

# Indigestion

Stomach trouble is but a symptom of, and not in itself a true disease. We think of Dyspepsia, Heartburn, and Indigestion as real diseases, yet they are symptoms only of a certain specific nerve sickness—nothing else.

It was this fact that first correctly led Dr. Shoop in the creation of that now very popular Stomach Remedy—Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Going direct to the stomach nerves, alone brought that success and favor to Dr. Shoop and his Restorative. Without that original and highly vital principle, no such lasting accomplishments were ever to be had.

For stomach distress, bloating, biliousness, bad breath and sallow complexion, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—and see for yourself what it can and will do. We sell and cheerfully recommend.

## Dr. Shoop's Restorative

### GUESTS AT THE PARSONAGE.

"Crimson curtains, did you say, mother?"

"Yes, Peggy," Mrs. Venner continued, "crimson cloth curtains, with lace ones like fairy cobwebs next the windows."

"And easy chairs, and a real library, with oak bookcases in it, and a piano. O mother!"

"Yes, Peggy. There was not one thing lacking in my father's house. There is not. If only I could see it all again!"

"Could you play the piano now, mother, if you were there?"

"Couldn't I?" Mrs. Venner laughed. "Couldn't I? I wish my fingers had the chance to touch the old keys! But never mind, Peggy. I wouldn't go back to it and give up this. I'm sure your father is late. What time is it."

"Just four, mother, and growing dark. Children, put up your books until I light the lamp, and Bobby, you go out and get the chores done. It's going to be an awful night." Peggy managed the household.

The little frontier parsonage stood four-square to all the winds that blew. Great gusts of a wild norther were already shaking it, and the sky was hidden by heavy clouds, thick and menacing.

"Did somebody knock?" asked Mrs. Venner, starting up suddenly.

"No," said Peggy. "It was the wind." She opened the door, and closed it quickly against the freezing blast. "But father is driving up the street, and there's a woman in the buggy. She's wrapped up in cloaks and things, and I suppose she's hungry and cold. Here they are now."

A moment later, with a merry laugh and a big, hearty voice that never failed to give courage to those who heard it, Mr. Venner was at home.

The children jumped up to welcome their father. He kissed his wife and gave Peggy a hug, tossed the baby to the ceiling and deftly caught her, and all in an instant the little house seemed to overflow with pleasure and boisterous life.

"And—I beg your pardon, Miss Ames—I've brought a guest," said Mr. Venner, hastily. "My dear, this is the lady you've had letters from and written to so often. Peggy, you will be perfectly happy for once. Miss Ames has just come all the way from Boston, and we're fortunate to have her with us tonight."

"I am fortunate in being here," said the visiting secretary of the missionary association, "for Mr. Venner thinks there's going to be a great storm, and he wouldn't let me press on, as I wanted to, toward Eunoua College."

"There is danger that the train will be long delayed," said Mr. Venner. "As an old frontiersman I know our weather-signs. We can at least make you comfortable."

He piled wood up behind the stove, and had the boys bring in quantities of it. The dog and cat drowsed beside the hearth. The baby went to sleep. Peggy set the table, and soon they sat down to supper.

That night the wind rose to a furious gale, and the little house rocked like a ship in mid-ocean; but the children and the guest slept peacefully.

Mr. Venner did not undress. He sat up, feeding the fire. More than once he was sure he heard a knock, but when he opened the door no one was there. When the third time the low taps resounded between the gusts, Mr. Venner slipped on his shaggy top-coat, pulled his woolen cap over his ears, and went out doors.

"Hello, there!" he shouted.

A faint voice answered. A hand clutched his. The pastor hurriedly drew the man indoors.

"In heaven's name, my dear fellow, where did you come from and who may you be? Did you knock?"

"Knock? Not I! I've been battling in the snow for the last hour and a half. I lost my way. I thought I saw a light here, and I wanted to knock, but if you hadn't come out when you did, I never should have found the door."

"I'll make some coffee. I was sure I heard a knock," said the pastor. "Thank God, you're here! This night outside would soon have finished you. How do you happen to be on foot?"

"I'm on foot because I am a fool," said the man. "But I've tramped it a little now and then, and I had no idea that I'd get lost. I've lost my gripsack, wandering round. The fact is, I thought I'd find a cousin of mine in this town, and I wanted to surprise her."

"What is her name?"

"Her maiden name was Mary Tait, and her people live in Deerfield, Massachusetts. She married a preacher, Rufus Venner. I'm her Cousin Linda's oldest son."

"Then you are doubly welcome. I am Rufus Venner, but I won't waken my wife to-night. It's early yet, and we've a long night before us, to keep up this fire and struggle with the cold."

"Have you no neighbors?"

"None in the close Deerfield sense. But we are not quite out of the limits of civilization, for all that. Hello! There surely was a knock then."

