

Heart Strength

Heart Strength, or Heart Weakness, means Nerve Strength, or Nerve Weakness—nothing more. Positively, not one weak heart in a hundred is, in itself, actually diseased. It is almost always a hidden tiny little nerve that really is all at fault. This obscure nerve—the Cardiac, or Heart Nerve—simply needs, and must have, more power, more stability, more controlling, more governing strength. Without that the Heart must continue to fall, and the stomach and kidneys also have these same controlling nerves.

This clearly explains why, as a medicine, Dr. Shoop's Restorative has in the past done so much for weak and ailing Hearts. Dr. Shoop first sought the cause of all this painful, palpitating, suffocating heart distress. Dr. Shoop's Restorative—this popular prescription—is alone directed to these weak and wasting nerve centers. It builds; it strengthens; it offers real, genuine heart help.

If you would have strong Hearts, strong digestion, strengthen these nerves—re-establish them as needed, with

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

ALL DEALERS

SEVEN AGES OF LOVE.

"Isn't it nice?" said the bachelor, indicating the abirious young couples at the other end of the conservatory with a contemptuous nod, "to reflect that we've passed that age?"

The widow peered at the delirious ones through the leaves of the projecting palms.

"Which age?" she asked innocently.

"The love age," said the bachelor, disgustedly.

"Which?" inquired the widow, chewing a rose leaf. "There are seven of them, you know."

"No. I didn't know," said the bachelor.

"And you never get past all of them?"

The bachelor looked disappointed.

"And the older you are when you take it, the harder you have it and the sillier—"

"Are you going to eat that rose?" interrupted the bachelor.

"Now, you, for instance," went on the widow, ignoring him, "are bald—"

"Because if you are I'll go and get you an ice instead. Its not palatable."

The widow laughed softly.

"I know it's not palatable," she agreed, biting another leaf off the rose, "but it's true, at least almost true. Of course the bald spot is very little so far, but to judge from the silliness—"

"I'm not in my dotage," declared the bachelor.

"Oh, no," cried the widow. "If you were you would be trying to make love to some girl of sixteen, instead of to me; and you would be saying even sillier things. That's the seventh age of love."

"Why, complained the bachelor, plaintively, "do you always begin at the end?"

The widow pulled another petal off the rose and put it into her mouth.

"I have to begin at some end," she protested, "and besides there isn't any end to love. Love is always the beginning. Afterward it develops into tender regard or platonic friendship or indifference, or hate, or—"

"Matrimony," suggested the bachelor.

"Yes," said the widow, "and then you're inoculated."

The bachelor made a wry face.

"The remedy," he remarked cynically, "is worse than the disease. Besides, its never sure. If you have a relapse it's doubly dangerous, and all sorts of complications are likely to ensue, like breach of promise suits and divorces and scandals."

"But you aren't likely to have a relapse," declared the widow. "Matrimony keeps a man or woman too busy to think about love. You cant bother about sentiment when you are worrying over grocery bills and babies and expense accounts and cooks. It is the idle people who are always falling in love. Satan and Cupid are chums and go about together looking for people with nothing to do. That is why there is such a harvest of engagements and broken hearts and flirtations at the end of the summer."

"Some people," said the bachelor, looking at the widow significantly, "seem to be immune—even in summer."

The widow looked impersonally thoughtful.

"Oh, those!" she said. "Those are the millionaires and the successful men and women who are so busy all their lives along that they are—almost immune. It is only when they have stopped trying to make money or fame or to carry out great schemes and have retired and settled down to old age that they begin to be—"

"Silly?" suggested the bachelor.

"Yes," said the widow, "and then they make up for lost time. After they have attained their goal they suddenly discover that they have been eating the bread of life without any jam on it and they begin to look around for the jam pot."

"It strikes me," said the bachelor thoughtfully, "that love at that rate is pretty expensive."

"It's a luxury, Mr. Travers," announced the widow, "and luxuries are always expensive."

"And we are always willing to pay the price for them—if we can only get them," sighed the bachelor, looking expressively at the widow.

"I think," said the widow, biting the

stem of her rose, "that you had better get me that ice—now."

"I don't want to get it—now," said the bachelor ungraciously. "I want to—"

"You shan't!" declared the widow, starting to rise.

The bachelor fixed her with his eyes.

"I want to see what that couple over there will do next," he remarked frigidly.

"Oh!" The widow sat down with relief.

"I can tell you what they will do," she added. "They will discover that you are looking at them and will move to the darkest corner over there behind the palms. Indian summer has no right to intrude itself upon spring," and the widow laughed mockingly. At the sound the young people glanced up, caught sight of the bachelor and the widow and proceeded to move to the darkest corner—as she had predicted.

"And that," he said, "is the first age of love."

"Not at all," sighed the widow; "the first age begins when you meet the first interesting person of the opposite sex. Don't you remember the time you gave your reddest apple to the little girl with curls who sat next you at school and spent your week's allowance on a valentine for the little girl with pigtails and playing kissing games—?"

