

CHILDREN

In disorders and diseases of children drugs seldom do good and often do harm.

Careful feeding and bathing are the babies' remedies.

Scott's Emulsion

is the food-medicine that not only nourishes them most, but also regulates their digestion. It is a wonderful tonic for children of all ages. They rapidly gain weight and health on small doses.

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Send 10c. name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Savings Bank and Child's Sketch-Book. Each book contains a Good Luck Penny.

SCOTT & BOWNE 126 Wellington St., West, Toronto, Ont.

"KITTY GREY."

BY D. DOUGLAS RHO.

The Red Hussars bore, not unworthily the reputation of being one of the fastest corps in the British service. Stories there were in plenty, of the vast amounts won and lost nightly in the mess-room. Possibly the magnitude of the sums lost nothing in the telling, still the fact remained that expenses in the "Reds" had proven too much for many a keen soldier, and their seconded list was the longest of any cavalry regiment in the service.

When the rumor was first bruited that Captain George Chetwynd was in a tight fix, sympathy was generally evinced in his favor throughout the Ilchester garrison. Popular above the ordinary, he was generally considered to have made a grave mistake when he exchanged from a marching regiment into the sporting "Reds."

Little wonder, then, that the gallant captain heaved a deep sigh and tossed his bill for his correspondence consisted principally of these unwelcome missives—impatiently from him.

At the bottom of the little pile of correspondence rested an ill-scrawled envelope. For a moment he gazed curiously at it, and then abruptly tore it open.

On a quarter sheet of dirty foolscap were scrawled the following lines:

"Honored Sir and Captain: I have a little mare never been raced before, which can bate anything on four legs. There is nothin' can touch her in the county, and I would like for you to cum over and try her yourself. If suitable, you can hav' her and enter her for the Ilchester meeting."

"Yore humble servant and friend, "Sam Wood."

With a sudden exclamation, Chetwynd rose to his feet and roared up and down the room. If the mare was as good as Wood made her out to be, here was a solution of his present difficulties. In six week's time the Ilchester garrison point to point races would come off, in which the Cavalry Vase figured as the chief event. This was a fixture which, though confined to military officers, drew the attention of the sporting world, for it was generally looked upon as an event second only to the Grand National itself.

"At any rate," he said to himself, as he slipped on an overcoat, "there can be no harm in going down to investigate. There is not a better judge of a horse in the British Isles than Sam Wood."

The latter was a horse-dealer who eked out a precarious existence by selling horses to the officers of the garrison. In the course of his business he had met Chetwynd and a half-friendship had sprung up between the ill-assorted pair.

Half an hour's brisk walk brought the captain to the dealer's tumbled-down cottage, and a knock at the door was answered by the dealer himself.

"Glad you've come sir," he said, leading the way through the house into the stable yard beyond. "She's in here, captain," he remarked as he ushered his visitor into a loose box where a grey mare was munching her feed. Noting his companion's lack of enthusiasm, the dealer went on, "She looks ornery enough, but wait till you get her out. If you don't say she's the best 'lepper' you ever clapped eyes on, I'll eat my hat. There ain't a horse in England as can touch her!"

"Where did you get hold of her?" asked Chetwynd as he passed his hand over the mare's legs.

"Bought her from a gypsy at Barnet fair, last week. But wait till I put a saddle on her."

Divesting himself of his overcoat, Chetwynd swung on the mare's back and trotted through the open gate into a small field studded with jumps. "Now, then, old gal," said the dealer as he hit the horse a sounding whack on her haunches, "off you go!"

Digging his heels into her flanks, the captain drove the mare at the first fence a capricious one topped with gorre. Like a swallow, the grey soared over the obstacle and raced for the next, a turf wall with a water jump on the far side. Gathering her feet under her like a cat, the game little horse cleared wall and water like a flash and it required a strong effort on the rider's part to bring her back to where the exultant dealer stood.

"Ain't she a beauty?" he asked, as Chetwynd dismounted and patted the grey's neck. "The best I have ever ridden," the officer answered, simply.

"That's what I knew you'd say," then in a confidential whisper he continued: "She's yours, sir. Take her and ride her in the point to point. I do hear as you're hard hit, but she'll bring you a fortune. When she does, pay me what you think she's worth. Sam Wood never forgets a friend who's done him a good turn."

Situated as he was, Chetwynd would have been more than human if he had rejected the good natured offer, and in a few minutes the bargain was made. Wood was to keep the mare in strict training, and every day the new owner would put her through her paces, the utmost secrecy being observed.

As he walked back to the barracks, Chetwynd trotted on. With his wonderful acquisition, he could easily rely on winning enough to recoup him for his present losses. Instead of leaving the regiment a broken man, he could satisfy his creditors and even have enough left over to take the matrimonial step which he had so long contemplated. Little wonder that he slept better that night than he had done for six months.

The weeks rolled by swiftly. Chetwynd adhering rigidly to the program laid down, and finding time also to invest enough money at the useful price of 30 to 1 to bring him in a respectable fortune.

