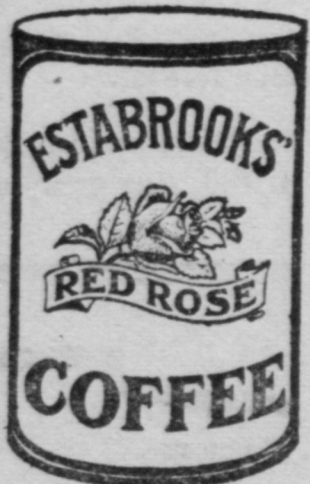


Perfect Coffee Every Time

Unlike common coffees, RED ROSE has the same rare flavor when it reaches your table as it had when it left the roaster. For it is sold only in airtight tins, hence none of its strength or flavor is lost.



Crushed
(not
ground)
So
Brews
Clear

Our new process crushes this coffee into grains of uniform size and takes away the chaff which makes most coffees bitter. Thus Red Rose Coffee is as easily made as Red Rose Tea, and pours clear without any "settling." For a "full-bodied," bright, brisk coffee we commend

Red Rose Coffee

THAT "MESS OF GREENS."

The dandelion is prized for its healthful bitterness. To increase this bitterness, use a little of the root; and, to make it more mild, avoid the root and change the water several times, when first put on to boil, writes Gladys J. Partelow, in *Suburban Life*.

Cowslip greens are a delicacy which few have tasted, but, when procured they are delicious. Pick them well over, and let stand in cold water, to which a little salt has been added. Proceed to cook as with any other greens.

Add a small piece of salt pork to the water, in cooking greens, and plenty of water with dandelions; other greens need very little.

Spinach needs to be washed in half a dozen waters, lifting from one pan to another. Strip off the coarse stems, and cook with very little water. When done, chop coarsely, season and reheat.

Medical Hall Has a Preparation That Will Grow Hair Abundantly

This is an age of new discoveries. To grow hair after it has fallen out to-day is a reality.

SALVIA, the Great Hair Tonic and Dressing, will positively create a new growth of hair.

If you want to have a beautiful head of hair, free from Dandruff, use SALVIA once a day and watch the results.

SALVIA is guaranteed to stop falling hair and restore the hair to its natural color. The greatest Hair Vigor known.

SALVIA is compounded by expert chemists.

Watch your hair if it is falling out. If you don't, you will sooner or later be bald. SALVIA prevents baldness by "astoring the hair to the roots."

Ladies will find SALVIA just the hair dressing they are looking for. It makes the hair soft and fluffy and is not sticky. A large bottle 50c.

"THE DRUID'S PRAYER"

What a quaint, weird title for a musical composition—surely, the name itself ought to furnish a fund of ideas to a versatile composer—and so it has. Our readers no doubt have heard this beautiful waltz played in theatres and at concerts.

Its sublime and rich, harmonious strains are sure to make a strong impression and the piece, which is all the rage in musical circles abroad, is rapidly becoming a favorite on this side of the Atlantic.

A poem entitled "BY THE DRUID'S ALTAR" has been written to the principal themes of this waltz and it promises to rival the well known "Rosary" in popularity.

The accompanying extract from "THE DRUID'S PRAYER" gives one an idea of the beautiful melodies of this charming bit of music, which, like all great works of art, is a joy forever.

The Druid's Prayer.

Tempo di Valse.



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The House of the Whispering Pines

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN
Copyright, 1910, by Anna Katharine Rohlf

(CONTINUED.)

"Have you heard anything from the bill? Has the news of this tragedy been communicated to Miss Cumberland's family, and, if so, how are they bearing this affliction?"

His lip curled, and for a minute he hesitated; then something in my aspect or the straightforward look I gave him softened him, and he answered frankly, if coldly:

"Word has gone there, of course, but only the servants are affected by it so far. Miss Cumberland, the younger, is very ill, and the boy—I don't know his name—has not shown up since last evening. He's very dissipated, they say, and may be in any one of the joints in the lower part of the town."

I stopped in dismay, clutching wildly at the railing of the stairs we were descending. I had hardly heard the latter words. All my mind was on what he had said first.

"Miss Carmel Cumberland III," I stammered, "too ill to be told?"

I was sufficiently master of myself to put it this way:

"Yes," he rejoined kindly as he urged me down the very stairs I had seen her descend in such a state of mind a few hours before. "A servant who had been out late heard the fall of some heavy body as she was passing Miss Cumberland's rooms and, rushing in, found Miss Carmel, as she called her, lying on the floor near the open fire. Her face had struck the bars of the grate in falling, and she was badly burned. But that was not all. She was delirious with fever, brought on, they think, by anxiety about her sister."

whose name she was constantly repeating. They had a doctor for her, and the whole house was up before ever the word came of what had happened here."

