

Constipation

Baked sweet apples, with some people, bring prompt relief for Constipation. With others, coarse all-wheat bread will have the same effect. Nature undoubtedly has a vegetable remedy to relieve every ailment known to man, if physicians can but find Nature's way to health. And this is strikingly true with regard to Constipation.

The bark of a certain tree in California—Cascara Sagrada—offers a most excellent aid to this end. But combined with Egyptian Sena, Slippery Elm Bark, Solid Extract of Prunes, etc., this same Cascara bark is given its greatest possible power to correct constipation. A toothsome Candy Tablet, called Lax-ets, is now made at the Dr. Sloop Laboratories, from this ingenious and most effective prescription. Its effect on Constipation, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Bad Breath, Salivary Complication, etc., is indeed prompt and satisfying.

No griping, no unpleasant after effects are experienced, and Lax-ets are put up in beautiful lithographed metal boxes at 5 cents and 25 cents per box.

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Lax-ets

ALL DEALERS

THROUGH DARKNESS.

Drewitt, the lawyer, looked surprised. "It is really in my power to do so much for a gentleman whom I have never—"

"I know you know me now?" He stepped forward. The electric light framed a clear cut face that was haggard, but determined. "Yes, I'm a Loder!" Drewitt's lips had muttered the word at once. "I have never troubled you yet, but I'm Wilfred Loder, the unluck son born after my father's death."

A queer pause. Drewitt had left the city behind him and was at home in his drawing room. He stared absently through a mirror.

"Before you go on," he said softly, "are you aware that your brother and my client, Mr. Granby Loder, is not expected to recover from this last stroke of his?"

"I am! He may be dying as I stand here, and that is why I would never have spoken for myself. But when a man—how can I help it?"

"Put it like a man of business to one whom many people have trusted with far deeper tragedies."

"Perhaps not deeper! Mr. Dewitt, I am in a position that haunts me. You know Granby; you know that he is more than double my age, and that he has been a systematic misanthrope shutting off all friendship, sneering at affection in any form."

"I don't want him to die! But what would you think if you received a queer anonymous letter, vaguely warning you against any idea of wooing or wedding if you valued certain 'expectations'? I tore the thing up—any sane man would. But some weeks ago, when I saw my brother for a moment, he made a very strange remark. It was sinister, unmistakable; it forced me to believe that he wrote that letter and with a purpose. If, because a woman once played the Delilah with him, he could carry his bitterness for the sex so far as to—"

"Ah! And what is it you wish me to do?" Drewitt's quiet, level voice followed on. And the other man drew something from his pocket.

"Look!" His tone was husky with pride. He held out the photograph of a fair, queenly woman. "That—that is Miss Freda Godwin, the rising singer, who has promised shortly to become my wife. No one guessed—I never really hoped for such happiness. But do you think I could part with her now? Not if ten fortunes hung upon it! But she knows, and her family know that I have had definite expectations; and I felt I ought to know how I stand. It's like a sword hanging over me. What—what if I hurried on the wedding arrangements, and then found that I had won her, in a sense, with a lie? I could bear it no longer. You, Mr. Dewitt, are the one who knows the exact terms of my brother's will, and I am here tonight to ask—"

"I thought so. Come, come, Mr. Loder, do you ask me seriously to betray a trust? Not tonight."

"You will not?" The haggard, handsome face worked almost piteously. "Is it such a terrible crime? I care little, but to let me go on living perhaps, a gigantic lie to the woman I prize most!—and considering the monstrous nature of a will imposing such—"

"Drewitt gave a curious little smile that he was to remember long afterward. "Better end it, Mr. Loder. There is mere professional honor, and there is the fact that Mr. Granby Loder holds my promise never to divulge what I wrote! I can speak. Good night! Er—one word! He is signed as a friend, you know. Go straight to your brother's house. Put your question to him as man to man. State your position frankly. The hour and the circumstances justify it."

Drewitt watched the strong, tall figure sink heavily back into a cab that had waited outside. The cab had rattled feverishly away westward.

Half an hour more and he was striding up the gravelled path that led to the Dalwich house.

"Mr. Wilfred?" It was Granby's peering housekeeper, and she stood significantly square. "Haven't you heard. He cannot see any one. His own orders; I daren't break them for any one. Will you wait and see the doctor?"

"Who is that?" It came in the pause—a sweet, subdued voice down the staircase. His white face was turned up in involuntary appeal. He caught his first glimpse of a slight little figure in nurse's uniform, and of calm eyes that seemed to understand at once. "Is that Mr. Loder's brother? You wish to see him."

