

The "Jolts" and "Jars" of Life

are what use people up. Most people live pretty well up to the limit of their powers, and so long as everything goes smoothly that is apparently all right; but a "jolt" or a "jar" in the shape of business worries, domestic anxieties, or an attack of La Grippe, Pneumonia, Typhoid, or other wasting disease, suddenly reveals the fact that there is a sad lack of reserve force to meet these contingencies and the result is serious, often fatal. A wise man will see to it that his system is fully fortified against sudden attack. To attain this result nothing is so sure and effective as

FERROL

This fact has been fully established by actual experience. If, therefore, you feel you are not in first-class shape physically, do not fail to take a course of FERROL at once. It contains Cod Liver Oil, Iron and Phosphorus—just what you need, it is easy to take, never fails, and you

"Know What You Take"

ANGELA'S SACRIFICE.

A silvery light fell upon the two women as they sat on the verandah. The moon was shining from a cloudless sky, and the chirping of the insects told that the summer was far advanced. The house, although a modest one in all its appointments, seemed to speak of the refinement and ambitious longings of its mistress. The well-kept grass plot was bordered with flowers, and the vine-wreathed porch might have done honor to a home where the income is unlimited and cultivated taste could be gratified just for the wishing.

Only the chirping of the insects, the footfall of an occasional passer-by and the distant murmur of the noise of the town as it was borne on the breeze broke the evening stillness. The Gaylord house stood on the edge of New Essex, and a little remote from the more frequented thoroughfares. The carriages of the well-to-do and pedestrians in search of pleasant rambles were alone likely to break the seclusion of this retreat. At last Mrs. Gaylord's voice broke the silence.

"Angela," her voice was a little sharp, "why are you so quiet this evening?"

"I beg your pardon, mother," Angela apologized for her seeming neglect. "I admit that I am becoming very absent-minded."

Mrs. Gaylord, though slightly mollified by her daughter's answer, did not seem entirely satisfied. "You have scarcely seemed yourself this summer," she said, complainingly.

"It's the weather, perhaps," Angela acquiesced. "I've felt a little languid." She leaned her head against the back of her willow chair—a tall, slim woman, nearing forty. Grace redeemed her body from angularity; the distinction of refined intelligence gave interest to her face. It had, too, something of the wistfulness of waiting and the sadness of unfulfilled desires to lend it quality. Her mother, of a more imperious type—dark, alert and domineering, for all her seventy years—frowned as she spoke again.

"I wish that you might have a chance, that you might give up your work for this year," she said, with an air of thwarted impatience.

"Dear mother, don't speak of such a thing, for I cannot think of it. Shall we not take a walk in the moonlight before retiring?"

"Not to-night. I think that I'll go at once to my room." And Mrs. Gaylord was on her feet, a look of injured authority on her face. "You have changed so, Angela. You are getting so unreasonable. I do not know what has come over you," she added as she left the porch.

Angela, left to her own reflections, sat still for a few minutes, her hands lying languidly in her lap, her troubled eyes unseeingly bent on the glories of the moonlit night, her lips parted in a sigh. She had been in a particularly reminiscent mood this summer. Her whole life seemed spread before her, and as she gazed at each detail in the monotonous path that had been her portion she felt more than a passing pang as she realized how little anyone understood how great a sacrifice she had made when she deliberately gave up a life of ease.

At eighteen, full of joyous anticipations for the future, she had found herself, on the death of her father, without support and with even the responsibility of helping to care for the family. She had assumed the burden cheerfully, and had gone into the schoolroom so uncomplainingly that it was the general comment that she was a born teacher and had found her mission in life.

Her two brothers, both younger than herself, she had carefully shielded, that they might have a chance to finish their education

and work themselves into a successful business career, unhampered by domestic cares. She had watched each upward step they had taken, rejoicing with them over their good fortune and giving them unstinted encouragement for success yet to come.