I thanked him with a look. I had no opportunity for more. Half a dozen officers were standing about the front door, and in another moment I was hustled into the conveyance provided and was being driven away from the death haunted spot.

As the day advanced and I began to realize that I, Elwood Ranelagh, easy going man of the world, but with traditions of respectable living on both sides of my house and a list of friends of whom any man might be proud, was in a place of detention on the awful charge of murder I found that my keenest torment arose from the fact that I was shut off from the instant knowledge of what was going on in the house where all my thoughts, my fears and—shall I say it?—latent hopes were centered. To know Carmel ill and not to know how ill; to feel the threatening arm of the law hovering constantly over her head and neither to know the instant of its fall nor be given the least opportunity to divert it!

My examination before the magistrate held one element of comfort. Nothing in its whole tenor went to show that as yet she was in the least suspected of any participation in my so called crime. But the knowledge which came later of how the police first learned of trouble at the clubhouse did not add to this sense of relief, whatever satisfaction it gave my curiosity. A cry of distress had come to them over the telephone, a wild cry in a woman's choked and tremulous voice; "Help at the Whispering Pines! Help!"

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DOCTORS COULD NOT HELP HIM

BUT GIN PILLS DID

"During August last, I went to Montreal to consult a specialist as I had been suffering terribly with Stone in the Bladder. He decided to operate but said the stone was too large to remove and too hard to crush. I returned home and was recommended by a friend to try Gin Pills.

They relieved the pain. I took two boxes and went back to the specialist. He said the stone was smaller but he could not remove it although he tried for two hours and a half. I returned home and continued to take Gin Pills—and, to my surprise and joy, I passed the stone. Gin Pills are the best medicine in the world, and, because they did me so much good, I will recommend them to all the rest of my life!"

J. ALBERT LESSARD, Joliette, P.Q. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50—at all dealers, and money back if they fail to give relief. Sample box free. National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Dept. N B Toronto.

KOOTENAY STEEL RANGE

The choice of thousands of housewives because of its fuel-saving cooking and baking qualities. Call and see the "Kootenay." We guarantee it to be perfect in every respect.

McClary's

Sold by H. E. Burt, Woodstock, J. W. Montgomery, Hartland,

That was all, or so they revealed to me. In their endeavor to find out whether or not I was present when this call was made I learned the nature of their own suspicions. They believed that Adelaide in some moment of prevision had managed to reach the telephone and send out this message.

It was in a condition of mingled dread and expectation that I opened the paper which was brought me the next morning. Arthur, the good-for-nothing brother, had returned from his wild carouse and had taken affairs in charge with something like spirit and a decent show of repentance for his own shortcomings and the mad taste for liquor which had led him away from home that night. Carmel was still ill and likely to be so for many days to come. Her case was diagnosed as one of brain fever and of a most dangerous type. Doctors and nurses were busy at her bedside, and little hope was held out of her being able to tell soon, if ever, what she knew of her sister's departure from the house on that fatal evening. That her testimony on this point would be invaluable was self evident, for proofs were plenty of her having haunted her sister's rooms all the evening in a condition of more or less delirium. She was alone in the house, and this may have added to her anxieties, all of the servants having gone to the policeman's ball. It was on their return in the early morning hours that she had been discovered lying ill and injured before her sister's fireplace.

One fact was mentioned which set me thinking. The keys of the clubhouse had been found lying on a table in the side hall of the Cumberland mansion—the keys which I have already mentioned as missing from my pocket—an alarming discovery which might have acted as a clue to the suspicious I feared if their presence there had not been explained by the waitress who had cleared the table after dinner. Coming upon these keys lying on the floor beside one of the chairs, she had carried them out into the hall and laid them where they would be more readily seen. She had not recognized the keys, but had taken it for granted that they belonged to Mr. Ranelagh, who had dined at the house that night.

They were my keys, and I have already related how I came to drop them on the floor. Had they but stayed there! Adelaide, or was it Carmel, might not have seen them and been led by some strange if not tragic purpose, incomprehensible to us now and possibly never to find full explanation, to enter the secret and forsaken spot where I later found them, the one dead, the other fleeing in frenzy, but not in such a thoughtless frenzy as to forget these keys or fail to lock the clubhouse door behind her. That she on her return home should have had sufficient presence of mind to toss these keys down in the same place from which she or her sister had taken them argued well for her clear-headedness up to that moment. The fever must have come on later.

