

## Weak Women

To weak and ailing women, there is at least one way to help. But with that way, two treatments must be combined. One is local, one is constitutional, but both are important, both essential. Dr. Shoop's Night Cure is the local. Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the Constitutional. The former—Dr. Shoop's Night Cure—is a topical mucous membrane suppository remedy, while Dr. Shoop's Restorative is wholly an internal treatment. The Restorative reaches throughout the entire system, seeking the repair of all nerve, all tissue, and all blood ailments. The "Night Cure", as its name implies, does its work while you sleep. It soothes sore and inflamed mucous surfaces, heals local weaknesses and discharges, while the Restorative, causes nervous excitement, gives renewed vigor and ambition, builds up wasted tissues, bringing about renewed strength, vigor, and energy. Take Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—as a general tonic to the system. For positive local help, use as well

## Dr. Shoop's Night Cure

ALL DEALERS

### THE QUEST.

It was a cheap lodging house, where as many as two or three families sometimes occupied one room or cellar and perhaps took boarders. Newly-arrived immigrants from Italy who could not speak English, or had little money, often came here and, if economical or shiftless, very likely remained. The more ambitious and energetic soon went in search of better quarters.

Petro was the name given by one of these new arrivals and though the clothing he wore was evidently coarser than what he was accustomed to, yet it was so much better than his surroundings that the other boarders looked at him askance. The morning after he came the proprietor went to him.

"What is your business?" he asked abruptly.

Petro did not even look towards him. They were standing by the door and the eager, restless eyes were scanning the people in the street.

"I paid you my lodgings last night for a week," was the cold answer.

"Yes I know," with less aggressiveness in the voice, "but I help my countrymen get start. If you hand-organ man I have hand-organ to rent; if you grind knife or sell fruit or works by day I have grind stones and push carts and I know where hire you out. I help my countrymen."

"Thank you but I do not need your assistance."

The proprietor frowned angrily, his small black eyes studying his lodger with open suspicion. Petro's fingers were long and white and there was no unwashed accumulation upon his neck and face and behind his ears, as was the case of the other lodgers; and then he talked pure American, better than the landlord himself, who had been in the country ten years.

"Got a more money to pay?" he demanded.

"We will see at the end of the week," was the absent reply.

Petro's thoughts were so evidently pre-occupied with the street that the proprietor turned away, his face darkening.

"Well," he snarled back, "you betta be careful. The police court be close by and they watch sharp."

That evening a reporter was walking along the sidewalk, his eyes open for local color. Opposite the lodging house he suddenly stopped. The low, yearning cry of a violin was floating out, falling now almost in to silence, as though in despair, and then rising, rising entreatingly, imperiously, until one's very soul demanded to be released to go in answer. It was not the work of an amateur, nor of an merely good player, but of a master, such as may be heard at rare intervals uptown, but never on Elizabeth street. The reporter listened until the last note died away in a low sob and then went into the lodging house. But the player was sitting at an open window in an upper room and would not be disturbed.

All through the night the sobbing wail and the imperious entreaty lingered in the reporter's brain, at his desk in the Park Row office, in his own lodging house, finally entering into his dreams—and always as of something half remembered. The next day, while gathering news at the clubs, in the immigrant office, at the police station, the notes still floated tantalizingly in his thoughts. But it was not until he went to the grand opera in the evening that he remembered. It was a little Italian love song and had been played in that very theatre two winters before.

A few evenings later he was again on Elizabeth street, and once more heard the wailing sob and imperious entreaty, but this time several blocks lower down. The player was sitting on a box behind a bootblack's stand, his head bent low over the violin, but his eager restless eyes studying the people who were passing about him. Again the reporter tried to interview him and again was repulsed.

After that whenever he went to the Italian quarter in the evening, the violin was sure to be playing the same exquisite love song, but always at a different part of the street. And no matter how important his engagement or limited his time, the reporter paused to listen

to the master hand, until the music died away in a last low sob.

One day he went to the manager of an opera.

"Look here," he said, "there's a fellow down on Elizabeth street who can play better than anyone in your employ. It may be worth your while to see him."

That evening Petro played on a corner where there was a great deal of passing. The two listened until the last low note died away, and then sought him. On the manager's face was a look of amazement.

"Where do you play?" he demanded.

