

Indigestion

Stomach trouble is but a symptom of, and not in itself a true disease. We think of Dyspepsia, Heartburn, and Indigestion as real diseases, yet they are symptoms only of a certain specific Nerve sickness—nothing else.

It was this fact that first correctly led Dr. Shoop in the creation of that now very popular Stomach Remedy—Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Going direct to the stomach nerves, alone brought that success and favor to Dr. Shoop and his Restorative. Without that original and highly vital principle, no such lasting accomplishments were ever to be had.

For stomach distress, bloating, biliousness, bad breath and sallow complexion, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—and see for yourself what it can and will do. We sell and cheerfully recommend

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

ALL DEALERS

A PERIOD OF DROUGHT.

Every winter, when Mrs. Bronson, whose throat was delicate, was banished West or South, her cousin, Harriet Kingsly, was engaged to mother the family.

Miss Kingsly made an entirely trustworthy guardian, yet she possessed one striking peculiarity that not only amused but exasperated the left-at-home Bronsons. Before her mother's death, Cousin Harriet had spent twenty years trying to live within an income that was a good deal too small. Afterward the income expanded to twice its former size, but Harriet did not. She had been cramped too long. Her sober, saving mind refused to see her former dollars doubled; and she continued to "scrimp" long after the necessity for scrimping had ceased to exist.

During the luxurious months that she kept house for her well-to-do, open-handed cousin, an employment that she thoroughly enjoyed, she kept it after her own parsimonious fashion. She saved scraps, turned down all the gas jets, ordered one pie when circumstances really demanded two, used all her matches twice, and by cutting it in two beforehand, compelled a single beefsteak to serve for two somewhat restricted meals.

In households where it was needed, Harriet's economy would have proved a blessing; but under the Bronsons' well-shingled roof frugality seemed an exaggerated virtue. As practised by Cousin Harriet it certainly added nothing whatever to the Bronsons' comfort, whatever it may have done toward increasing their already ample bank account.

"Now, Harriet," Mr. Bronson would say, when the cream ran short, "there isn't any earthly reason why we shouldn't take a gallon of milk a day if we need it. What are we getting? You've cut it down to a quart! Dear, dear! And here we are getting enough cream off one quart or two able-bodied meals! Harriet, you'll really be the death of me! My system won't stand cream in such quantities."

"But," said Harriet, triumphantly, "I've saved over half the household allowance this month."

"That," returned Mr. Bronson, "would be entirely commendable if there were any need of saving it; but there isn't. I'm making it to spend. I'd rather spent it. You see the milkman has to live, so does the grocer, so does the butcher. By the way, tell the cook to broil the rest of this beefsteak. I'd like to live myself; I'm sure I shall if I have to go without cream in my coffee. Why, Harriet, every time I part with another acre of that mineral land near Gogibic I'm afraid I'll discover that I'm a millionaire! Half of one anyway. We can't spend our money but once. Let's have our cream while it agrees with us."

Gradually good-natured Gershom Bronson overruled his cousin's too parsimonious habits; not, however, with entire success, because as fast as he disposed of one, another broke out where it was least expected. For instance, by the time she was convinced that he really could not see to read with the gas turned down, Harriet had rescued seven uncanceled stamps from the waste-basket, soaked them off and laid them, guiltless of gum, on her busy cousin's desk.

Having a saving sense of honor—his only saving quality, Harriet said—Mr. Bronson found his economical relative amusing. And Cousin Harriet realized that so much genuine kindness lurked beneath Gershom Bronson's bantering that her feelings were never hurt. But she still persisted in going to bed by candlelight to save gas.

"If we had forty millions," muttered seventeen-year-old Elyda, tying a parcel with cord from an astonishingly knotty ball. "Cousin Harriet would still hold string. She's saved enough to last forever. I wonder how it would feel to use brand-new twine."

"You'd miss the knots," giggled Frances. "I see," said Mr. Bronson, looking up from his paper, "that the water board has decided to put in meters. That will afford a new field for economy."

Cousin Harriet's brow puckered anxiously. She was darning an odd sock that she had found in the rag-bag.

"Meters! Dear me! Water is the one thing

that this town has always been able to have enough of. I must tell Mary—"

"Don't worry," soothed Mr. Bronson. "I guess we'll still be able to drink it."

The meter, an inoffensive affair that looked like a brass teapot, was duly installed. The plumber, lifting the circular metal lid, showed Miss Kingsly six little groups of figures on the four-inch disk. One could use, it appeared, anywhere from no water at all to an ocean, at so much per thousand cubic feet. Compared with the rate for the same amount of ice, the price seemed moderate.

"How much," asked Miss Kingsly, cautiously, "is it likely to cost a month?"

"Well," confided the plumber, collecting his tools, "I really don't know much about them,—this is only the fourth I've put in, and I haven't seen one busy,—but I should say that it would all depend on how much a body used."