The night before the opening of the meeting, he confided the whole story to his fiancée, who, woman-like, scolded him, and then in the same breath, told him he must win for her sake.

The day of the great steeplechase dawned fine and clear, and in company with half-a-dozen brother officers, who, at the eleventh hour, had been let into the "good thing," the captain drove over to the course.

According to the fancy, only two horses, Black Prince, ridden by a Guards' officer, and Van Dyke, an unplaced candidate in two Grand Nationals, were worthy of consideration. On the other eight starters, any price could be obtained. Kitty Grey, as Chetwynd had named the mare, being quoted at 25 to 1, though after several commissions had been worked, the mare's price shortened considerably.

The course, a shade under four miles, boasted some particularly stiff jumps. "As bad as Aintree," said the noted gentleman jockey who was riding Van Dyke, an opinion which a good many others shared.

"Don't forget she can't stand the whip," was Sam Wood's parting injunction as Chetwynd cantered off to the start post, to which admonition the captain replied with a nod.

Three attempts, and then the barrier rose to a perfect start. The course was twice around, but before the first circuit had been completed, three of the contestants had fallen, and, at the first turn, the big bay, Van Dyke, was leading the field by twenty lengths. Behind him came the grey, with the Guards' crack close on her haunches. At the third fence from home, Black Prince lost his rider, and the race resolved itself into a two horse one. The last jump was the water and here Van Dyke lost half a dozen lengths, the mare clearing the ditch like a bird and swinging into the straight for home close on the big bay's heels. The red and blue hoops of the leader's jacket seemed to get closer and closer, and the roar of the excited crowd burst on Chetwynd's ears like some one far off, unreal sound. Step by step, he inched up. Now the mare's quivering nostril was up to the big horse's girth, a dozen more strides and only a neck divided them. Forty yards yet to go, and they were knee to knee. Then in a flash, Chetwynd remembered the whip, and staking his all, brought it down with a sudden swish on the mare's astonished flank. Rendered frantic by this unusual treatment, the game little grey made a desperate effort and flashed past the post a neck in front of the bay—she had won!

The aftermath always remained a dream to Chetwynd—the weighing in, the plaudits of the crowd and the congratulations of his friends, all seemed unreal, and it was only when he looked into the eyes of his sweet heart, eyes still dimmed with the glad tears with which she had welcomed his victory, that he began to realize all that that victory meant.

"Never again, George," she whispered, as he held her hands, "I have lived a life-time since the race began."

"Never again, little woman," he echoed. Kitty Grey has run her first and last race; henceforth, she shall eat the equine bread of honored idleness, for to her brave heart, I owe my wife."

Blowing Soap Bubbles for Exercise. Blowing soap bubbles is an exercise which has been adopted at a school in Harlem, Holland, on the advice of a local practitioner Dr. Ootmar, in order to broaden the children's chests. This pleasant method, as ingenious as it was simple, was thought of because of getting children to do ordinary breathing exercises thoroughly. On three days in the week all the children have placed before them a bowl of soapy water and a pipe. The windows are opened wide to admit as much fresh air as possible. Then competitors are arranged as to who can blow the biggest bubbles. Periodically chest measurements have proved the efficacy of the arrangement, increases being noted in each individual case.

A Heavy Bond Advised. The report of Mr. J. Norman Winslow, who was appointed some time ago by the local government to decide upon the amount of security to be taken from the Grand Falls Power and Pulp Co., before they could proceed to appropriate property at the Falls, was handed over Tuesday. Mr. Winslow concludes that security must be given to the amount of \$300,000. The sum is made up on a basis that the property at the falls is capable of developing 38,000 horse power, which he values at \$8 per horse power. The matter will now come before the government to decide whether or not the indemnity bond will be given at the amount named by Mr. Winslow.

Good Reason. (The painter.) Whistler once undertook to get a fellow-painter's work in the autumn salon. He succeeded and the picture was hung. But the painter, going to see his masterpiece with Whistler on varnishing day; uttered a terrible oath when he beheld it. "Good gracious," he groaned, "you are exhibiting my picture upside down."

"Hush, said Whistler. "The committee refused it the other way."

Womanly Troubles

Should Not Be Allowed to Undermine Health.

It is impossible to go into details on this subject, but the experience of many a poor woman who is crippled for life, just because she didn't use a good remedy in time, should be a warning to others.

When the first stages of womanhood appear in a young girl, a great deal depends in getting her over this critical stage, so that in years to come she will not develop green sickness or consumption.

When she complains of flushed face, headache, bearing down feelings, give her a course of Ferrozone, which will carry her past the crisis.

In the adult woman if any irregularities occur, Ferrozone will find a remedy of remarkable potency and power.

There is nothing better for the complexion than Ferrozone. It removes the dark circles from under the eyes, removes and cures all manner of skin eruptions, gives brightness and brilliancy to the eyes, a rosy tint to the cheeks, whitens the teeth, and develops a well-rounded, plump, and handsome form.

