

# PAIN

Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause. Pain is congestion, pain is blood pressure—nothing else usually. At least, so says Dr. Shoop, and to prove it he has created a little pink tablet. That tablet—called Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablet—coaxes blood pressure away from pain centers. Its effect is charming, pleasingly delightful. Gently, though safely, it surely equalizes the blood circulation.

If you have a headache, it's blood pressure. If it's painful periods with women, same cause. If you are sleepless, restless, nervous, it's blood congestion—blood pressure. That surely is a certainty, for Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets stop it in 20 minutes, and the tablets simply distribute the unnatural blood pressure.

Bruse your finger, and doesn't it get red, and swell, and pain you? Of course it does. It's congestion, blood pressure. You'll find it where pain is—always. It's simply Common Sense.

We sell at 25 cents, and cheerfully recommend

## Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets

ALL DEALERS

### MISS MARGARET'S LAVENDER SILK.

Miss Margaret Willowby was sweeping her front piazza. It had rained the night before and the wind had driven the seeds from the maples into all the niches and crevices of the carved railing.

She had driven the last seed from its hiding place when she heard someone coming up the path and turned to greet her nearest neighbor, Mrs. Trumbull.

"Mercy sakes, Marg'ret!" she exclaimed as she dropped into an arm-chair, "I should think you'd want some new steps. Them and climbing that hill's tired me all out. I've brought ye a letter. Joe, he got the mail and I thought I'd fetch it up. From Edgar, sin't it? I see it's postmarked Salt Lake City."

"Yes, I guess so," said Miss Margaret. "It was real kind of you to bring it up. I didn't calculate to go to the village to-day."

She took the letter in her thin hands and patted it lovingly. She would like to have waited and read it by herself, but she knew that Mrs. Trumbull would expect her to read it to her, so she slowly broke the seal.

"My dear little sweetheart of an auntie," Miss Margaret read, and laughed. Dear heart! that was so like Edgar, so like a lad she had known long years ago who scrawled letters to her on his slate and called her "sweetheart."

She was aroused by Mrs. Trumbull's sharp "Is that all he says, Marg'ret?"

"No," she said faintly and she read on. "I'm doing splendidly here—made a hundred dollars the very first week." (Mrs. Trumbull gasped), "and I enclose fifty for my little aunt to spend just as she pleases."

Miss Margaret dropped the letter and took up the check.

"My!" exclaimed Mrs. Trumbull. "What you going to do with it, Marg'ret?"

"I—I don't know exactly," she said in a bewildered way. "I kind of think I'll get me a lavender silk."

"A lavender silk!" ejaculated Mrs. Trumbull. "Of all the foolishness I ever heard. Why don't you spend it for something sensible, coal or vittles or a black alpaca? You ought to be ashamed of being so vain at your age."

"I ain't any older than you be, Sarah Trumbull," Miss Margaret retorted. "An' I've been a-spending my money for sensible things all my life. And now," her voice broke a little, "I'm going to have one pretty dress before I die. I always wanted a lavender silk, and now Edgar's sent the money, seems like I could have it."

"Well, if ye feel that way about it, I s'pose it's all right, but it's an awful lot of money to put into finery. I must be a going," Mrs. Trumbull hesitated a moment, then added, "You're willing I should tell about your present, hain't you, Marg'ret? They'll want to know how Edgar's a-doing."

"Yes," said Miss Margaret, "I be." She watched her caller go down the steps, then gathered up her precious bits of paper with a sigh of relief and went into the house.

"It's real thoughtful of Edgar to send me his first money. I'll set right down and thank him for it and then I'll plan that dress. I believe I will go to the city this week and get it. I guess I'll make the skirt with three little ruffles, then a space and three more. Then there's that lace of Aunt Patty's that I can have to trim the waist with. I don't care if it was on her wedding gown. Mebbe I be a foolish old woman, but I just craved that dress. I always loved lavender. I had on a lavender muslin when 'Lisha asked me to marry him."

It was thirty years since she said "Yes" to the question 'Lisha asked her under the maples, yet she was Margaret Willowby still.

"It wasn't 'Lisha's fault nor mine," said she softly to herself. "Only first it was father took sick and nobody but me to care for him. Then Alice broke her hip and come home with her children, then Ellen died and left Edgar to me, and now—" A soft flush stole over her cheek as she thought that she was free at last. But where was 'Lisha?

"The last time he come for me was when Edgar was a baby. I couldn't leave and I had to tell him so. That was twenty years ago and I ain't heard from him sence."

Three weeks later the lavender silk reposed in state on the bed in Miss Margaret's spare chamber. She shook out the shining folds and patted the sleeves with a happy little sigh.

She slipped on the skirt to see. Then she tried on the waist and stood smiling at her shadowy reflection in the old-fashioned mirror.

"I declare, it makes me look ten years younger."

She caught up the skirt and curtsied to the figure in the glass. It was like seeing herself as she might have been.

"I wish," she said softly, "that 'Lisha could see me now."

A sharp peal at the bell aroused her from her reverie.

"Oh!" she whispered, "I wonder who it can be." She made a frantic effort to slip out of the dress, but the hooks evaded her nervous fingers. "Oh! I'll have to go down just as I be."

