

DOCTORS USING PATENT MEDICINES

The Honest Physician is Anxious to Cure and Uses the Best Available Remedies.

The proposed legislation through the Dominion Parliament for the regulation of the manufacture and sale of patent or proprietary medicines is of the utmost importance, and it is receiving a great deal of attention, not only by the proprietary medicine manufacturers, but also by the leading doctors and druggists. Every manufacturer of reliable and high class remedies welcomes the bill as a step in the right direction. The discussion has brought out the fact that the best physicians in Canada and on the continent approve of and prescribe Psychine in cases of the most difficult character. In a recent instance of very serious throat and lung trouble the patient had been using Psychine. Two leading United States specialists were consulted, in addition to two eminent Canadian physicians. Upon learning what the patient was using, a sample of Psychine was taken and analyzed, with the result that the physicians advised its continuance. They prescribed no other medicine but Psychine, with the result that the patient has fully recovered and is a splendid walking and talking advertisement for the wonderful curative power of a remedy that will "stand up" before the keenest professional criticism and analysis. As a builder up of the system and restorer of all wasted conditions, Psychine has no equal, and the best and most earnest physicians recognize this fact.

At the age of 25 my lungs were in a terrible state. I had a gripe the year before; it settled on my lungs and I kept steadily growing worse till I got down so low I was in bed for six weeks. I had a consultation of doctors, and they said they could do nothing more for me. Then I started to use Psychine. I took the medicine for more than a year. It certainly did wonders for me. I am now as strong as I was before my sickness.

MRS. H. HOPE

Morpeth, Ont.

Psychine, pronounced Si-keen, is the greatest of tonics, building up the system, increasing the appetite, purifying the blood, aids digestion, and acts directly upon the throat and lungs, giving tone and vigor to the entire system. At all druggists, 50c. and \$1.00. Dr. T. A. Sloan, Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto.

CONSOLATION.

"If it's any consolation to either of us," Harley said, with a glance at the girl beside him, "I hear we've behaved splendidly."

The girl poked the gravel with the point of her parasol, and avoided his eye.

"I wonder," she reflected, slowly, "whether you find it a consolation."

"I'm wondering," he retorted, "whether you do."

"But what else," she questioned, with a touch of contempt, "could we have done?"

It was Harley's turn to poke the gravel.

"Well, the chief point in our favor," he explained, "seems to be that we didn't mope—in the middle of the season, with so many anxious hostesses depending upon the support of our brilliant and successful presence. We showed pluck. We didn't wear our mangled and bleeding hearts upon our sleeves, and retire into a corner to bewail our forsaken lot. Every one admits, with extraordinary generosity, that we had every right to do so—but we didn't. No, we said—in effect—'Hang the faithless pair! They're not worth our tears'—and society is grateful to us accordingly."

He paused and looked at her with interest. She continued to poke the gravel.

"After all," she answered, "moping wasn't much good, under the circumstances. They were married. And—supposing things hadn't gone so far as that—they didn't want us. They took their own way out of the difficulty without consulting us. I think it would have been better if they had given us a chance of surrendering our rights to them willingly, but that's a mere detail."

She fell upon the gravel with renewed vigor. Harley watched her.

"Would you," he said at last, "have surrendered your—rights—in such a spirit of self-sacrificing readiness?"

"I wasn't Archie Lovell's jailer," she retorted, a little haughtily. "I was merely the girl he was engaged to."

"Exactly," he rejoined with warmth. "That's what I told Angela Coventry—I mean, of course, Mrs. Lovell. They might at least have given us the chance of being generous."

"They chose," she said coldly, "to consider us their jailers. They chose to make a violent escape from our—our custody. They assumed bolts and bars. I always used to think elopements so romantic—in books. That was because I never considered the feelings of the people left behind. Now," she added, with a laugh, "I've been left behind myself—I know what it feels like."

"It isn't," Harley suggested, "the most gratifying of sensations."

"It isn't." And our only consolation," she declared with irony, "is to be told that we've behaved splendidly—we haven't moped!"