Mr. Venner again went to the door. As he opened it, there fell across the threshold, blown in by the wind, a woman with a baby in her arms.

She had wrapped the child closely in a gray shawl, and held it cuddled against her breast. As he looked at her, lying unconscious on the floor, the minister frowned.

"This is one of my neighbors," he said. "Help me to revive her. Driven out with a child on a night like this! And James Brady is a brute only when he is in liquor. Driven out, poor Jenny, and the baby, too. I'll call my wife."

But it was not Mrs. Venner who came. She was asleep, and as her husband went to call her, Peggy spoke:

"Let mother rest, daddy. I'll come and help you. It's Jenny Brady, I suppose, and her husband's turned her out in the blizzard. Oh, the wretch!"

"Not such a wretch, dear, except when drink gets hold of him. Hurry, Peggy, and let Miss Ames come, too, if she likes."

When the girls came down, Mrs. Brady lay on the worn lounge. The baby had been tucked into the parsonage cradle. Mrs. Brady feebly opened her eyes.

"An angel led me, I am sure," she whispered. Some color came into her cheeks as she drank the coffee that Mr. Venner brought her.

Fussing over Jenny Brady and slipping her chilled feet into warm shoes, Peggy and her father missed seeing the greeting between Miss Ames and the stranger. But Rosalie Ames had stepped forward impulsively and laid her warm hand in that of a friend.

"Hugh Morgan!" she exclaimed. "You, of all people!"

"Yes, Rosalie, I, on my way to find you, and spend Christmas at Eanona. But I turned aside to look for my cousin Mary and got lost, and here I am. And, oh, the luck of it Rosalie! This is Mary's house, and that is Mary's husband, and here are you! Who cares for rough weather outside?"

"And here is little Peggy," said her father. "And, young man, just mention your name, if you please."

"Oh, let me present him!" cried Miss Ames. "He's Hugh Morgan, of Deerfield, and he was my brother's classmate at Harvard, and I've known him since I was at Smith."

The night wore on. The storm subsided, and the cold seemed a little to lessen. Mrs. Brady and her baby slept under Morgan's fur coat. Rosalie and Peggy went back to bed, and Mr. Venner and Hugh stretched themselves out on chairs near the stove. The parsonage had not many rooms. The one in which they were spending the night was the minister's study, his wife's parlor and kitchen, the children's schoolroom and the family living-room. Every department of the family life was carried on in that room, and the great stove warmed it and diffused some heat into the rooms above.

Morning dawned at last, dawned on a world of whiteness. The household wakened. Mrs. Venner came down and gave her kinsman a cordial welcome.

They had prayers and breakfast, a merry breakfast, with only poor Jenny Brady shrieking back from the general joy. She, poor woman, was afraid to go home, and afraid to stay where he was.

"Now, Jenny," said Mrs. Venner, "you stop worrying. You shall not leave here till Mr. Venner says it's quite safe, and we'll have a pleasant visit together. Your baby is so sweet, and he's not a bit the worse for last night. You kept him warm, didn't you?"

The little mother held the baby close. Her pale face was proud. Rosalie Ames and Hugh Morgan saw only a round, red-faced babe. Peggy, who was used to babies, was not much impressed.

Suddenly Morgan jumped to his feet.

"What are we thinking of!" he exclaimed. "Here's Christmas, and we've clean forgotten it. Last night was Christmas eve. This is Christmas day."

He looked shocked but Mrs. Venner laughed.

"We didn't forget, Peggy and Mr. Venner and I, but this year we've sent our gifts to people poorer than we are, and we'd made up our minds to let the day pass without anything much at home. But with Miss Ames and you and Jenny and the baby, we'll have a merry Christmas, after all! You see,

we can't celebrate in church till Sunday, the people are so scattered."

"No turkey, no tree, no presents!" muttered Hugh.

Even as he spoke there was the jingle of sleigh-bells, and a sled drawn by oxen stopped at the door. It had made its way over the drifts, driven by a shamefaced man who hung his head.

But a little woman rushed out and threw her arms around Jim Brady's neck, and once more he promised to do better; and Peggy Venner said, as she looked into his eyes, "I believe he means it this time."

The sled had brought a box that had travelled many miles to give Christmas joy to Mary Venner and her children. When it was opened there came from its depths books for the minister, clothing for everybody, toys for the children, and such candy as had never been seen on the prairie. It was a wonderful box. Hugh Morgan could have told the story of some of its contents, for he had seen it packed weeks ago. And the very best thing in it was an envelope in which was money for the pastor and his wife to spend as they pleased.

It turned out to be a very jolly Christmas. Mrs. Venner looked back on it with delight weeks after, when for the first time in twenty years she saw her old-home, and her thin fingers strayed over the keys of the old piano.

Miss Ames is still a visiting secretary, but there is a rumor abroad of her approaching marriage. Although Hugh Morgan is not a home missionary, there are many home missionary parsonages which will reap a harvest hereafter because once, on a stormy Christmas eve, he was a guest at one.