Angela's first disappointment came when Charles, the elder of the two brothers, who had become prosperous, married and settled in a home of his own before giving her a chance to lay off for her rainy day. But she still had John—her beloved younger brother John. When the evil days came and she was no longer able to bear her burden he would shield her and protect her, for he would not forget what she had done for him.

But John also had decided that he preferred the cares of his own household to those of his mother's, and now Angela was nearing forty, already recognized by the family as having passed the old-maid limit and viewed with suspicion by the brothers as they saw signs that meant she might some day be a pensioner on their bounty.

"It's too bad Angela never married," she once overheard one of the brothers remark. "But she was always quiet and never attractive to the men." A great lump came into Angela's throat as she remembered how hard it had been for her to give up all that she had, and how much truth there is in the statement that the single daughter often has a more thrilling romance locked in her heart than any of her married sisters.

She had come to feel that there was an impassable gulf between her and her family. She had given them her all, and in return they had, unconsciously, let her know that she was regarded as one that had been forgotten from sheer unattractiveness, and was likely to be a burden in the future.

She left the porch to walk a little distance in the moonlight that her troubled spirits might be soothed before retiring for the night. She had grown so accustomed to carrying for herself that she never thought of hesitating because she had no company for an evening ramble. She was wondering why her mother could not see, as she did, that there was no place in the family for her. She must care for herself, do for herself to the end of time.

Angela walked on, too wrapped in unpleasant reflection to notice that she was going to meet any one.

"Miss Angela!" the voice—the manner of saying it seemed familiar. It recalled former days when she had looked forward to being wooed and won as other girls had been. It spoke of her own heart's secret.

"Judge Webster!" Angela's voice was miserable. They stood silent a moment. "I came out for a breath of air," she explained. "I did not know that I had gone so far—I did not think of meeting anyone. I must be returning."

"I, likewise, thought a moonlight ramble would soothe my spirits," he said. "I was in a reminiscent mood to-night, and my thoughts must have been my guiding star, for I was thinking of you. You will let me walk back with you."

They walked along in silence for a few minutes. It was Judge Webster who broke the spell. "Angela." She started. But once before in the never-to-be-forgotten past had James Webster addressed her in this familiar way. "Do you remember that we took this same moonlight walk just twenty years ago tonight?"

Could she ever forget it? She had found herself on that night at the meeting of two paths, and had been asked to make her choice. The one seemed to lead through flowery beds of ease, with wealth and position in prospect and the tender, protecting care of James Webster in promise. The other was the path of duty, and, though the way looked long and dark, the voices of her mother and brothers seemed calling to her to keep in it and not forsake them in their hour of need.

With wonderful resolution she had made her choice and had locked her secret in her heart safe from the prying eyes of family and friends. And no one, not even James Webster himself, had been allowed to know the heart-breaking struggle it had all cost her.

It was Judge Webster's voice that called her back to the present moment. He took up his story where he seemed to have left it twenty years before. He had watched Angela's sacrifice of self and her devotion to her family. He had even divined that there had been little appreciation felt for all that she had done. All this had only strengthened his early love. Now would she not come to one who still needed her as much as in the heyday of her youth?

He told it all in such a manly, straightforward way, lacking, perhaps, some of the enthusiasm of youth, but full of the earnestness of mature years. And Angela knew that her secret was a secret no longer, but a beautiful fruition.

It's a pleasure to tell our readers about a Cough Cure like Dr. Shoop's. For years Dr. Shoop has fought against the use of Opium, Chloroform, or other unsafe ingredients commonly found in Cough remedies. Dr. Shoop, it seems, has welcomed the Pure Food and Drug Law, recently enacted, for he has worked along similar lines many years. For nearly 20 years Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure containers have had a warning printed on them against Opium and other narcotic poisons. He has thus made it possible for mothers to protect their children by simply insisting on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Sold by All Dealers.

SCORED ANOTHER WONDERFUL VICTORY

One More Added to the Long List of Cures Effectuated by Psychine.