"In open windows, on the sidewalk, like this."

"But great scott! you cannot earn much."

"I do not ask anything."

"Well, then," an eagerness coming into his voice, which he did not attempt to conceal. "I will give you \$50 a week to come and play for me."

Petro shook his head.

"I left 1,000 lire, \$200 to come here," he answered.

He rose from the box upon which he had been sitting, tucked his violin under his arm and was moving away, but the manager's hand was upon his shoulder.

"Wait a minute," he said earnestly. "I want to have a little talk. Come in here. And you also," to the reporter.

They were at the entrance of an upstairs restaurant, and after a moment's hesitation Petro allowed himself to be drawn in. At the table the manager gave him his card.

"That is my name," he said, "now, I want you to play for me, and you can name your own price."

Petro glanced at the card, his eyes brightened a little as though in recognition.

"Yes," he said "I know of you. You brought Carusa to America. He has told me of you. You are a good manager to work for."

"What!" with wonder in his eyes, "you know Carusa, and playing here on Elizabeth street? I do not understand. But you will name a price? No?" at the utter refusal on the other's face. "Then at least you will tell me why? Believe me I am your friend. I am the friend of any man who can play like you do. Is there no assistance I can give you?"

For a minute Petro's eyes remained cold; then he threw out his arms, suddenly, passionately, letting them fall upon the table. The two men looked at each other. It was like the last sobbing note of the love song.

"Yes," he said drearily, "there is no reason why I should not tell. I have tried and failed, and now it does not matter. It was only that I did not like notoriety—but even that does not matter now. In my own country I loved a girl named Francesca. We were betrothed; but I did not dare to tell her people, for she was noble and I was not and I had no money. I loved music, and went away and studied and in time began to earn money, and at last made an engagement for two years and went to England and France and came to America. When it was over I was rich, and I went straight to Italy and bought a castle and then went for Francesca."

He was silent for some minutes, his head dropping upon his hands. At length he went on in the same dreary voice: "She was gone. Her people had lost money, her mother died and her father had brought her to America. I followed and found her father had died here on this street and Francesca had disappeared. I dressed in rough clothes and have been searching ever since. That is all, only the little love song I play is one she used to like. I have never heard the song played by anyone else. When Francesca hears it she will know I am near and will come."

The manager had been regarding him closely.

"Your face seems half familiar," he said, "but I do not seem to recall the name Petro."

"It is not my name," quietly. "I took it to save annoyance. But the name does not matter. Now I will go."

"Why can't you play for me, a few nights at least? urged the manager. "You can still continue to search."

"I shall not play any more, except as I do now, without price, until I find her," was the answer. "I have played the song at every Italian corner on this street, but there are some of my countrymen in other parts of the city. I shall not give up the search until I have made the violin call her name in every block in New York."

A month later there was a benefit at the manager's theatre for the sufferers by a fire on Elizabeth street. As soon as it was announced, Petro went to the manager's office.

"I will play for this if you like," he said.

"Good! And what name shall I put on the bill?"

"Just Petro."

So "Petro, violin," went on the bill, and when he appeared on the stage there was no applause to greet him for the name was strange. But when the bow rippled caressingly across the strings a great hush fell upon the house, which lasted through two selections; and then the violinist's head sank upon his instrument, and a low yearning cry floated out, which changed and rose into a passionate, imperative entreaty that carried

the audience on breathless to the last sobbing note.

With the first pleading cry there had come a smothered exclamation from the back of the audience, and now, as the last note sobbed away into silence, there was a joyous "Bernardot, oh Bernardot!" and oblivious of the faces staring on either side, the girl was hurrying toward the stage, her head held high, her arms extended, to meet the man who had already leaped down among the audience and was coming toward her.

### Attacking a System.

On every side I hear strange insistence upon the fact that it is only the system that is wrong. I hear people utter the following extraordinary words: "We do not attack individuals."

What, in the name of the seven planets, can you attack except individuals? How can one fight a system? If a system came into this room, what would you do to it? Would you take a gun or a fencing foil or a butterfly net or a horsewhip or a disinfectant?

A system only exists in the minds of men, and if there is a very vile system in the minds of men there must be something very vile about their minds.