### Coronation Incidents.

The several coronations which have taken place within the last few years have brought into mind not only the curious customs with which tradition surrounds such ceremonies, but the many superstitions and omens which attend the various functions. In the past every minute detail carried meaning, and every slightest mishap in the elaborate proceedings bespoke disaster. An article dealing with coronation omens has appeared in the Nineteenth Century and After, by Charles Benham.

An unfortunate incident happened at the crowning of William the Conqueror. After the coronation oath, in which the new monarch promised to protect the church and to execute judgment and mercy, the archbishop put the question to the assembled crowd:

"Will ye have this prince to be your king?"

A clamorous response of assent startled the Norman garrison. They believed the English had revolted, and took up their swords and torches. They set houses on fire, the flames spread, and there was a general alarm.

The English, hearing of the plunder, rushed out of church. The bishops and clergy who remained were in such confusion that they could hardly go through with the act of crowning. William heard the tumult, but could not conjecture the cause, and sat trembling at the foot of the altar. No great mischief was done by the fire, but the occurrence laid the foundations of a long enmity between the English and Normans.

The day of Henry V's coronation, "being Passion Sundaie, was a sore and tempestuous day with wind, snow and sleet, so that men greatlie marvelled thereat, making divers interpretations what the same might signifie."

An incident attending the crowning of Charles Stuart was ominous. The royal barge drifted from its mooring place and stuck in the mud of the Thames. Other occurrences were unpropitious. The sermon sounded like a funeral oration, an earthquake shock was felt during the service, and the herald made a slip in his announcement, proclaiming him the "dubitable" instead of the "indubitable" heir.

When George III was installed on the throne, Lord Effingham, master of ceremonies, forgot to provide the sword of state, and the chair and canopy for the banquet. The articles had to be improvised, and the ceremonies were delayed for hours. When the king complained of the negligence, he received the delightful reply from Effingham:

"It is true, sir, that there has been some neglect, but I have taken care that the next coronation shall be regulated in the exactest manner possible."

As George was moving down the abbey with the royal circlet on his head, the great diamond fell out, and was found only after much trouble. There were not wanting in after days those who saw in the mishap the foreshadowing of the falling away of the thirteen colonies.

It is well to remember, in reading of these gloomy prophecies of doom, that such incidents are seldom thought of until an untoward event has occurred. Then the superstitious mind seeks some occurrence to serve the purpose of an omen, a thing not hard to find, since almost every occasion is attended by some unfortunate accident.

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### Twenty-Fifth Annual Statement

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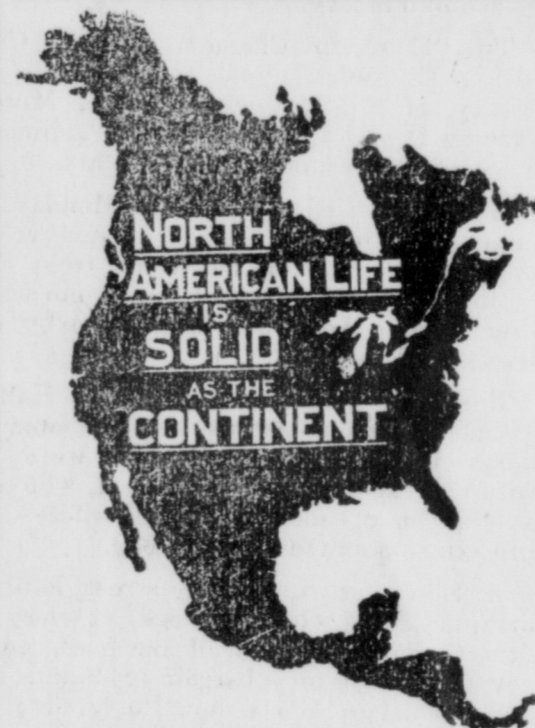
For the year ended Dec. 31st, 1905.

Standing as at Dec. 31st, 1905:

Insurance in force	\$87,827,606.00
Income	1,663,854.18
Assets	6,958,013.66
Net Surplus	570,010.42

If you require any information regarding life or endowment insurance, kindly send to address given below, your age next birthday, when full particulars will be furnished.

C. S. EVERETT,  
PROVINCIAL MANAGER, ST. JOHN, N. B.



I heard an old farmer whim out the other day: "My—hay—crop—is—a—failure." Said I, "Is your potato crop a failure?" "No." "Your oats?" "No." "Your corn?" "Oh, no! oh, no!" "Well, brother, why not begin with success and thankfulness, and then put your one failure in parenthesis at the end?" —Anon.

Piles get quick relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Remember it's made ALONE for Piles—and it works with certainty and satisfaction. Itching, painful, protruding, or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Try it and see. All Dealers.

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