"I do—I have a right to!" "You have!" flashed down. "Come with me. Mr. Loder is in my charge; I will answer for all." They were at the room above, and something had made him glad to pause and press the small fingers tightly. It was the supreme moment, and she seemed to divine it. "You will find him quite rational and free from pain now, but tomorrow might be too late. Simply open the door and call Sister Bessie! if you need to."

The calm voice, the clear, grave eyes were like hypnotism to his nerves. He walked straight across to the shadowy four poster in the corner. "Granby," he said, "do you know me? Can we speak like sons of one mother—now?"

No answer. Only his own muffled heart-thump broke the paralyzing stillness of this great, cold room. Even now the face upon the pillow lay grim and hard, as if carved there in granite.

His brother was in deep sleep. And just then it seemed a criminal thing to wake him. And then—what then? He hardly knew.

He had paused at the door for one last irresolute glance back; and that glance took in the ponderous, worn eaten old writing cabinet in the far corner. He tip-toed across almost unconsciously, and looked down at it in mute question. A key projected from the top lock.

He turned the key, lifted a flap, grasped a stack of papers, and dropped upon his knees. It seemed as if his own and Freda's fate hinged upon this moment. . . . It had gone; other followed it—moments lost from his life. He knew nothing more until that rustle sounded behind and a trembling hand hovered upon his shoulder.

"You came for—that? Mr. Loder! What have you—what have I done?"

"Look! His signed will! Sixty thousand pounds of it to me—providing I remain as I am for ten years. If I refuse—nothing. I am beggared. By my own brother! Think—put yourself in my place before you speak. He guessed; he knew. My love is to cost me every farthing of it. It's mine on that one condition!"

"Your love?" She had to repeat it, in that strange moment, all else blotted out. "You love some one—is that it? You have found some one who is worth such a sacrifice? Then you are the happiest of men. You need not have stooped to this."

"I'm so sorry. Trust me and go," she whispered. "Yes; you would not care to speak to him now. I must guard him. Go! Be true to yourself—you will!"

He strode on automatically. It was the sound of a clock striking ten that recalled him to himself. There would be just a chance of catching Freda alone as she left the concert hall for home. Lose her? He could not. He only longed now to hold her in his arms, to watch her face as he told her what he had learned that night—what price he was gladly willing to pay for his promised happiness.

"Freda!"

Flushed with success, the echo of applause still ringing in her ears, she had just come from the hall, and was lifting her skirts for a sweep across the crowded roadway. She drew away a little as if the clasp of his shaking hand had communicated some prescience.

"What has happened?" she demanded in her low, rich voice. "You frighten me. Don't take my arm in that way—not here—everyone is looking at us!"

"What of it? I want you—you are mine now! I've something to tell you; it is right you should know it at once. Shall we walk a little way, or must you—"

"What is it?" she repeated. The smile had died out of her eyes. "You are so strange lately! Cannot you tell me at once in a few words?"

"Yes! That money—that money is not to come to me unless I promise not to marry within ten years. Can you guess my answer?"

"Is this a trick to—to get free of me?"

"Freda," he rattled. "Don't—don't say that."

"What, then? You expect me to—you could ask any woman to wait for you ten years."

"No; nor ten weeks, Freda; don't you understand? I renounce it; I refuse his money; it has gone out of my life. I have only you!"

"I—I'm terribly sorry." His hand had slipped from here, as she shivered away and looked around. In that moment, staring past him, her face looked stony, contemptuous, different. "I—I think you might have found it out before. It is more than any woman could expect of you, and so—"

"Don't worry; I can fall back upon my voice." "You're not going? Freda, you couldn't mean that!" he got out brokenly.

"Indeed, I do!" She set her teeth and drew up her skirts again. "Do you suppose I could allow you to sacrifice yourself and me

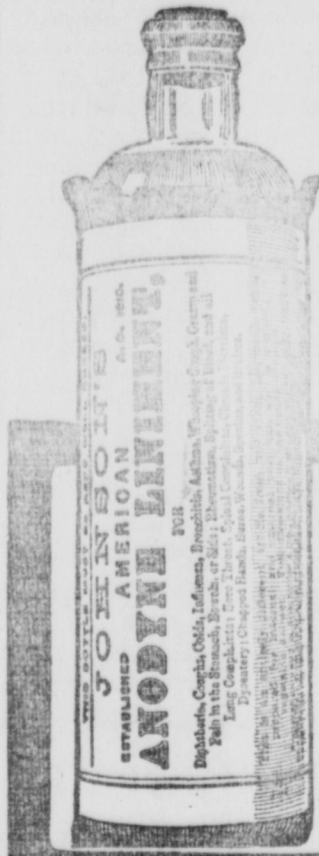
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—in that quixotic fashion? I hope not. No!" She put back the imploring hand petulantly. "Remember where we are! Better understand each other at once than prolong a hopeless farce. I will write to you if you can't understand. You've been very good, but a good heart won't carry two of us through life. No; I say good night—and good-by!"