The meter weighed heavily on Cousin Harriet's mind. She could picture it in the Bronson cellar, greedily counting every drop that trickled through the pipes. Of course, from the very moment that the system went into force, the good lady began to save water.

"Mary," said she to the cook, "you mustn't waste a drop. When you've rinsed the dishes, pour the water into this pail, so I can use it to water the plants. And, Mary, save part of your wash-water on Monday to scrub the laundry floor. It seems a pity to waste all the nice bluing water. Isn't there something we could do with it?"

"We might," suggested Mary, doubtfully, "heat it to wash windows with."

"We'll try it," returned Miss Kingsly, screwing the faucets tighter.

Mary, now restricted at every turn,—every turn of the faucet, Mr. Bronson said,—was fast losing the amiability for which she had been famed. The hitherto fastidious girls wore their white shirt-waists a day longer than usual to save washing. Indeed, the entire family was gradually becoming niggardly with the water supply. Even Elyda was observed saving half the contents of her glass for the benefit of the parched fern-dish.

"Really," expostulated Mr. Bronson, when this discovery was made, "if this nonsense doesn't stop we'll all have water on the brain. I'm affected myself. It's all I can do this minute to keep from turning on every faucet in the house just to see how it seems actually to possess enough water to wash both hands in at once."

"You can't," said Cousin Harriet, with dignity. "I've had all the faucets fixed—"

"That's why they merely drizzle!" exclaimed Frances. "I suppose they'd just grown economical of their own accord."

"I've tried for half an hour to read that meter," confessed Cousin Harriet, emerging dustily from the cellar the morning of the thirty-first, "but I can't understand the figures. This is the day they inspect it. I wanted to be prepared."

Three hours later Miss Kingsly followed the meter-man to the cellar. He lifted the metal lid, held his lantern close, and read the figures to which the indicator pointed. Suddenly he uttered an ejaculation and stooped lower. Then he shook his head. His manner expressed disapproval.

"Have we used very much?" demanded Cousin Harriet, anxiously.

"Just about all Lake Superior!" returned the man.

"What!" gasped the guardian of faucets, in horror.

"The meter's put on wrong," explained the man. "That plumber's got it hind end to. This makes nine that'll have to come out so far. This way it registers all the water that you don't use, I guess. Of course we can't go by it this month. We'll have it reversed."

The Bronsons became hilarious when the matter was explained. Miss Kingsly, however, seemed depressed.

"To think," she lamented, "that I wasted all that time saving water when there wasn't any need of it!"

"There wasn't any need of it, anyway," said Mr. Bronson. "After this, I'm going to run the water-wagon. Mary, I don't care how many plants you water with your cold tea, but we won't have any more bluing on the windows—it gives the whole world an indigo aspect. From this hour forth, we'll just forget that there's a meter in our cellar."

Nevertheless, the meter refused to be dismissed thus lightly from the Bronson minds. When the end of the month arrived, the family was still sufficiently interested to flock cellarward at the inspector's heels.

"Used all you needed?" asked the man, looking up from the meter.

"All we needed and more," replied Cousin Harriet, nerving herself for a shock. "We haven't—we weren't allowed to be careful."

"Well," returned the man, "this meter's saving you money. Your bill's about a dollar less than it was by the old way of reckoning."

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.

THE INN OF THE WOODS.

(Baltimore Sun.)

No lackey meets you at the door,
You do not register your name;
Love's welcome waits the meek and poor
And waits the rich and proud the same.
There are wide corridors of dream,
And pillows for the drowsy head,
Where little partridge-berries gleam,
And spiders weave their golden thread.

No bellboy shows you to your room,
No waiter passes you your meal—
This is the inn of birds and bloom
Whose guests no hunger ever feel.
There are no watchmen in the halls,
No clerks with dapper smirk and smile;
Only a quiet glory falls
Down the green colonnaded aisle.

You need not knock to enter here,
You need not falter lest you find
A liveried flunkey waiting near
With little but his thrift in mind,
Wide open to the golden day,
And open to the golden beam,
Come here, O heart to cast away
You cares upon the bloom of dream!

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Good Manners.

A friend of yours and mine has very justly defined good breeding to be "the result of much good sense, some good nature and a little self denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them." Taking this for granted—as I think it cannot be disputed—it is astonishing to me that anybody who has good sense and good nature can essentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places and circumstances and are only to be acquired by observation and experience, but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same. Good manners are to particular societies what good morals are to society in general—their cement and security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners and punish bad ones.—Chesterfield.

