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QUEEN STREET . . . WOODSTOCK

**The Boy and the Prodigal**

Continued from last week.

He paused and looked at Artie.  
"All right, sir."  
The stranger's voice dropped.  
"It concerns the prodigal."  
"Yes, sir."  
"There are reasons why I want him watch-  
ed."  
"I don't care for the reasons, sir."  
"Good. They will come later. I want  
you to follow him tomorrow. Keep out of  
his sight, but don't let him get out of yours.  
I am going away early in the morning. I  
will return as soon as possible."  
"To-morrow sir?"  
"Yes, but not before afternoon. There are  
papers I must secure at Springfield. There  
are men I must meet. I am leaving this  
trust in your hands, my boy."  
"I'll do my best, sir."  
"I'm sure of that. The prodigal may go  
to the place where you have seen him. He  
will look for something there, no doubt.  
Watch him. He may prepare to go away.  
Watch him."  
He glanced at the boy.  
"I understand, sir. And when am I to  
tell you all about it?"  
"If there is anything that you think I  
should know as soon as possible, leave a note  
for me here at the house."  
"Yes," said the boy. "You'll tell me  
what it all means afterward, won't you, sir?"  
"Yes, yes, and you'll find it a fine story—  
if the ending proves all right. He reached  
out his hand. "Good night, partner."  
"Good night."  
The man sat on the porch for some time  
after he finished his cigar.

Then he stepped down and walked away in  
the darkness. He was gone a half hour or  
more. When he came back he paused on  
the steps.  
"He's there, all right," he muttered.  
"He won't make any attempt to get away  
before to-morrow." He yawned heavily.  
"You've worried me for two years, my man,"  
he growled, "but your worrying hours are  
nearly ended."  
He crossed the porch and softly entered  
the house.

When the boy arose the next morning the  
stranger had gone. He was on his way to  
the county seat. A good horse drawing a  
light wagon was taking him over the hills at  
as fast a rate as could be expected for a sev-  
enteen-mile drive.

At 2 o'clock he was back at the cottage.  
He returned behind a team of fine horses and  
in the wagon with him were three strange  
men.

He found a note written by the boy.  
He read it aloud to the men:  
"Sir, I watched the prodigal like you said,  
and he didn't see me. He has borrowed Seth  
Cutter's life wagon and is going somewhere.  
He wuz down in the gorge lookin' around  
and brot out a bag that was pretty heavy.  
He seemed scart about it an' dragged it to  
the barn as quick as he could. A little while  
ago—at noon—he come over to our house—  
an' I slipt around an' got ahead of him—an'  
he said, 'Ware is that fellow?' An' I said,  
'Gone away.' He left an' sed he seen him  
go. An' he sed when he cum back give him  
my complen's. An' he had his gun with  
him. That's all. From Artie."

The man looked up.  
"He's off, sheriff," he quickly said.  
"Which way?"  
The stoutest man in the party reflected a  
moment.

"The chances are he'll make a bluff at go-  
ing toward Springfield, the nearest point on  
the railroad. But he's pretty sure to try to  
get into the Bacon woods. That's the hid-  
ing place for him. Touch 'em up, Joe.  
We'll keep on the state road until we hit the  
Woodville pike. Where do you suppose the  
boy is?"

"He's right on the job somewhere," said  
Artie's friend, "That's a great boy, sheriff."  
"He's tumbled into a great game, that's  
sure," said the stout man. "Been working  
on this two years, you say?"  
"Just two years. Started in the day after  
the express robbery."

"Our detective agency took the case Aug  
ust 25, 1907," said the fourth man of the  
party. I put Brett on it the same day. It has  
been a merry chase for him."  
"How much was taken?" the sheriff asked.  
"Twenty-seven thousand dollars," replied  
the manager.

"An' you think this fellow still has the  
money?"  
"I am sure of it," replied the young de-  
tective. "I could have nabbed him long ago,  
but I wanted to find where he had hidden  
his plunder."

"An' he held up the train alone, eh?"  
"Yes and shot the messenger."  
"Pretty bad man, eh."  
"No doubt of it."

"The horses, urged on by the driver,  
drew the wagon along at a lively pace, and  
the men rode on in silence.

"Now, Joe," said the sheriff presently  
"take the cross road right beyond the white  
oak yonder. That will give us a big lead on  
him if he worked the bluff and is making for

the woods. Steady at the turn.

