

"My youngest boy, 3 years old, was sick with fever last June, and when he got better the doctor prescribed Scott's Emulsion, and he liked it so well that he drank it out of the bottle, and is now just as plump and strong as any child of his age anywhere . . . two bottles fixed him O.K."—MR. JOHN F. TEDDER, Box 263, Teague-Freestone Co., Texas.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is the greatest help for babies and young children there is. It just fits their need; it just suits their delicate, sensitive natures; they thrive on it. Just a little does them so much good and saves you so much worry. You owe it to them and yourself to make them as strong and healthy as possible. SCOTT'S EMULSION will help you better than anything else; but be sure to get Scott's. It's the best, and there are so many worthless imitations.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Mr. Tedder has just written us another letter about his brother-in-law's children. Let us send you his letters and other information on the subject. A Post Card, mentioning this paper, is sufficient.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington St., W. Toronto

THE APPARITION.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The Mother entered the boudoir of her daughter and closed the door behind her.

Then she seated herself facing the Girl with a Dream in her eyes, and took her hand.

"I want a little talk with you this morning," she began. "Will you listen?"

A faint shadow crossed the face of the Girl, and the Dream in her eyes fled as if frightened.

But she answered with a single acquiescing and perhaps appealing monosyllable. "Yes," she said.

"It is about Paul," the Mother continued. "I think he comes here too often; you are so young—too young to have men calling to see you. It is foolish to distract your mind from music and studies, with the nonsense which men talk to girls."

The Girl leaned forward, but her glance reached beyond her Mother's chair, and she seemed to listen to some sound other than her Mother's voice.

"Pardon me, Mother," she said, "but I am sure some one knocked at the door."

The Mother went to the door, opened it, and peered into the corridor.

"There is no one in sight," she said, and resumed her seat. "Paul is a fine fellow, I know," she continued, "but he, too, is wasting time in calling on you so often. He should be thinking of his future, and of the work he is given to do in life, and he should be applying himself seriously to it."

"But, Mother, he often talks to me of just these things; and he says he always goes away stirred with new and noble ambition after he has seen me. I am an encouragement to him."

The Mother frowned. "That is an old platitude," she said. "Men have talked that way to women since the world began; it means nothing, my child. It is a waste of your time to listen to such things."

Again the Girl leaned forward. "Mother, there is surely some one trying to enter the door."

"There is no one, I tell you," repeated the Mother impatiently, "and you must listen to me until I have finished. The time you sacrifice to Paul would make you proficient in French or on the piano; for you not only give him time when he calls, but you read his notes, and you dress for him, and you are growing idle and dreamy when he is not here. I really must insist that you ask Paul to remain away, and that you return to your old habits of study."

The Girl touched her Mother's arm, and her eyes were dilated. "Some one came into the room just then," she said. "Some one is behind you, Mother."

The Mother turned with a start, but saw nothing. "You are trying to distract me, but I shall finish what I came to say," and her voice grew stern. "Men from the cradle to the grave have always been in the habit of encroaching on woman's time, without apology. They expect her to bestow sympathy, diversion, and amusement, and they never think they are obliged to give

anything in return. You must learn to understand them at their real value, and to direct your life accordingly."

"But Paul gives me his society, in return for mine," the Girl replied, "and I enjoy him; he is interesting and attractive."

The Mother's frown deepened; there was asperity in her tone. "That is mere sentimental nonsense. You are too young to know whether a man is interesting and attractive. You should not think of such things; you should be thinking only of your studies at this age."

"Mother, there is, there is some one—some thing—behind you."

The Mother rose. "You need a specialist for nervous disorders," she said. "Your brain has become visionary. Your nerves are affected. I will see the doctor to-day about you. You must be in bed at nine o'clock hereafter, and you must stop all this sentimental folly."

"Mother, turn quickly," the Girl cried, "and you will see what is behind you. A vague, shadowy form, but very, very beautiful, and, Mother, it is trying to whisper in your ear."