"Freda!" He had taken one stumbling step after her as she swiftly crossed the roadway. His straining eyes saw her vanish in the crowd opposite. She was gone—glad to go! He stood like a blind, deaf man. He heard no shouts; he turned to grope back—and something struck him. He was down; a horse reared upon him; a vehicle was dragged over the spot. A crimson midst, the surge of white faces, and then a blank.

When the dark curtain lifted, it seemed that years had gone from his life. Slowly he remembered, and closed them again with a moan. A hand soft as a flake of snow touched his burning forehead; a far-off voice whispered his name; but he was willing to let the curtain fall again forever.

"Lie quite still; you are safe, and so much better!"

It was the same compelling subdued voice that reached his dull brain later that same day, as he turned and moaned and turned. He had to look up, and his hollow eyes windowed back to the soft wistfulness in those of Sister Bessie. She smoothed the damp hair back from his forehead as a guardian angel might have done. "Be at peace—forget it all now!" she said softly. "Nurse knows all. No, I would not let any one else hear, but—but you have told me in your poor dreams. All over now? Going to try for a new lease of life? I wanted so much to ask you. But you can! Happiness comes from within, as it always did!"

"They found your card; the cab brought you here, and I was sent by the doctor to you almost at once, as soon as—yes! can you bear to hear it?—your brother passed away that same night in his sleep. We thought for a time you would follow him." Her quiet voice quivered and steadied. No, I won't talk of it now. I know what you have suffered in mind as well as in body. Mr. Drewitt, the lawyer, is waiting to tell you the rest."

"Mr. Drewitt?" he repeated huskily. "What does this mean?" He looked at her. "You tell me—I wish it!"

"Only—only that it was a mistake. You won't be upset or surprised when he comes. He—he could have told you all along that that condition would not hold good in law. And your brother had negated it by another will, a later one, in which he made no such—Oh, have I done right in speaking? I felt I ought, after what I knew, in case you wished to write—"

He had turned his face to the wall—drawn his hand away; she heard a sob. For one wild moment that old dream flickered up in him; then it died quite out. She had not wanted him; she had thought first of his money. His hand came slowly out again.

"Thanks," he whispered. "You've helped me. It's all over—all over now. I can forgive her; I've only to forget."

Only to forget! It seemed impossible at that moment; but one year later the tenderness of a true woman's sympathy had blotted out all but the bare memory. He knew when he stood at the altar with the calm, slight little figure of the angel who had nursed him back to health that that mistake of his had been a darkness through which he groped to golden light.

For Rheumatic Sufferers.

The quick relief from pain afforded by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm makes it a favorite with sufferers from rheumatism, sciatica, lame back, lumbago, and deep seated and muscular pains. For sale by All Dealers.

WE have just about completed Stock-Taking, and we have a few lines of goods that we are offering BELOW COST to clear. If you want a Bargain call early and make a selection.

W. F. DIBBLEE & SON.

Twenty-Fifth Annual Statement

OF THE
North American Life Assurance Company

For the year ended Dec. 31st, 1905.

Standing as at Dec. 31st, 1905:

Insurance in force	837,827,606.00
Income	1,063,854.13
Assets	6,958,013.66
Net Surplus	370,010.42

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.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of New Brunswick, at the next session for the passing of an Act to incorporate the "Saint John River Boom Company" with power to purchase, build, erect, place and maintain booms, piers and other works in the Saint John River and branches and on both sides of the Saint John River and branches, for the more convenient collecting, picking up, securing and rafting timber, logs, masts, spars, cedars and other lumber floating in or down the River Saint John and branches, and for carrying on and managing the same and for carrying on and managing the duties and business of a Boom Company.

Dated at Fredericton this twenty-fifth day of January A. D. 1907.

WINSLOW & ALLEN,
Solicitor for Applicants.

Feb'y 6-4i.

Estate George Leary.

Any one indebted to the estate of George Leary late of the Parish of Brighton, deceased, is hereby requested to make payment to the undersigned, who will receive all bills properly attested as owing by deceased.

GEORGE DURRELL GRIMMER,
St. Andrews.
Dec. 12, 3 mos.

Dear Sir,

Does your Pung need Painting? If so I shall be glad to paint it for you in a first-class manner at the lowest possible price.

Yours truly,

F. L. MOOERS,
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over Loane's Factory,
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MONEY TO LOAN

On Real Estate.

APPLY TO D. McLEOD VINCE

Barrister-at-Law, Woodstock, N. B.