I do not say that they may not have other virtues along with the qualities that make the bad system. I do not say that the upholders of any bad system are without any moral merits. I do not say that the Italian brigands are without any moral merits. But, however good or evil may be mingled in the character of an Italian brigand, nobody ever said that in dealing with persons of that profession you were not to attack individuals.

You do not, in dealing with brigands, say that you merely attack the system. You attack the brigands—that is, supposing that you are in possession of the adequate bodily courage.—C. K. Chesterton in Illustrated London News.

### Cured of Rheumatism.

Mr. Wm. Henry of Chattanooga, Tenn., had rheumatism in his left arm. "The strength seemed to have gone out of his muscles so that it was useless for work," he says. "I applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm and wrapped the arm in flannel at night, and to my relief found that the pain gradually left me and the strength returned. In three weeks the rheumatism had disappeared and has not since returned." If troubled with rheumatism try a few applications of Pain Balm. You are certain to be pleased with the relief which it affords. For sale by All Dealers.

A Russian peasant journeyed to the nearest town to buy himself a pair of new boots, and after profiting by the occasion to imbibe plenty of vodka started homeward, but soon fell asleep on the road, where he was relieved of his new boots by a passing thief. About an hour afterward a cart came along and the carter, arousing him, called out:

"Take those legs of yours out of the way, can't you?"

The Russian staggered to his feet, and, regarding his legs' gravely, said: "Those legs aren't mine. Mine had new boots on."

### Whooping Cough.

I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family in cases of whooping cough, and want to tell you that it is the best medicine I have ever used.—W. F. GASTON, POSCO, Ga. This remedy is safe and sure. For sale by All Dealers.

The great cause of social crime is drink, the great cause of poverty is drink. When I hear of a family broken up, and ask the cause—drink. If I go to the gallows, and ask its victim the cause, the answer—drink. Then I ask myself in perfect wonderment, Why do not men put a stop to this thing?—Archbishop Ireland.

The young man who makes everything converge on fortune-building has established an ideal that will feed like a cancer on the finer virtues. Things there are that money cannot buy. It is said that Gladstone died poor because he was too busy to make money.

Prof. Haecker, at the recent meeting of the Minnesota State Agricultural Society, made the statement that when he wanted to raise a nice, healthy calf from one of the high-testing Jersey cows, he raised it on Holstein milk.

Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular, published in New York, warns the saloon that it must reform or go, for people are becoming disgusted with its evils. This is significant, for no one will put it down as the words of a temperance visionary or alarmist.

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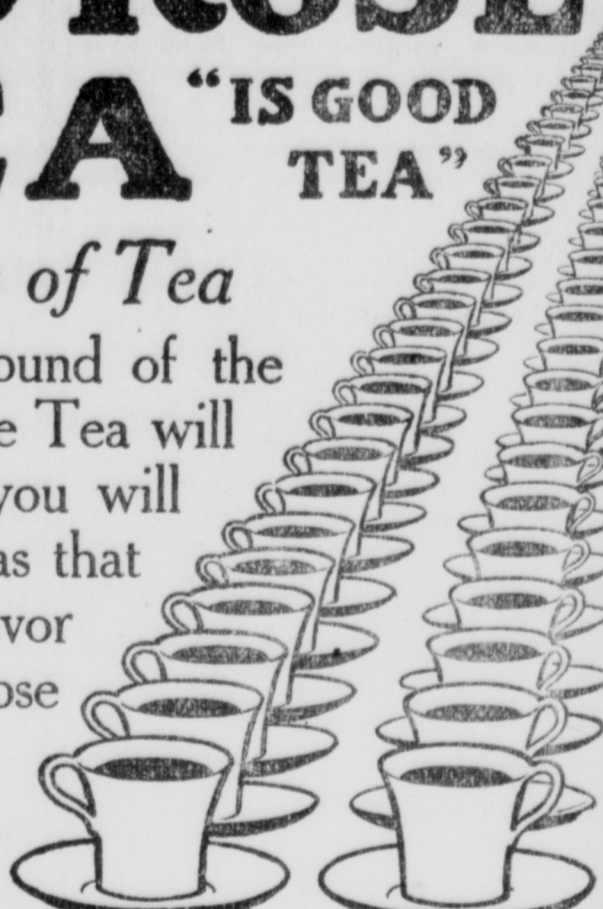
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