The ruse worked well. As the party worked  
back into the turupike they saw a horse  
and wagon far ahead. And on the seat were  
two passengers.

The driver of the team urged his horses  
and the distances between the two vehicles  
lessened.

The driver ahead was lashing his horse,  
They could see the whip rise and fall,  
But the posse gained more and more rapid-  
ly.

And now they were close enough to see  
that the man's companion was a boy, and a  
great glare of sunshine resting on its polish-  
ed barrel showed them the gun lying across  
his seat.

"Surrender!" the sheriff.

The man dropped the reins and with a  
wild oath whirled about and stooped for the  
gun.

But the boy was too quick for him. He  
snatched away the weapon and flung it far  
into the bushes. With a scream of rage the  
man struck him down. a pistol cracked,  
there was a wild rush of struggling men  
and all was over.

When the boy came to himself he was ly-  
ing on the lounge in a grandmother's sit-  
ting room, and his head throbbled, and there  
was the smell of liniment in the air.

Two men were bending over him. One of  
them he knew. He looked up with a faint  
smile.

"Yes, dear boy."

His friend's voice sounded far away,  
"Did—did you get the prodigal?"

"Yes, dear boy, he's out there in the wag-  
gon with the sheriff."

The boy tried to nod.

"When I saw he was going away. I asked  
him if I might ride a piece. You told me  
not to lose sight of him."

The Young man looked at his manager.

"It was a lucky thing for us that you didn't  
dear boy. But there, you will soon be well  
again—it was only a bad bump that the  
prodigal gave you. And now I want you to  
put out your hand to Mr Van Cleve here.  
He is the manager of our western agency  
and he feels very gratified to you—and has  
something to tell you."

The older man smiled down at the boy.

Then he looked around.

I want your grandmother to hear this, too  
he said. "The express company offered  
\$4,000 for the recovery of the money stolen  
from it by this man Kenton. Two thousand  
dollars of this sum—at Mr Brett's suggestion  
and by my recommendation— will be placed  
to the credit of a boy called Arthur Howard  
—to be expended for his education, if that  
meets with the approval of his guardians."

There was a little silence.

Then the boy slowly smiled.

"That's doing pretty well for a amateur de-  
tective, ain't it?" he faintly asked.

The end.

**BROWN STRAW AND YELLOW SATIN.**

A retired Philadelphia shopkeeper once  
testified that no customer was quite so ex-  
acting as a Quaker lady buying her exquisite  
best. Whole heartedly as the Quakeress  
may accept the Friends' prohibition of gay  
color and fashionable cut, the innocent  
vanity of woman is by no means necessarily  
discarded along with fripperies. Nor do all  
Friends wish those prohibitions, at least  
in youth, with entire submission.

A lady of Quaker parentage once confessed  
to a young friend the bitterest tragedy of her  
childhood. The day she was sent to school  
for the first time she wore a severely little  
brown frock and a brown hat to match—a  
hat with neither ribbon, flower nor feather,  
of course but finished round the crown by a  
band of the same crown straw in a different  
and more fanciful weave.

It has passed muster with her mother, but  
the schoolmistress was a Quakeress of more  
austere and old fashioned type. She sum-  
moned the new, shy, frightened pupil to her  
side, produced a pair of scissors, ruthlessly  
ripped off the offending decoration, and  
placed it in the child's hand.

"Take that furbelow home to thy mother,"  
she bade her, gently but with chilly firmness,  
"and tell her that thee canst not wear it to  
my school."

She had a natural love for beauty and  
brightness, and for years it was her deeply  
cherished secret ambition to possess a yellow  
satin gown.

"But by the time I had grown up and  
married out of meeting, and could have worn  
all the fancy plaits and gay satins that I  
wanted," she concluded, ruefully, "I didn't  
want them any more. And as for parading  
about in a yellow gown—I would rather have  
died. I only came to my Quaker taste for  
quite colors after I'd stopped being a  
Quaker."

A more distinguished woman than she,  
born among the Friends had an even more  
passionate love of color. Anna Dickinson,  
the once famous woman orator of the straits,  
used in her girlhood to collect every stray  
bit of bright ribbon, cloth, or even paper  
that fell in her way, and hide them in her  
bureau. In the seclusion of her bare locked  
room she would pull open the drawer and  
revel in the brilliant lines of the pitiful little  
heap.—The Youth's Companion.

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been found to take its place. Take in-  
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here we have a variety of them in  
all sizes. Oil stoves, too, that are  
even handier still. Get your winter  
Hardware now before you actually  
need it. All kinds of Hardware in  
the best qualities at lowest prices.