The next paragraph detailed a fact startling enough to rouse my deepest interest. Zadok Brown, the Cumberland's coachman, declared that Arthur's cutter and what he called the gray mare had been out that night. They were both in place when he returned to the stable toward early morning, but the signs were unmistakable that both had been out in the snow since he left the stable at about 9. He had locked the stable door at that time, but the key always hung in the kitchen where any one could get it. This was on account of Arthur, who, if he wanted to go out late, sometimes harnessed a horse and, to my surprise and joy, I passed the stone. Gin Pills are the best medicine in the world, and, because they did me so much good, I will recommend them to all the rest of my life!"

There was some comment made on this because Arthur had denied using his cutter that night. He declared instead that he had gone out on foot and designated the coachman's tale as all bosh.

As for myself, I felt inclined to believe that the mare had been out, that one or both of the women had harnessed her and that it was by these means they had reached the Whispering Pines. Adelaide was far from strong and never addicted to walking under the most favorable conditions. I could understand now how Carmel had succeeded in returning in safety to her home. She had ridden both ways—a theory which likewise explained how she came to wear a man's derby and possibly a man's overcoat. With her skirts covered by a bearskin she would present a very fair figure of a man to any one who chanced to pass her.

These were my deductions drawn from my own knowledge. Would others who had not my knowledge be anywise influenced to draw the same? Yet, if they let this point slip, what should I be? Human nature is human all the way through, and I could not help having moments when I asked myself if this young girl were worth the sacrifice I contemplated making for her. She was lovely to look at and amiable and of womanly promise save at those rare and poignant moments when passion would seize her in a gust which drove everything before it. That she had had provocation I did not doubt. Adelaide, for all her virtue, was not an easy person to deal with. Upright and perfectly sincere herself, she had no sympathy with or comprehension for any lack of principle or any display of selfishness in others. She was a little cold, a little reserved, a little lacking in spontaneity, though always correct and always generous in her gifts and often in her acts.

CHAPTER V.

"I AM AN INNOCENT MAN."

I STRUGGLED with my dilemma for hours. I had relatives and I had friends, some of whom had come to see me and gone away deeply grieved at my reticence. I was swayed, too, by another consideration. I had deeply loved my mother. She was dead, but I had her honor to think of. Should it be said she had a murderer for her son in the height of my inner conflict I had almost cried aloud the fierce denial which would arise at this thought. But ere the word could leave my lips such a vision rose before me of a bewildering young face with wonderful eyes and a smile too innocent for guile and too loving for hypocrisy that I forgot my late antagonistic feelings, forgot the claims of my dear, dead mother and even those of my own future. Such passion and such devotion merited consideration from the man who had called them forth. I would not slight the claims of my dead mother, but I would give this young girl a chance for her life. Let others ferret out the fact that she had visited the clubhouse with her sister; I would not proclaim it. It was enough for me to proclaim my innocence.

I was in this frame of mind when Charles Clifton called and was allowed to see me. I had sent for him in one of my discouraged moods. He was my friend, but he was also my legal adviser, and it was as such I had summoned him, and it was as such he had come. Cordial as our relations had been, I noted no instinctive outstretching of his hand and so did not reach out mine. I was the first to speak.

"I am an innocent man so far as the attack made upon Miss Cumberland goes. I had no hand in her murder, if murder it is found out to be. My story which you have read in the papers and which I felt forced to give out, possibly to my own shame and that of another whom I would fain have saved, is an absolutely true one. I did not arrive at the Whispering Pines until after Miss Cumberland was dead. To this I am ready to swear, and it is upon this fact you must rely in any defense you may hereafter be called upon to make in my regard."

But I saw that I had made no impression on his convictions. He regarded me as a guilty man and, what was more to the point no doubt, as one for whom no plea could be made or any rational defense undertaken.

"You don't believe me," I went on, still without any great bitterness. "I am not surprised at it after what the man Clarke has said of seeing me with my hands on her throat. But, Charles, to you I will confess that I did this out of a wild desire to see if those marks were really the marks of strangling fingers. You shall believe me, you must." I insisted as I perceived his hard gaze remain unsoftened. "I don't ask it of the rest of the world. But you, if you are to act as my counsel."

(Continued on page eleven)

LANGUID

people are sick people. They lack vitality and resistive power.