The gravel flew before the tip of her para-

sol. Harley looked thoughtfully at the ruin she was making.

"It hasn't," he admitted presently, "been my only consolation. I had another consolation, too."

"What was that?" she inquired with interest.

"Well—if you want to know—it was the fact that you were taking it so pluckily. It hadn't been for your example"—there was the ghost of a twinkle in his eye—"I almost think I should have been tempted to mope. Think of that!"

"My example?"

"Precisely. You carried it off so well that I had to—play up. We were both in the same dilemma—we were both cast for the ignominious role of The Forsaken. And I imagined, naturally, that it would be worse for you."

He cast a sharp glance at her. She looked fixedly at the gravel.

"It was worse for you—naturally," he repeated, with emphasis.

"I don't see exactly why," she said in a low voice. "Go on."

"And I felt myself responsible, too, in a way. I felt that if I had been able to hold Angela, you wouldn't have lost Archie. But I wasn't able. If she ever cared for me, I wasn't able to make her keep on caring. There was something wrong somewhere, wasn't there?"

He paused for an answer. She shook her head.

"I don't believe," she said, with sudden frankness, "that she was half good enough for you—I never did."

"That's odd," he said, with a laugh, "because I've always doubted whether Archie was half good enough for you."

"The point is," the girl said seriously, "not that a person's good enough for you, but that you want him—or her. Isn't that it?"

"The point is," he returned, "that—as you said just now—they didn't want us."

"But you wanted her," she persisted. He reflected for a moment.

"At any rate," he admitted cautiously, "I thought I did. I don't know whether I ought to ask, but you—you really did him the honor to want—him?"

"I—oh, I thought I did, too," she answered, "if it comes to that."

There was a brief silence.

"I wonder," he remarked suddenly, "why we're not both heartbroken? We ought to be, you know. Hasn't it occurred to you as odd that we're not?"

"Aren't we?" she said, with rather elaborate indifference.

"Personally, I'm not—not a bit. I was at first. For twenty-four hours I was awfully hard hit. It isn't a nice trick to play on a man, you know, to bolt with his best friend a fortnight before the wedding?"

"It was, perhaps, better," she suggested, "than bolting a fortnight after the wedding."

"You couldn't expect me," he protested, "to see it in that cold-blooded and philosophical light? No. I don't mind admitting that at first I was awfully hard hit. Then I thought of you."

"Thanks." Her tone was dry. "Did the thought of me comfort you?"

"Well—I—thought you'd be awfully hard hit, too," he explained rather lamely.

"So I was at first," she admitted incautiously.

There was a pause. She forgot to torture the gravel.

"How long," he inquired delicately, "did it last?"

"It?"

"The first agony," he said, with solemnity. A smile crept into her eyes.

"About—about twenty-four hours—and half a minute," she confessed.

"I told you," he said triumphantly, "that it was worse for you than it was for me!"

"By half a minute," she retorted.

"Then—"

"Well?" he murmured.

"Oh, then I remembered you. But that didn't," she added hastily, "console me in the least. It made me worse."

"Worse?"

"I had to be sorry for you, as well as for myself. Don't you see?"

Her tone was a shade impatient. He reflected for a moment or two.

"If I'd known that," he said at last, "it would have made my recovery much more rapid. I should have felt it my duty"—there was a touch of laughter in his tone—

"to avoid giving you more cause for distress than you had already. I should have felt that twenty-four hours of despair were exactly twenty-three hours and fifty-nine minutes too long. . . . I suppose," he hinted, "that we must concede the other minute to blighted affection."

"Wouldn't it be more truthful," she suggested, "if we conceded it to—propriety?"

"I shouldn't have dared to mention propriety," he replied gayly, "but I can't deny that I thought of it. . . . After all, they didn't want us. Why in the world should we pay them the undeserved compliment of continuing, under such unpromising circumstances, to want them?"

"I shouldn't have been practical enough to put such an admirably sensible idea into words," she returned, smiling at the handle of her parasol, "but I must admit that it did occur to me."

"It would have helped me enormously," he declared, "if I could have supposed it possible that you might think like that."