She stole to the window and peeped out.

"I do believe it's Elder Davis. He will think I'm a frivolous old woman to be fixed out this way. Oh dear!"

With a sigh she gathered up her shimmering skirt and went slowly down the stairs and opened the door. The next moment she disappeared in the embrace of a tall stranger who kissed her until her cheeks were red as roses.

"'Lisha!" she murmured happily. "Where did you come from?"

She led the way to the parlor and was about to sit on one of the stiff haircloth chairs when 'Lisha objected.

"No," he said, "you come over here on the sofa by me. When a man ain't seen his sweetheart for twenty years he wants her handy."

The delicate color flooded her cheeks and she laughed.

"What a man you are, 'Lisha!" she said fondly; but where in the world did you come from?"

"Didn't Edgar tell you?" he asked. "I met him in Salt Lake City and he said you were living here alone, so I started right off, soon's I could leave. Strange he didn't say nothing about it."

"Why," Miss Margaret took the letter from the book-case, "here 'tis on the other side. I was so flustered with Sarah Trumbull's calling me old, that I didn't see this. I wondered, too, what made Edgar stop so sudden."

"You old? Why you don't look a day over thirty, Margaret—when can you get ready to go back with me?"

"In a week, I guess."

"A week!" he repeated.

"Can't you wait that long, 'Lisha?" she asked, anxiously.

"Margaret," he said, soberly, "I've waited thirty years, and it's hard work."

Her eyes glistened. Did she not know how hard it was?

"And you never married in all those years, 'Lisha?" she said, wistfully.

"Me married? Wa'n't I engaged to you? I ain't a Mormon if I have lived among 'em."

She laughed. Oh, it was so good to see him again, to hear his hearty voice and to touch his strong, muscular hand!

"Can't you get ready to day?" he queried.

"The preacher's at home. I seen him hoeing in his garden as I came by."

"But I haven't any dress," she faltered.

"What's the matter with the one you have on?"

"Why, I forgot all about it, taking to you. It's my new lavender silk I got with the money Edgar sent me."

"Well, it's pretty enough for a wedding dress. Shall I go for the preacher, Margaret?" he said.

"I don't care if you do," she answered faintly.—The Designer.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO ss.

LUCAS COUNTY,

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(SEAL) A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO. Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Surgery's Debt to Lister. (From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

I have seen—or rather felt—a student tremble and almost collapse with shame at the rebuke offered him before many spectators because, at the end of an operation, he handed an unsterilized safety-pin to the surgeon. When Lord Lister began his pioneer antiseptic operations in that same theatre, it was actually the unquestioned custom to use one and the same sponge in dressing the wounds of all the patients in a ward. That of course would now be regarded as tantamount to deliberate murder in the



## NOT SO MUCH

Please do not put quite so much Red Rose Tea in the tea pot as you do of other kinds. If you do the Tea will be too strong.

Red Rose Tea combines strength with that rich, fruity flavor which has made it famous.

You are sure to like it. Will you order a Package from your Grocer?

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## Best Bread in the World

is none too good for the man who needs daily vim and vigor.

## PURITY FLOUR

is the most health-giving, vitalizing Bread Flour ever produced by modern milling methods from selected Western Canada Hard Wheat. Besides, it is

Absolutely Dependable in the Baking

Sold Everywhere in The Great Dominion

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED  
Mills at Winnipeg, Coderich and Brandon.

# 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.

FOR SALE BY

W. F. DIBBLEE & SON,  
Woodstock and Centreville.

## A New Woodworking Factory.

The undersigned have taken over the HAYDEN FACTORY and are prepared to supply all kinds of BUILDERS' MATERIALS, in fact everything that is manufactured in a first-class woodworking factory. We will be open and ready for business on April 1st. Soliciting your patronage.

The Carleton Woodworking Company, Limited.

P. O. Box 333.

### NOTICE.

The annual general meeting of Maritime Co-operative Co. Ltd. will be held on Monday the 13th day of May, at the hour of eight o'clock in the evening, at the office of Imperial Packing Co. Ltd., in the town of Woodstock, for the purpose of electing Directors, for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before them.

ADDIE S. CALDER,  
Secretary-Treasurer  
Dated this 16th day of April, A. D. 1907.  
April 17-41.

Cash paid for Tallow, Hides, Dressed Hogs and Fat Cattle.

IMPERIAL PACKING COMPANY,  
WOODSTOCK, N. B.



## FOR SALE.

The property in the village of Andover, N. B., owned by the Rev. Charles Henderson. For particulars apply to E. H. HOYT, Post Office, Andover, N. B. April 9, '07.

## CRULAI 4116.

### Imported French Coach Stallion

Imported from France by McLaughlin Bros. of Columbus, Ohio. Colour, Bay; five years old; weight 1500 pounds. This horse will make the season of 1907 at C. W. Dugan's stable, and at the Exhibition Grounds, Woodstock.

This horse's grand dam, Lisette, held the 21 mile record for France from 1892 until 1899, covering the distance in 68 minutes and six seconds.

Terms: Single service \$10.00; by the season \$12.00; to ensure \$16.00; \$2.00 to be paid at the time of service.

COLES DUGAN, Manager.

BRAD WAKER, Groom.

April 24 tf