And then the Mother turned, and lo! there stood the Spirit of her Lost Youth, and she looked straight in its eyes. "Why, I had quite forgotten you," she said very gently, after a silence.

"I thought so," replied the Phantom; that is why I came. But I will not detain you. I only wanted to be remembered. And with a smile at the young Girl, the Phantom waved its hand and was gone.

And the Mother smiled, too, and went over and kissed her Daughter, and said, "Well, one can be young but once, and Paul is a good boy, after all." And she went out softly.

And the Dream came back in the Girl's eyes.

Contract Awarded.

The contract for building the two masonry piers and two concrete abutments for the Hart's Island bridge at Fredericton Junction, Sunbury Co., has been awarded to Albert Brewer, of Woodstock. The contract price is about \$3 600.

Stomach Distress.

Every family here ought to keep some Diapepsin in the house, as any one of you may have an attack of Indigestion or Stomach trouble at any time, day or night.

This harmless preparation will digest anything you eat and overcome a sour stomach five minutes afterwards.

If your meals don't tempt you, or what little you do eat seems to fill you, or lays like a lump of lead in your stomach, or if you have heartburn, that is a sign of Indigestion. Ask your Pharmacist for a 50-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin and take one triangle after supper to-night. There will be no sour risings, no belching of undigested food mixed with acid, no stomach gas or heartburn, fullness or heavy feeling in the stomach, Nausea, Debilitating Headaches, Dizziness or Intestinal griping. This will all go, ynd, besides, there will be no sour food left over in the stomach to poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapepsin is a certain cure for all stomach misery, because it will take hold of your food and digest it just the same as if your stomach wasn't there.

Actual, prompt relief for all your stomach misery is at your Pharmacist, waiting for you.

These large 50 cent cases contain more than sufficient to cure a case of Dyspepsia or Indigestion.

The seat of Mr. Congdon, member for the Yukon, completes the house with the exception of filling the seat Sir Wilfred Laurier will give up when he makes his election to sit for either Ottawa or Quebec East. He was elected in both ridings, but as a petition was entered against him in Ottawa he is forced to hold both until the petition is proceeded with or dropped. Mr. Borden was also elected in two constituencies, but he was free to make his choice and he decided to represent his own City of Halifax, and since he made the announcement in the house, Carleton county electors have sent Edward Kidd to parliament. The standing of the parties is now as follows:

	Cons.	Lib.
Ontario	49	37
Quebec	11	54
Nova Scotia	6	12
New Brunswick	2	11
P. E. I.	1	3
Manitoba	8	2
Saskatchewan	1	9
Alberta	3	4
British Columbia	5	2
Yukon	—	1
Total	86	135
Government majority	49	
Less the speaker	48	
Less Sir Wilfrid's dual seat	47	

Croup positively stopped in 20 minutes, with Dr. Shoop's Croup Remedy. One test alone will surely prove this truth. No vomiting, no distress. A safe and pleasant syrup—50c. Sold by All Dealers.

Death of E. M. Shaw.

E. M. Shaw, recently of Victoria, N. B. died yesterday at St. Joseph's hospital, of heart failure, in his 72nd year. The late Mr. Shaw was one of the best known farmers in New Brunswick, having identified himself closely with the breeding of highclass stock. He was prominent in public matters and one of the most active members of the Liberal party in Carleton county. He was grandson of John Shaw who was one of the Mangerville colony, the first English settlers of what is now New Brunswick, which left Massachusetts in 1760 and made an overland journey to the St. John river, the story of the trek being one of the most thrilling tales in colonial history. The father of the deceased was one of the pioneers of the upper St. John valley. Mr. Shaw's health failed him about a year ago, and the care of his large farm being too great for him, he came to Victoria about five months ago, intending to go into fruit-growing and poultry farming, but his health steadily declined. He entered St. Joseph's three weeks ago. The deceased was married three times, and his widow survives him. He had a large family. Those living are: Paul J., of Butte, Montana; M. Brunswick, of Sanich, James R., of Keremecos; Robert McL., M. D., of Two Harbors, Minnesota; Pauline, of Woodstock, Ont; and Bessie, who is in the city with her mother, whose only child she is. The late Nathaniel P. Shaw, of this city, was son of the deceased. The funeral took place at 2.30 p. m. March 13, from the B. C. lons on Government street,—Victorice Colonist, Mar. 12ch.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Plain Talk.