This young lady, who lives in Brownsville, near Woodstock, Ont., tells her own story in a few effective words of how she obtained deliverance from the terrible grip of weakness and disease.

I have to thank Psychine for my present health. Two years ago I was going into a decline. I could hardly drag myself across the floor. I could not sweep the carpet.

If I went for a drive in my car I would have to lie down when I came back. If I went for a mile on two on my wheel I was too weak to lift it through the gateway, and last time I came in from having a spin I dropped utterly helpless from fatigue. My father would give me no peace until I procured Psychine, knowing it was excellent for decline or weakness. I must say the results are wonderful, and people remarked my improvement. Instead of a little, pale, hollow eyed, listless, melancholy girl, I am to-day full of life, ready for a sleigh-ride, a skating match, or an evening party with anyone, and a few months ago I could not struggle to church 40 rods from my home. I have never had the slightest cause to fear any return of the disease. ELLA MURIEL WOOD, Brownsville, Ont.



Thousands of women are using PSYCHINE, because they know from experience that in it they have a safe friend and deliverer. Psychine is a wonderful tonic, purifying the blood, driving out disease germs, gives a ravenous appetite, aids digestion and assimilation of food, and is a positive and absolute cure for disease of throat, chest, lungs, stomach and other organs. It quickly builds up the entire system, making sick people well and weak people strong.

PSYCHINE (PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

for sale at all druggists at 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle, or at Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Laboratory, 179 King St. West, Toronto.

Dr. Root's Kidney Pills are a sure and permanent cure for Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Pain in the Back and all forms of Kidney Trouble. 25c per box, at all dealers.

Power of Falling Water.

By way of experiment, an American, who is mentioned as 'a sport and an acrobat,' made a wager in Vienna with an athlete that the latter could not endure the falling of a pint of water on his hand, drop by drop, in one spot, from a height of only three feet. The athlete had an enormous hand, lined with skin almost as thick and tough as cowhide. But when about 300 drops had fallen there was a change of opinion, and at the 420th drop he gave up, declaring that he could no longer endure the torture.—'Tit-Bits'.

Try This For Your Cough.

To relieve a cough or break up a cold in twenty-four hours, the following simple formula, the ingredients of which can be obtained of any good prescription druggist at small cost, is all that will be required: Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure), one-half ounce; Glycerine, two ounces; good whiskey, a half pint. Shake well and take in teaspoonful doses every four hours. The desired results can not be obtained unless the ingredients are pure. It is therefore better to purchase the ingredients separately and prepare the mixture yourself. Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure) should be purchased in the original half-ounce vials, which druggists buy for dispensing. Each vial is securely sealed in a round wooden case which protects the Oil from exposure to light. Around the wooden case is an engraved wrapper with the name—'Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure)'—plainly printed thereon. There are many imitations and cheap productions of Pine, but these only create nausea, and never effect the desired results.

Fierce Exercise.

(Boston 'Herald'.)

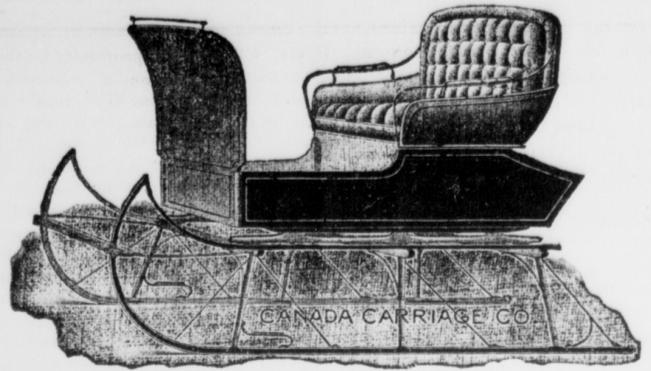
Dr. H. N. Waite, of Vermont had a patient on one occasion who although comparatively a young man seemed to be in a decline so after a long consultation the doctor said to him: 'Medicine may modify your symptoms but regular exercise will bring you permanent relief. You don't take exercise enough.'