Scott's Emulsion

brings new life to such people—it gives vigor and vitality to mind and body. All Druggists. Scott & Borne, Toronto, Ont. 12-9

Invaluable to Every Farmer

Its Wonderful Power in Curing Sick Cattle and Colicky Horses Makes "Nerviline" Worth Its Weight in Gold

The stockman or farmer that doesn't know of the thousand and one uses of "Nerviline" around the stable, has a great deal to learn. "Why, I wouldn't think of locking my stable door at night without knowing I had a supply of 'Nerviline' on hand. I always get a dozen bottles at a time from my druggist."

"To cure colic, indigestion and bad stomach in a horse or cow there is no remedy on earth in the same class as 'Nerviline.' Last summer I had a \$250 horse that got the scours, and I would have lost him if I hadn't been able to give him Nerviline. I poured a full bottle of Nerviline in a pint of water down his throat and saved his life. A friend of mine who has saved many heads of valuable stock, stricken with colic, just by using Nerviline. It is equally good as a rub on liniment, and I know from my experience that for man or beast, internally or externally, 'Nerviline' is worth a dollar a drop."

James E. McCullough, Stock Breeder, etc. You will not regret using Nerviline—but see you get it and not something else. Large size bottle 50c or sample size 25c at all dealers, or The Catarrhzone Company, Kingston, Ont.

Nerviline CURES Colicky Horses

AN AWFUL PREDICAMENT

(From Answers)

Midnight, and in the smoking room of the club sat a young man huddled in a chair. A friend entered. "Hallo, Smith," he asked cheerily, "not going home yet?" "No," muttered the despairing one. "I—I daren't." "Why, what's the matter?" "Matter? It's the end of everything!" It means ruin, grief, and spoiled life!" The friend looked frightened. "Here, Smith, tell me what's up. Perhaps I can help you." Smith clenched his fists till the knuckles showed white. "No one can help me," he cried, in agony; "I have come to the end of all things! At 8 o'clock I telephoned to my wife, and gave her a perfectly good excuse for not coming straight home, and—his voice sank to a whisper—"I've forgotten what I said!"

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.

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 cash 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.

If a reasonably warm pen is provided, early shearing of the sheep has many advantages. It is a saving of time if done now, before the busy season commences. It also serves as a means of ridding the sheep, to some extent, at least, of ticks, many being killed and disposed of in the wool, and others removing to the lambs, which can be easily 'dipped,' practically cleaning the flock. It is also a great comfort to the sheep, because if left on until farm operations commence, the wool is often not removed until far into the hot weather. Clip the sheep now.

THE POLICEMAN'S FRIEND.

Likewise the friend of every man and woman who is kept constantly on their feet, and suffers from callouses and corns. The painless remedy is Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor; it acts in twenty-four hours, and never fails to uproot the corn, root and branch. Satisfaction guaranteed with a 25c bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor.

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Good going May 23rd and 24th Good for Return May 27, 1912

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June 2nd, 1912

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Spring time has become paint time in Canada, to the country's lasting benefit.

There is two-fold virtue in paint—good paint. It makes a home that looked dingy, cheerless and generally "down at the heels," a home of which any man, and his wife too, may well be proud. At the same time it protects the house from decay, adding years to its life and therefore to its value. What is true of the house is true of anything of wood or unprotected metal which is exposed to weather. It unquestionably pays to keep things well painted.

"Well painted," however, does not, as many people suppose, simply mean covered thick with paint. Some paints, like the barnacles on a ship's bottom, may be thick enough but an extremely poor protection; it all depends on the paint, and the paint depends mostly on the White Lead of which it is made.

A house is really well painted when it is covered with B-H "ENGLISH" Paint. This paint is 100 per cent. pure—70 per cent. White Lead and 30 per cent. pure White Zinc, and the White Lead used is Brandram's B. B. Genuine. This lead has been made for practically two centuries by Brandram Bros., London, England, and now by Brandram-Henderson, Limited, in Canada. The process is secret and the product has always commanded a higher price than any other.

A coat of B-H "ENGLISH" Paint forms a thin, elastic film of White Lead and Zinc that expands and contracts freely with changes of temperature, and does not crack. It lasts till it is worn off and affords real protection.

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We are now showing a large assortment of Spring Goods, including a full line of Deering Disc and Hoe Drills Fertilizer Drills and Seeders

The famous Bissell Disc Harrow, which is the best made; The Robins and Aspinwall Potato Planters; The DeLaval Cream Separator—the world's Standard Machine; The John Deere All-Steel Two-Way Plow; The McLaughlin Buick Automobiles; Besides a full line of Sewing Machines, Washing Machines, and Harness of all kinds.

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