"And got whipped for writing notes in school and beaten by another boy who said your sweetheart had freckles and a pug nose, and laughed at by your father, who found 'Nannie Jones' scribbled all over the family dictionary with your own name opposite and the corresponding letters crossed off? Yes, I remember," and the bachelor smiled dreamily out over the palms.

"And you haven't forgotten the golden age," said the widow, gazing tenderly at the rose lying in her lap, "when you fell in love with an actress and used to dream of her at night and kept her picture on your dressing table and go about fancying you were a blighted being with a broken heart and a life history."

"What were you doing then?" asked the bachelor.

"Spending all my money for tickets to go to see a matinee idol with dreamy eyes standing with a lot of girls in hushed reverence about a dirty stage door, with a dirty stage doorkeeper glowering at us."

"And then you went off to boarding school," continued the bachelor, "and you thought you were going to die until you met somebody from an adjoining school and used to steal off for long walks and rambles and moonlight meetings."

"Yes," said the widow, "and then you went back home and fell in love with somebody twice your age, and wanted to commit suicide when they laughed at you."

"And then," finished the bachelor, "you suddenly found yourself grown up—and at the marrying age."

"And your sentimental education was finished," concluded the widow. "It takes all of those first loves to prepare a man or woman for real love. They are just little rehearsals. The man or woman who dodges them and marries his or her first and only love always feels as though he or she has missed something, and wonders what it is, and is never so perfectly satisfied with matrimony as the one who has been in love a dozen times before—"

"And found out how little it really amounts to."

The widow sat up briskly and patted the back of her coiffure.

"I wonder what time it is?" she asked irrelevantly.

"Indian summer," said the bachelor.

"We've wasted an hour in here," declared the widow.

"It's too late for regrets," said the bachelor, without moving.

"They are still dancing," announced the widow, peeping out into the ball room.

"Come. There's a little time—"

"Oh, yes," agreed the bachelor, purposefully misunderstanding. "There are a few petals left on the rose."

"Where are those silly people?" inquired the widow, trying to penetrate the palms.

"I don't know," said the bachelor, "and I don't care. What's the use of bothering about spring—in Indian summer? I was going to ask you a question."

The widow looked up suspiciously.

"If you are going to ask me to marry you," she began.

"I wasn't" declared the bachelor; "I was merely going to ask—" he hesitated.

"Well?" the widow sat encouragingly back in her chair again.

"I guess I won't" said the bachelor.

The widow took a rose from her bouquet and leaned over to fasten it to his lapel.

"Please, Billy," she said, looking up over the flowers. "What were you going to ask?"

"If you would—no. I won't."

"If I would," she inquired helpfully.

"No," said the bachelor decidedly, "if you would have that ice—now?"

"At once, if you please, Mr. Travers!" said the widow; but you would not have thought, from the frigidity of the atmosphere, that she really needed it.

For Catarrh, let me send you free, just to prove merit, a Tial size Box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. It is a snow white, creamy, healing antiseptic balm that gives instant relief to Catarrh of the nose and throat. Make the free test and see. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Large jars 50 cents. Sold by All Druggists.

A Blighted Land.

In Washington and throughout the Southern States a leading question under discussion at present is that of immigration. Those states want people who are willing to cultivate the land and work in the cotton factories. Their attractions have been widely advertised and tempting inducements have been held out to all who contemplate bettering their condition. Yet the South cannot get immigrants. The tide of settlement is flying northward, though it seems surprising that people from Europe and farmers in the Northern States should prefer Canada, with its extreme climate, to regions where conditions are gentler. The debates in Congress on the Immigration Bill, especially on the Japanese exclusion clause, have brought out clearly the fact that the industries of the Southern States—agricultural, manufacturing and mining—are languishing for want of workers. Senator Tillman and Senator Bacon estimate the numbers who could find remunerative employment in those states at hundreds of thousands, and Senator Simmons of North Carolina said his state could use sixty thousand more agricultural and twenty thousand more cotton factory laborers. As white people are not to be had they are willing to take Japanese. Consequently, they oppose the exclusion clause and accuse the Massachusetts manufacturing interests of seeking to interfere so as to prevent the development of manufacturing in the South. Interstate jealousies may be left to settle themselves, but the interesting point is that white immigration will not go south, and Canada is flourishing while the Southern States are languishing.