'Don't take exercise enough!' exclaimed the patient. 'Why, I've been chairman of the committee on collection of our pastor's salary for twelve years.'

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES

Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days 50c.

Busy people are generally helpful in some department of life. But busy-bodies are in the employ of the devil and are injurious wherever they are found and ruinous to the church of Christ.



A customer to whom we sold one of the above splendid rigs a few days ago, says:

"It's the Finest Pung I have ever seen."

That's what they all say, and they ARE the finest, too—See them before you buy—Stocks with our agents at Grand Falls, Aroostook Junction, Perth, andover, Bath, Florenceville, Hartland and Meductic

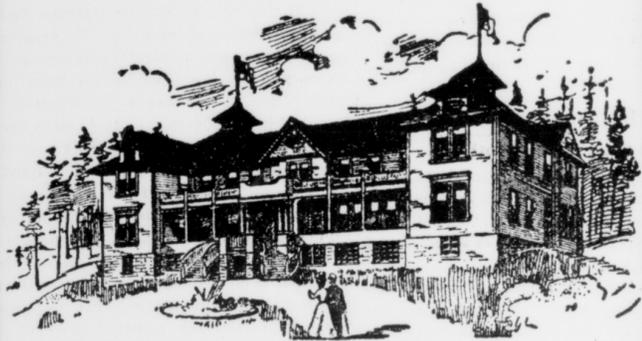
BALMAIN BROS., Connell St., Woodstock.

It cannot be too clearly stated, for the statement is beyond any qualification or contradiction, that never since the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives was opened in 1902, has a single applicant been refused admission, because of his or her poverty.

More, perhaps, than any other charity in Canada the

MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES

is dependent upon the contributions of the Canadian public for its maintenance.



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING—MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES

Private philanthropy has erected the buildings, providing accommodation to-day for 75 patients, and which the trustees are prepared to extend, if circumstances warrant it, to 100 beds.

These beds are for those in any part of Canada, without means, who are suffering from this terrible disease in the incipient stage.

There is no large endowment, as in some public institutions, the interest of which will go a long way to pay the running expenses.

The monthly bills, covering cost of administration, salaries of medical men, nursing, clerical and domestic staff, besides the heavy expenditure for maintenance of each patient, are dependent for payment almost entirely on the contributions that come to the treasurer from kind friends throughout the Dominion.

Could Not Pay—Has Young Wife and Child.

DR. G. F. CAMPBELL, GRAND VALLEY, ONT.—I have a patient, 26 years of age, with tuberculosis. His circumstances are not such that he could pay, as he has a young wife and child to support. Could you make room for him at the Sanitarium? I think he might improve. Let me know what you would advise.

Destitute.

J. AUSTIN, KINMOUNT, ONT.—We have a man, unmarried and destitute, afflicted with lung trouble, whom we wish to send to the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives. Please let me know what we have to do to gain admission for him.

Where Will Your Money Do More Good?

Contributions may be sent to SIR WM. R. MEREDITH, Kt., Chief Justice, Osgoode Hall, Toronto, or W. J. GAGE, Esq., 54 Front Street, W., Toronto.

Applications for admission and any other information from J. S. ROBERTSON, Secretary National Sanitarium Association, (Saturday Night Building), 28 Adelaide Street W., Toronto, Canada.

Will You Be One

Of the large number of young men and women who will enroll at

Fredericton Business College

next term? You may enter any time after Jan. 1st. The sooner the better. Attendance for fall term larger than ever. Have had applications for far more graduates than we could supply. Write for FREE catalogue, to

W. J. OSBORNE, Principal, Fredericton, N.B.

Meeting of County Council.

The regular semi-annual meeting of the County Council of the Municipality of Carleton, will be held at the Court House, on TUESDAY the EIGHTH day of January next, at TEN of the clock in the forenoon.

Dated this Sixteenth day of December, A. D. 1906.

J. C. HARTLEY, Secretary-Treasurer Municipality of Carleton