Does Coffee disagree with you? Probably it does! Then try Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee. "Health Coffee" is a clever combination of parched cereals and nuts. Not a grain of real coffee, remember, in Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee, yet its flavor and taste matches closely old Java and Mocha Coffee. If your stomach, heart, or kidneys can't stand Coffee drinking, try Health Coffee. It is wholesome, nourishing and satisfying. It's safe even for the youngest child. Sold by All Dealers.

Lincoln's Honesty.

"The lawyer whose honesty is proved has the confidence of the judge and jury," asserts Mr. Justice Brewer in the Atlantic Monthly. To illustrate his meaning he tells this story of Abraham Lincoln:

He was appointed to defend one charged with murder. The crime was a brutal one; the evidence entirely circumstantial; the accused a stranger. Feeling was high and against the friendless defendant. On the trial Lincoln drew from the witnesses full statements of what they saw and knew. There was no effort to confuse; no attempt to place before the jury the facts other than they were. In the argument, after calling attention to the fact that there was no direct testimony, Lincoln reviewed the circumstances, and after conceding that this and that seemed to point to defendant's guilt, closed by saying that he had reflected much on the case, and while it seemed probable that defendant was guilty he was not sure, and, looking the jury straight in the face, said, "Are you?" The defendant was acquitted, and afterward the real criminal was detected and punished. How different would have been the conduct of many lawyers! Some would have striven to lead the judge into technical errors with a view to an appeal to high court. Others would have become hoarse, in denunciation of witnesses, decrying the lack of positive testimony and the marvelous virtue of a reasonable doubt. The simple, straightforward way of Lincoln, backed by the confidence of the jury, won.

The Skyscraping Jonah.

"I suppose you didn't know," remarked the superstitious man, "that many of the New York downtown office buildings and the Times building uptown have eliminated the thirteenth floor? It is true. They skip from the twelfth to the fourteenth. It is almost impossible, they say, to rent the offices on the thirteenth floor."

Hartland Farmers' Exchange.

Special sale of Caps, Boys' and Men's O'Coats Horse Blankets.

MUST BE SOLD AT ONCE.

C. HUMPHREY TAYLOR, Prop.

THE GOURLAY

What Mrs. Adney thinks of the Gourlay:

"I have at various times used nearly every make of piano, and I unhesitatingly pronounce the **Gourlay** to be the best that is made today in Canada. Indeed I regard the **Gourlay** as superior in its tone and mechanism to the similar piano of the three most famous American makes."

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.

PURITY FLOUR



Sturdy Boys

and

Bonnie Girls

with lots of sound bone and muscle, full of animal life and pluck, are raised on wholesome, nutritious Bread.

You can Bake that Kind of Bread with

PURITY FLOUR

It is produced solely from the choicest Western Canada Hard Wheat, by the latest improved methods in the most modern mills in the world.

Goes farther than any other—rich in nutriment and wholesome.

Sold Everywhere in The Great Dominion



WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED

Mills at Winnipeg, Coderich and Brandon

Oddities in Graves.

There is a curious old gravestone in Pres-toury churchyard which records the fact that one woman at least in England died a bachelor. Her name was Sarah Pickford, and the stone gravely informs the reader she was there interred "August ye 17. Anno Dom. 1703, and died a Bachelor in the 48th year of her age."

A stone in Westminster Abbey records the interment there of George Graham, who was the only workman that received the honor of being buried in Westminster Abbey. He was a scientific instrument maker, who in 1700 invented the deadbeat escapement in clocks. His funeral was attended by the Royal Society in a body.

In East Ham churchyard there is a tombstone placed crossways. The woman interred is said to have been born cross, lived cross, married a Mr. Cross and died cross. Her dying request was to be buried cross, and this was carried out.

Japan Is Getting On.

According to Japanese papers, a syndicate, headed by Oshiro Manyu, has made arrangements to float a joint stock company, with a capital of 300,000 yen, to construct a floating pleasure hall and hotel for location in the most picturesque portion, of Tokio bay. It is proposed to build great seven decked vessel, about 400 feet in length and thirty-two feet in breadth, with provisions for restaurants, hotel accommodation, dining halls, conservatories, and aquarium, sea bathing, etc. It is intended that the vessel shall be connected with the land by a long pier, visitors being thus able to go direct on board from their jirikisha.

Nothing is eternal but that which is done for God and others. That which is done for self flies. Perhaps it is not wrong, but it perishes. You say it is a pleasure—well enjoy it. But joyous recollection is no longer joy. That which ends in self is mortal. That alone which goes out of self into God lasts forever.—Frederick W. Robertson.

A SPLENDID SHOWING

that SHOULD INTEREST those who are thinking of attending a Commercial School. The number of new students who enrolled at the

Fredericton Business College

during the months of January and February of this year, was

MORE THAN DOUBLE

that for the same months of last year. We cannot supply the increasing demand for students trained in this school. Send for FREE Catalogue. Address.

W. J. OSBORNE, Principal,
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