This phenomenon must be largely explained by the social conditions. How far these are the result of climate is an academic question. The fact is, that it is accounted a disgrace in the South for a white man to work either as an agriculturist or as a laborer. The poor white works only as he must, and it is unfortunately the case, to a large extent with the negro, on whom the country depends for its development. A few of the negroes have acquired small farms in freehold, but the great mass are shiftless. When employed as farm hands, an overseer must stand over them, or they will lie down to sleep, or go fishing. Many Northerners have gone South, taken up land and tried farming, but all who have been able to have sold out and returned to the North. The Southerners looked down on them, and the negroes, who sleep all day and roam about at night, left nothing that could be carried away. To defend his ripening crops, his hog-run and his hen roost the farmer would have to guard his fields and shacks at night with a shotgun. One of the worst results of slavery, which will take long to eradicate, is the feeling among many of the blacks that it is no sin to steal from the white man, who robbed them not only of freedom and manhood, but of the dearer rights of home which even savages will die to defend. White men not native to the South will not live in such a country. The curse of slavery clings to it still, and though schools have been established for the negroes, and efforts, in some cases honestly and earnestly made, to elevate them, the progress of redemption is slow and, in some parts of what is called the Black Belt, almost hopeless. It is no wonder that immigrants prefer Canada to the Southern States. The people who could exploit that country are the Japanese, and as other races have failed, they clearly should be allowed to do so. Should they come in force to the task there certainly would arise a new race problem whose issue there is no foretelling. But every region of the earth properly, and in the end inevitably, belongs to those who can make the most of it. The Japanese would probably make very good Americans. Montreal Witness.

Rheumatic Pains Relieved.

B. F. Crocker, Esq., now 84 years of age, and for twenty years Justice of the Peace at Martinsburg, Iowa, says: "I am terribly afflicted with sciatic rheumatism in my left arm and right hip. I have used three bottles of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and it did me lots of good." For sale by All Dealers.

The Wise Hen.

A duck who had faithfully stuck to business during the summer and laid several dozen large fawn-colored eggs complained that she was not appreciated.

"See that hen over there!" said the ducks; "she has not laid so many eggs as I have, nor so big, but she has books written about her and verses composed in her honor, while nobody says a word about me."

"The trouble with you is," said a wise cook standing near, "that you do not tell the public what you have done. You lay an egg and waddle off without letting anybody in the neighborhood know it. If you want to cut any ice in this community you must learn to advertise."

Bound to be Healthy.

The watercarts of Lowell are decorated with patent medicine advertisements. An innocent Irishman from the rural districts looked at one the other day and remarked: "Faith, it's no wonder Lowell is healthy, when they water the streets with sarsaparilla!"

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"After taking \$5.00 worth of Psychine my lungs are well and life is again worth living."—Mrs. L. Richards, Marietta Cove, N.S.
"My lungs are now sound as a bell after using Psychine."—H. Robbins, Bridgeburg, Ont.
"Psychine saved my life."—A. Walden, 7 Cornwall St., Toronto.

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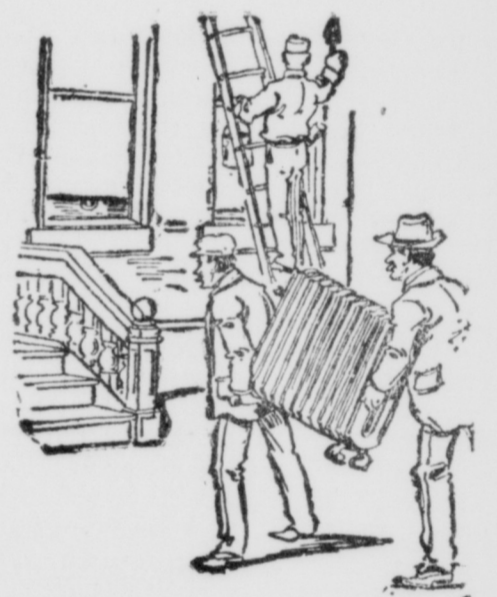
Probate Court, County of Carleton, Province of New Brunswick.

To the Sheriff of the County of Carleton or any Constable of the said County,—GREETING: WHEREAS the executors of the estate of Lewis P. Fisher late of the Town of Woodstock, deceased, have filed in this Court an account of their Administration of the said deceased's estate and have prayed that the same may be passed and allowed in due form of law.

You are therefore required to cite the heirs, and next of kin of the deceased, and all of the creditors and other persons interested in the said estate to appear before the Judge of Probate for the County of Carleton, at a Court of Probate to be held in and for the County of Carleton at the office of the said Judge of Probate in the Town of Woodstock, in said County on Wednesday the twentieth day of March next, at 7.30 of the clock in the afternoon, then and there to attend the passing and allowing of the said accounts as prayed for and as by law directed.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the J.S. said Probate Court this fifth day of February, A. D. 1907.

(Signed) CHARLES APPLEBY, Judge of Probate for the County of Carleton, JAMES McMANUS, Registrar of Probate for the County of Carleton.



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O. A. HODGINS, Prin, Houlton, Me.

Estate George Leary.

Any one indebted to the estate of George Leary late of the Parish of Brighton, deceased, is hereby requested to make payment to the undersigned, who will receive all bills properly attested as owing by deceased.
GEORGE DURRELL GRIMMER, St. Andrews, Dec. 12, 3 mo.