"It seems to me," she returned, not without an attempt at condemnation, "that you really weren't in need of any help. Your recovery was quite rapid enough as it was. . . . If it isn't the direst heresy to say so, I'm beginning to wonder whether you—whether you ever cared for Angela at all."

"If it isn't the most confounded impertinence on my part to hint at such a possibility," he confessed softly, "I'm on the point of asking myself whether we were—perhaps—not absolutely desolated by the fact that they didn't want us."

He head drooped a little. There was laughter in her eyes.

"It's quite too extraordinary," she said. "but the possibility is in the act of occurring to me, too."

He moved a shade nearer to her on the garden seat.

"There was something wrong somewhere," he reminded her. "What was it? We weren't able to hold them, you know. We didn't know the reason at the time, or we should, of course, have set the poor things free. We didn't realize, either of us, that we couldn't hold them because we ourselves cared for—well, say other people."

"Other people?"

"Say you—and me," he suggested, vaguely.

"I for you, and you for"—

"But in that case," she said, with delightful severity, "we're a pair of hypocrites. We haven't behaved splendidly at all—and it's no credit to us that we didn't mope. We—we're horrid shams."

He captured the parasol—and the hand that held it.

"I can't permit you," he declared, "to abuse either of us. Don't say we were hypocrites. At the worst, we only showed a natural talent for the extremely useful art of—consolation!"

Let me mail you free, to prove merit, samples of my Dr. Shoop's Restorative, and my Book on either Dyspepsia, The Heart, or The Kidneys. Address me, Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Troubles of the Stomach, Heart or Kidneys, are merely symptoms of a deeper ailment. Don't make the common error of treating symptoms only. Symptom treatment is treating the RESULT of your ailment, and not the CAUSE. Weak Stomach nerves—the inside nerves—means Stomach weakness, always. And the Heart, and Kidneys as well, have their controlling or inside nerves. Weaken these nerves, and you inevitably have weak vital organs. Here is where Dr. Shoop's Restorative has made its fame. No other remedy even claims to treat the "inside nerves." Also for bloating, biliousness, bad breath or complexion, use Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Write for my free book now. Dr. Shoop's Restorative sold by All Dealers.

Of table manners such as his
No mortal could be proud;
The greatest trouble with him is
He will eat soup aloud.
—Philadelphia Press.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To Charles Vanwart, late of the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton his Heirs Executors Administrators or Assigns and all others whom it may concern:—

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of mortgage bearing date the tenth day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety eight and made between the said Charles Vanwart of the one part and Helen M. Good of the said Town of Woodstock of the other part and registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds and Wills for the said County of Carleton in Book Y., number three of said records on pages 753, 754 and 755 there will for the purpose of satisfying the money secured thereby, default having been made in the payment of the same, be sold at Public Auction in front of the Law Office of Charles Comben on Main Street in the said Town of Woodstock in the said County of Carleton on Saturday the second day of June next at the hour of ten of the clock in the forenoon the lands and premises described in the said Indenture of mortgage as follows:

"All that certain piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the said Town of Woodstock aforesaid on the south side of the Meduxnaekag River more particularly described as follows, viz: Commencing on the eastern side of the Main Highway at an angle formed by said Main Highway and a street (thirty feet wide) leading to the Meduxnaekag, thence south eighty five degrees east along the south side of said street so leading to the Meduxnaekag River a distance of sixty-five feet, thence south five degrees west a distance of thirty feet, thence north eighty five degrees west a distance of thirty feet to the place of beginning."

Together with all the buildings and improvements thereon and privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Dated this Twenty Seventh day of April A. D., 1907.

HELEN M. GOOD,
Mortgagee.

CHARLES COMBEN,
Solicitor for Mortgagee.

May 1-5.

Buggies, Carriages, Road Waggon, Piano Box Waggon, Cornings, Concords, Surreys, Rubber Tired Rigs, Express Waggon.

A splendid line of goods. Everything first grade and quality—we do not offer anything else. Intending buyers would do well to see what we sell at Woodstock, Hartland, Florenceville, Bath, Perth, Aroostook Junction, Grand Falls, or with any of our agents.

