant relief is waiting for you. It is merely a matter of how soon you take a little Diapepsin.

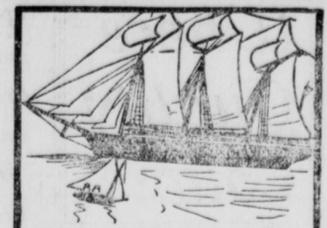
The May Rod and Gun

Variety is the dominating feature of the May number of Rod and Gun in Canada, published by W. J. Taylor, Woodstock, Ont. In accord with the season there are some good fishing stories, while hunting receives such a full share of attention that moose, deer, bear, wolves and wild geese all have particular stories given up to them. Two fine exploration papers—an illustrated review of Mr. Tyrrel's book, "Through the sub-Arctic of Canada," and one by Mr. Dickson describing a personal trip through Northern Ontario—give us some little idea of how much remains to be done in exploration work in Canada. Mr. Chapman has another fine dog article, "The Beagle for Sport," which all dog-lovers will peruse with interest. The decision of the Ontario Government to have licensed guides is noted and the Order-in-Council dealing with the matter printed in full. Mr. Cy. Warman's paper on Wild Life appeals to every lover of the outdoors and cannot fail to have some effect in the direction the author wishes. This number completes the tenth volume and attention is drawn to the work of the magazine in Forest, Fish and Game Protection and the manner in which the movement in its favor has spread throughout Canada. The position achieved by the magazine is dwelt upon with pride and credit given to all those who have assisted Canada's sporting magazine to reach its present high position. If future numbers are as good as this birthday issue—and we are assured that not only will the high standing be kept up but efforts made to improve upon it—there can be no doubt at all as to the future of Rod and Gun. The magazine has now secured for itself a position not easily to be shaken.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO,)
) SS.
 LUCAS COUNTY,)
 Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.
 Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
 (SEAL) A. W. GLEASON,
 NOTARY PUBLIC.
 Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.
 F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
 Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
 Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Grind.

(Columbus Record.)
 Now it is to happen that often the things which are most despised are the things which are of most benefit to us and to the rest of the world. That is because it is easier to despise than to stop and consider.
 Take this everlasting grind, for instance, about which we hear so much. Nearly everyone speaks flippantly about it. The clerks in the stores will tell you that they are tired of "the everlasting grind." The judges on the bench get tired of it. The business-man vows that as soon as he makes a little more money he is going to take a long vacation and get away from "this everlasting grind." And yet it is all there is of life which amounts to anything—it is all there is which accomplishes things. There is no other road to greatness, or to wealth, or even to happiness, a thing which depends neither upon greatness nor wealth. It is the everlasting grind that counts.
 ButterPaper for sale at this office.



Vessels Large May Venture More, but Little Ships Must Stay Near Shore.
 The large display ads. are good for the large business and the Classified Want Ads. are proportionately good for the small firm. In fact many large firms become such by the diligent use of the Classified Columns. There example is good—start now.

NOTICE.
 The annual general meeting of the shareholders of Maritime Co-operative Co. Ltd will be held on Monday, May 10th, at 8 o'clock, in the evening, in the office of Imperial Packing Co. Ltd., for the purpose of electing Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before them.
 ADDIE S. CALDER,
 Sec. Treas.
 Dated this 14th day of April, A. D. 1909.

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.

WANTED.
 A girl to do general housework in a family of four. No children. Apply to WM. M. CONNELL, Connell Street, Woodstock.

MONEY TO LOAN
 On Real Estate.
 APPLY TO D. McLEOD VINCE
 Barrister-at-Law, Woodstock, N. B.

Houses and Lots For Sale.
 Apply to LOUIS E. YOUNG,
 Woodstock, N.B., Nov. 27th, '08. —tf.

TO LET.
 The upper flat of one of my tenements on Prince Albert St., now occupied by Mr. A. Girard. Will be vacant and to let in a few weeks. Rent, including water, \$8.00 per month.
 LOUIS E. YOUNG.
 Jan. 20th, 1909. —tf.

GIRL WANTED.
 To do general housework in a small family. Apply to MRS. T. C. L. KETCHUM, Connell Street.

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

HOUSE FOR SALE.
 A tenement house suitable for one family, with garden and orchard, near Smith's Crossing, Lower Woodstock.
 For further particulars apply to HAMILTON BROS., Woodstock.

FARM FOR SALE.
 A farm containing 110 acres, 90 acres cleared, and 20 acres heavily timbered. It is under good cultivation, well watered, three quarters of a mile from consolidated school, very handy to post office and only one and a half miles to depot. For further particulars apply to Mch24 3m. A. B. McCAIN, Florenceville.

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.

FARM FOR SALE.
 The subscriber offers his farm for sale situated in Jacksantown consisting of 140, acres 4 miles from railroad, school within 100 rods, running water in house and barn. Fine set of buildings, farm will be sold with or without machinery or stock. For further particulars apply to GEO. C. WATSON.
 Jacksonville, N. B. Mar. 24-2mo.

THE DISPATCH AND FAMILY HERALD AND WEEKLY STAR For BOTH \$1.50

A Chance To Increase Your Income.

A 6 per cent. investment which assures safety of principal is hard to find. When one does appear investors are quick to take of it.
 I am offering the following viz:—
 \$1500 Mortgage on a Property on Main Street. Net rentals over \$300 a year.
 \$800 Mortgage on a dwelling and 9 Building lots in Wellington Ward.
 \$800 on a Dwelling and 5 lots in Wellington Ward.
 \$1500 on a fine residential property on upper part of Main Street.
 \$800 and \$1200 on two good farms at Windsor, in the Parish of Brighton.
 \$1000 on a fine new residential property in the Town of Grand Falls.
 \$1500 on another fine residential property in the Town of Grand Falls.
 Each property is worth from twice to four times the amount of the loan. This assures safety of Principal. Interest is 6% half yearly. This means a good return on your money.
 Here are chances to increase your income. Take advantage of it. Write or call for particulars.

J. N. W. WINSLOW,
 Woodstock.

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,
PAYSON BLOCK,
 Main St. opp. Queen. Woodstock.

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 Means openings for a large number of young men and women.
 Prepare yourself by taking a course at the
Fredericton Business College
 Open all the year round. Enter at any time.
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W. J. OSBORNE,
 Fredericton, N. B.

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 At most reasonable prices is what I am offering the public.
 Estimates cheerfully furnished on any kind of work in my line
 A full line of materials of all kinds. Aqueduct Pipe at specially low rates. All work guaranteed first class.

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 Connell Street, Woodstock

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA
 Pays special attention to
Savings Accounts.