(Montreal Witness.)

A show of force is often the best kind of diplomacy. A writer in the Paris Temps tells a story of the French admiral, Dupetit-Thouars, who had been entrusted with the mission of exacting reparation from an African bey who had insulted a French consul. As Dupetit-Thouars' demands were supported by the forcible argument of loaded cannon, the bey acknowledged that he had been too hasty and proffered profuse apologies. He even invited the admiral to his table, and had a sumptuous repast prepared for his guest. The consul warned the admiral to be on his guard.

"The bey is inclined to be malicious," said he, "and when strokes his beard and smiles, you may be sure that he is concocting some mischief."

"We shall see," was Dupetit-Thouars' reply.

He reached the bey's palace in good time. Profuse compliments and salutations were exchanged. All at once the admiral's foot met some soft, hairy substance lying on the carpet under the table. He bent down and saw a huge lion showing his formidable teeth. The bey smiled, and stroked his beard.

Dupetit-Thouars did not wince, but called his dragoman.

"My pistols," he said.

The servant saluted, retired, and brought back a pair of pistols on a silver tray. The admiral took them and placed them on the table before him. But the bey, still smiling continued to stroke his patriarchal beard.

"Tell the commander," he said to the dragoman, "that if those pistols are for the purpose of blowing out my lion's brains, they are quite insufficient and perfectly useless."

After the bey's ironical advice had been translated, Dupetit-Thouars replied: "Tell his highness that my pistols are not there to kill his lion, but to blow out his own brains at the first movement of this objectionable carpet."

Gravely, but a little pale, the man interpreted. The smile died away on the bey's lips, and he no longer stroked his beard.

"My lion," he said, "is too well trained even to scratch one of my guests, but since he is not wanted he shall be sent away."

At a word from the bey, the lion slowly and heavily left the room, like an obedient dog.

Literature on Wheels.

The freight train could not be made up because American Beef syndicate car 411 444 refused to ride with Standard Oil Tank line 232,323.

"It is tainted," said the A. B. S. car, and settled back on its massive springs.

"At any rate," responded the S. O. T. L. car, "I was never embalmed, nor have I ever carried a load of muck rakes."—New York Herald.

ButterPaper for sale at this office.

A VALUABLE PRESCRIPTION FOR RHEUMATISM KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES CAN BE MADE AT HOME.

We are pleased to be able to publish for the benefit of our readers the prescription of a celebrated specialist. This is the result of years of scientific investigation and experience, and is taken from a reliable publication.

This is an exact copy of the original:—

*Fluid Extract Cascara 1/2 oz
Carriana Compound 1 oz
Alyssa Sarsaparilla 6 oz
Dissolve in
One teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime*

The ingredients are vegetable and have a gentle and natural action, giving a distinct tonic effect to the entire system.

It is a wonderful mixture in the treatment of Lame Back and Urinary Troubles. It cures Rheumatic Pains in a few hours. The ingredients can be bought separately and mixed at home, or any druggist can fill the prescription.

If not in need of it now we would advise our readers to cut this out and save it.

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."

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE
A FAMILY LIBRARY

The Best in Current Literature

12 COMPLETE NOVELS YEARLY
MANY SHORT STORIES AND
PAPERS ON TIMELY TOPICS

\$2.50 per year; 25 cts. a copy

NO CONTINUED STORIES.

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NTISTRY.

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.

The Man in the Moon.

There was a blacksmith once, who complained: "I am not well, and my work is too warm. I want to be a stone in the mountain. There it must be cool, for the wind blows and the trees give a shade."

A wise man, who had power over all things, replied: "Go thou, be a stone." And he was a stone high up on the mountain side.