BALMAIN BROS.

May 22, 1907.

BLATCHFORD'S CALF MEAL

The Perfect Substitute for Raising Calves

100 lbs. of it Makes 100 Gallons of Rich Nutritious Gruel

It is now a well recognized fact that one of the most successful aids to profitable farming is using a good milk substitute for raising calves. Thousands of the best farmers in the country are now raising their calves on Blatchford's Calf Meal at about half what it used to cost to raise them on milk.

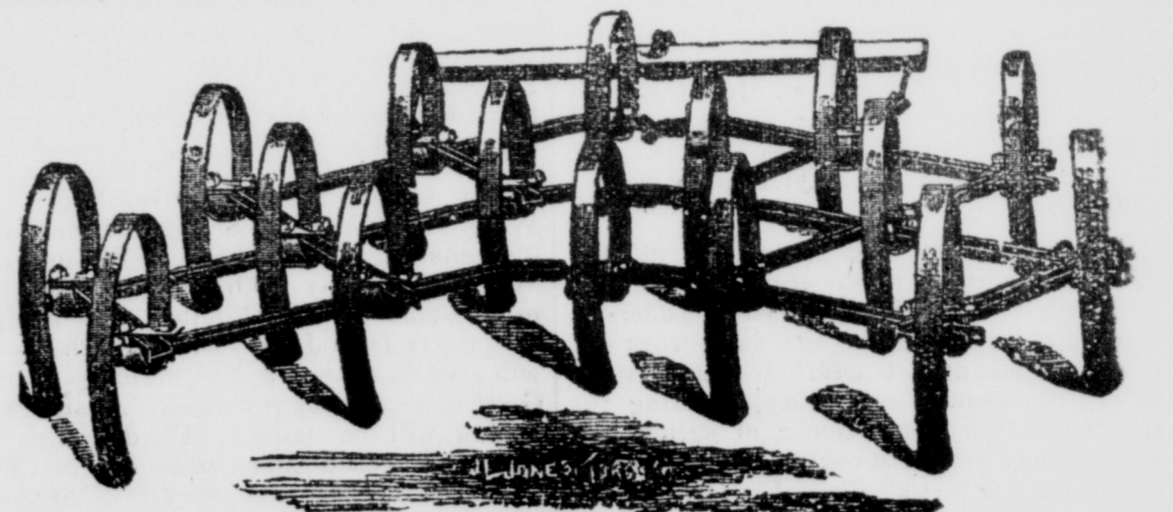
Blatchford's Calf Meal may really be called the Standard Milk Substitute of the world. The foreign trade in it alone is more than the total trade of all other makes of calf meal combined. It has raised more calves, more fine stock, fine animals, and prize winners, etc., than any other calf meal.

It is absolutely the only Milk Substitute that contains all the elements necessary for bodily growth in approximately the proper proportion, and it is the only Calf Meal that is thoroughly cooked and prepared for digestion by the tender stomach of the very young animal. Calves can be vealed better and quicker by using the meal mixed with skim milk than letting the calf have the milk direct from the cow, and you save the cream for butter which at present brings a good price.

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Steel Frame Harrows,
12, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 teeth,
Teeth either 1 1/4 or 1 1/2 inch wide.

Wood Frame Harrows,
16 and 18 Teeth.

Lever Spring Tooth Harrows
Fitted with Adjusting Lever to Raise or Lower Teeth.

Horse Hoes. Cultivators.

CONNELL BROS. Limited,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

From Experience.

(Chicago News.)

"Do you think a game of kissing is a comedy?" asked the bashful young man.

"No, indeed," replied the pretty girl, "I think it is an opera."

"An opera? And why?"

"Because it is always grand." And then he got busy.

A new profession has been discovered in Paris, or rather an unknown professor, who made it a business to teach several languages to parrots entrusted to his care. Italian, French and German are taught at the rate of \$8 a week. The complete education of a parrot in three languages requires at least three months, but the professor says that in a year he can make a parrot as well learned as any linguist that ever lived.

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