**CLARKE & JOHNSTON.**

Hardware - Connell Street - Woodstock

**DISTRIBUTION OF SEED GRAIN AND POTATOES.**

By instruction of the Hon Minister of  
Agriculture a distribution is being made this  
season of samples of superior sorts of grain  
and potatoes to Canadian farmers for the im-  
provement of seed. The stock for distribu-  
tion has been secured mainly from the Ex-  
perimental Farms at Indian Head, Sask.,  
Brandon, Man., and Ottawa, Ont. The  
samples consist of oats, spring wheat, barley,  
field peas, Indian corn (for ensilage only)  
and potatoes. The quantity of oats sent is  
4 lbs., and of wheat or barley 5 lbs., suffi-  
cient in each case to sow one twentieth of an  
acre. The samples of Indian corn, peas and  
potatoes weigh 3 lbs each. A quantity of  
each of the following varieties has been se-  
cured for this distribution:—

**OATS.**—Banner, Abundance, Danish Is-  
land, Wide-Awake, Thousand Dollar Im-  
proved Ligowo—all white varieties.

**WHEAT.**—Red varieties:—Marquis and  
Early Red Fife (early beardless sorts of high  
baking strength), Red Fife (beardless), Pres-  
ton and Huron (Early, beardless), White  
varieties:—White Fife (beardless), Bob's  
(early, beardless).

**BARLEY.**—Six-rowed; Mensury and Manch-  
urian (a selection from Mensury). Two-  
rowed: Standwell and Invincible.

**FIELD PEAS.**—Arthur and Golden Vine.  
**INDIAN CORN.**—(for ensilage).—Early  
Angel of Midnight, Compton's Early and  
Longfellow. Later varieties: Selected Leam-  
ing, Early Mastodon, and White Cap Yellow  
Do

**POTATOES.**—Early varieties: Rochester  
Rose, and Irish Cobbler. Medium to late  
varieties: Gold Coin, Carman No 1, and  
Money Maker. The later varieties are, as a  
rule, more productive than the earlier kinds.  
Only one sample can be sent to each ap-  
plicant, hence if an individual receive a  
sample of oats he cannot also receive one of  
wheat, barley, peas, Indian corn or potatoes.  
Application on printed cards or sheets, or  
lets of names from one individual, or appli-  
cations for more than one sample for one  
household, cannot be entertained. The  
samples will be sent free of charge through  
the mail.

Applications should be addressed to the  
Dominion Cerealist, Experimental Farm,  
Ottawa, and may be sent in any time from  
the 1st of December to the 15th of Febru-  
ary, after which the lists will be closed, so  
that the samples applied for may be sent out  
in good time. Applicants should mention  
the variety they prefer, with a second sort  
as an alternative. Applications will be filled  
in the order in which they are received, so  
long as the supply of seed lasts. Farmers  
are advised to apply early to avoid possible  
disappointment. Those applying for Indian  
corn or potatoes should bear in mind that  
the corn is not usually distributed until  
April, and that potatoes cannot be mailed  
until danger from frost in transit is over.  
No postage is required on mail matter ad-  
dressed to the Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

**MONDAY,**  
**August 29th, 1910,**  
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**Fredericton Business College**  
opens its splendid new rooms for the  
**FALL TERM.**

We are making preparations for a  
great big attendance this year.  
If you have not already received a  
catalogue, Write for one.

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Principal,  
Fredericton N. B.

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**WHERE CLEANLINESS PAYS.**

Within recent years the trade in raisins  
has developed to large proportions in Cal-  
ifornia, and the growers attribute their suc-  
cess very largely to the fact that they pack  
their product under rigorously clean con-  
ditions. Raisins of foreign growth, particu-  
larly those imported from Greece, are notor-  
iously dirty, as are also other fruits, such as  
dates and figs. If examined closely before  
using, these imported products would seldom  
pass muster with the careful housekeeper.  
This one thing has made the California fruits  
great favorites, as they are also equal, or  
even better in quality, than most of the  
foreign products.—The Youths Companion.

**MERELY TIRED.**

To an old French-Canadian who was com-  
ing to town one morning on a lame horse,  
some one remarked:  
"Why, Monsieur Le Blanc, your horse is  
lame!" "No, no, my friend," he no lame,"  
the old man replied, "but he beaucoup  
atigue in one leg.—The Youth's Companion.