It happened a stonecutter came that way for stone and when he saw the one that had been the blacksmith, he knew it was "what what he sought and he began to eat it."

The stone cried out, "This hurts. I no longer want to be a stone, but a stone-cutter."

He had his wish, but as he went seeking suitable stones he grew tired and his feet were sore. He whimpered, "I no longer want to cut stone. I would be the sun; that would be pleasant."

The wise man commanded, "Be the sun. And he was the sun."

But the sun was warmer than the blacksmith, than a stone, than a stonecutter, and he complained: "I do not like this. I would be the moon. It looks cool."

The wise man spake yet again, "Be the moon." And he was the moon.

"This is warmer than being the sun," murmured he. "For the light from the sun shines on me ever. I do not want to be the moon. I would be a smith again. That, verily, is the best life."

But the wise man replied: "I am weary of your changing. You wanted to be the moon; the moon you are, and it you will remain."

And in yon high heaven lives he to this day.

"Now, boys," said the teacher, "can any of you tell me how iron was first discovered?"

A hand shot up. "Yes, sir," said Thompson Major.

"Well, Thompson, tell the class what your information is on that point."

"Please, sir," replied the scholar, "I heard father say yesterday they smelt it."

"Is he making good in his new line of work?"

"Yes, indeed. He is already finding fault with the way his boss carries on the business."

The Grippe.

An ache in the back and a pain in the head—

That's the grippe!

A choke in the throat and a yearning for bed—

That's the grippe!

A river of heat, then a shiver of cold,

A feeling of being 300 years old,

A willingness even to do as you're told—

That's the grippe!

An arrow of pain, now in this place, now that—

That's the grippe!

A feeling of doubt as to where you are at—

That's the grippe!

A stupid sensation—of course, wholly new!

A foolish depression—why should you feel blue?

A doubt as to whether this really is you—

That's the grippe!

Strange visions at night, that deprive you of rest—

That's the grippe!

A taste in your mouth and a weight on your chest—

That's the grippe!

A tired sensation that runs through your veins.

A queer combination of aches and pains,

A rapid admission of absence of brains—

That's the grippe!

A marvelous weakness, come on in a day—

That's the grippe!

A perulant wonder: "How long will it stay?"

That's the grippe!

A season of fever, a season of freeza,

A quivering weakness that's felt at the knees—

Say, if ever there was a cussed disease,

It's the grippe!

The Mountaineer's Oxen.

A lecturer riding down one of the rough mountain roads of Kentucky, observed a farmer plowing the rugged hill-sides with four oxen, to which he was shouting vociferously, "Hi thar! you Methodis—Baptis—Cambellite—Presbyterian, g'lang thar!"

Much astonished, he called the mountaineer to the fence and inquired. "Why do you call your oxen by such peculiar names?"

"Why, stranger," said the mountaineer, "them was the fittest names I c'd git. This yer Methodis, now, is a good critter an' a willin' worker, but ever onst in a while he has to jump up and down and bawl. That ar Baptis is a powerful strong beast, but whenever he comes to a pool o' water he allers wants to lay down in it. That ar Cambellite is an A-number-one feller, an' does an honest day's work, but he's the stubbornest, contraries critter that ever lived. An' this Presbyterian, he's the stiddest one in the hull lot. I can depend on him to keep them all together, but he's so struck on hisself that all the rest on em' jest' naterally despises him."

A Carpet Worth \$4,000,000.

Of all the princes of India not one has gems that can compare with those of the Gaekwar of Baroda. Perhaps the most remarkable of the Gaekwar's jewel treasures is a carpet, said to be about four yards square, composed of rubies, diamonds and pearls, woven in a pattern of exquisite and dazzling beauty. The gems in this carpet are of an estimated value of \$4,000,000, and it is the product of the work of skilled artists and jewel-setters. Still more costly is one of the Gaekwar's diamond necklaces which is said to be worth well over \$10,000,000, and which, one can easily imagine, is the most magnificent in the world.