Ferrozone is the ladies' favorite, and should find a place in every household. It is prepared in the form of a chocolate-coated tablet, convenient and pleasant to take. Price, per box, 50c, or three boxes for \$1.25. Sold by all druggists, or the Ferrozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

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.

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Connell Street, Woodstock

What Some of Our Graduates Have Told Us Recently

Graduated five years ago, and am getting \$2,000 per year. Graduated seven years ago; am getting good salary and am worth \$7,000. Graduated three years ago; am now secretary of this firm, and am worth \$5,000. Pretty good for boys who remained in New Brunswick and whose only capital was plenty of energy and a diploma from

Fredericton Business College

A diploma and all it carries with it from this school is a good capital for and young man or woman.

FOR SALE.

One Sleigh, nearly new; one Carriage, rubber tires and automobile seat, Cash register and safe, all in good condition. Apply at this office.

Mahogany Furniture.

I am prepared to restore old pieces of Mahogany Furniture, no matter how badly broken up. These old pieces when repaired are quite valuable and far superior to anything of modern make. Being a Cabinet Maker and "French Polisher" of many years experience in the city of St. John, I think I understand my business. Also general repairing. Write to

G. N. A. BURNHAM, Upper Woodstock, N.B.

Residence For Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his handsome and convenient residence with freehold property on Victoria street, containing 17 rooms and heated by hot water, set tubs. The house is lighted by electricity and has all modern improvements. For further particulars apply to

DR. I. W. N. BAKER, Woodstock, N. B.

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 St. Stephen, Grand Falls, Edmundston, Fort Fairfield, Caribou and Presque Isle.

5.00 P MIXED—For Fredericton, etc., via Giberson Branch.

5.33 P EXPRESS—For Houlton, St. Stephen, St. John, and East; Vancoboro, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West, and Northwest, and on Pacific Coast, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Pullman 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 Giberson Branch.

12.15 A. M.—EXPRESS—From St. John and East St. Stephen, (St. Andrews after July 1st), Boston, Montreal and West.

5.33 P. M.—EXPRESS—From Fort Fairfield, Caribou, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Rivere 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.



We receive 3 times as many calls for office help as any school in the State on a basis of enrollment. Had 14 more positions than we could fill within two weeks. A good position has been secured for every graduate and they are giving satisfaction. We offer you the best course of study and instruction that can be arranged. Now is the time to prepare. Write for catalog and interesting information.

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FARMS FOR SALE.

We have on hand the largest list of farm and city property of any Agency in the Co. All parties desiring such property are sure to find what they want through us. Farms of all sizes. All prices. Hotels, Stores, Blacksmith shop, Livery Stable. Give us a call before looking elsewhere. C. O. GRANT, Farm Agency, 7 Mansur Block, Houlton, Me.

Aug. 11, 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.

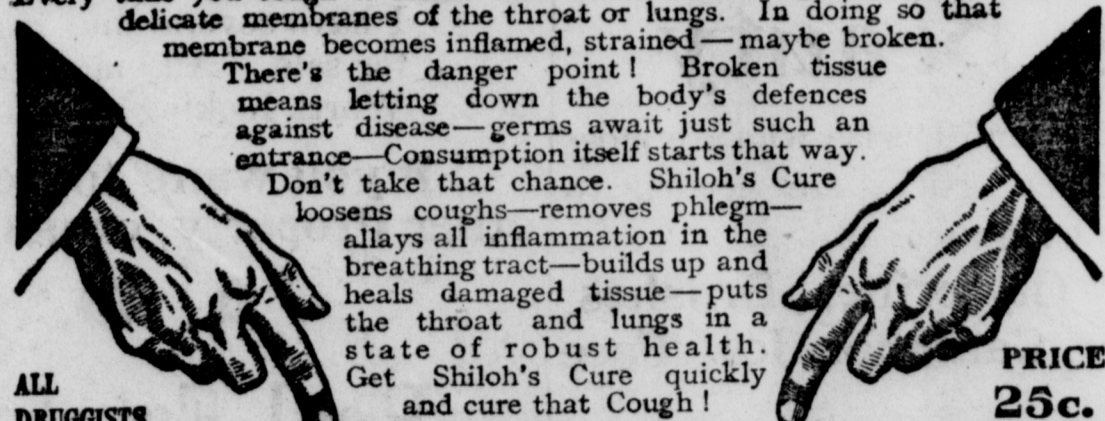
DON'T COUGH!

Every time you cough it means that Nature is dislodging phlegm from the delicate membranes of the throat or lungs. In doing so that membrane becomes inflamed, strained—maybe broken.

There's the danger point! Broken tissue means letting down the body's defences against disease—germs await just such an entrance—Consumption itself starts that way.

Don't take that chance. Shiloh's Cure loosens coughs—removes phlegm—alays all inflammation in the breathing tract—builds up and heals damaged tissue—puts the throat and lungs in a state of robust health. Get Shiloh's Cure quickly and cure that Cough!

Shiloh's Cure A FAMILY FRIEND FOR FORTY YEARS



ALL DRUGGISTS

PRICE 25c.