

Weak Women

To weak and ailing women, there is at least one way to help. But with that way, two treatments, must be combined. One is local, one is constitutional, but both are important, both essential. Dr. Shoop's Night Cure is the Local. Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the Constitutional. The former—Dr. Shoop's Night Cure—is a topical mucous membrane suppository remedy, while Dr. Shoop's Restorative is wholly an internal treatment. The Restorative reaches throughout the entire system, seeking the repair of all nerve, all tissue, and all blood ailments. The "Night Cure", as its name implies, does its work while you sleep. It soothes sore and inflamed mucous surfaces, heals local weaknesses and discharges, while the Restorative, eases nervous excitement, gives renewed vigor and ambition, builds up wasted tissues, bringing about renewed strength, vigor, and energy. Take Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—as a general tonic to the system. For positive local help, use as well

Dr. Shoop's Night Cure

ALL DEALERS

THE BARRINGTON'S BABY.

(By F. F., in the 'Australasian'.)

It was a most fortunate thing for the baby that it was strong and healthy, or else it could never have survived the care that its anxious young father and mother lavished upon it. Times without number they woke it up to be sure it was alive. Then, when it howled lustily, they sent for the doctor in case something might be the matter with it; they were not sure what, but just vaguely something. As they were club patients, this naturally displeased the doctor, and when Joe Barrington knocked him up at two o'clock one morning with an urgent request to come at once he asked testily what was the matter.

'The baby has screamed for an hour without stopping,' said poor Joe, 'and we think it may be in pain.'

'Then—' and the doctor mildly suggested homely remedies.

'But he mayn't need them,' urged Joe.

'In that case, don't give them,' smiled the doctor.

'But he may need them. We want you to come and see.'

'I'm bothered if I will.' The doctor banged down the window, and Joe went home downcast. His eager ear listened for sounds of infantile squals as he neared the cottage, but all was silent. He hurried to the door and entered noiselessly, and was met by his wife, who inquired in an anxious voice if the doctor was coming. Joe shook his head despondently. 'He won't.'

'Oh, he must,' cried the anxious mother.

'But he's not screaming now,' Joe was relieved.

'No; that's just what worries me. He stopped quite suddenly, and went straight off to sleep.'

'Perhaps he had tired himself out,' suggested Joe.

'No, it was too sudden for that.' The little mother had tears in her eyes. He just was in the middle of a terrible scream, and he'd straightened himself stiff; you know the way he does.' Joe nodded, he knew only too well.

'And then he just gave a little sigh, and went straight to sleep.'

'Did you wake him to see if he was all right?'

'I looked at his tongue, and opened his eyes, but he did not stir, and his pulse is terribly fast.'

'Let's have a look at him,' said Joe, un- easily, and together they went in on tiptoe and viewed the fat, sleeping child.

'He gives queer gasps in his sleep,' said the anxious mother.

'And one cheek is redder than the other, put in the fully-as-anxious father.

'Look at the way he has drawn up his legs; does that mean he is in pain?' the mother's voice was tense with worry. 'What I am worrying about so is the way he stopped crying so suddenly. It may mean that something snapped inside.'

'But, surely he'd bleed at the mouth if that had happened.' Joe was miserably frightened.

'He might not. Old Mrs. Jenks told me only yesterday how her niece lost a beautiful child just through his screaming. He broke some internal organ, and they never knew, and the poor little thing just faded away before their very eyes. I was thinking ought we to wake baby and see if he can cry.'

'Wouldn't it do to wait a bit till he gets hungry?' Joe was anxious, but he was also very sleepy. 'Perhaps he needs the sleep,' he added. 'Yelling like he did would tire any one.'

'Then I think I'll sit beside him till he wakes.' The worried little mother had in her mind all kinds of stories related to her by thoughtful neighbors, in which infants died in their sleep, or through lack of watchfulness choked and nearly suffocated.

'If you sit up, I'll sit up, too,' said Joe, manfully; but the frightened little mother was too sensible to allow that. What was the use of their both being tired out, she argued. Far better for Joe to sleep, and then if baby were going to be really ill—her voice quavered—he would be more fit to see to things next day. 'I'll call you the minute I get really—really frightened,' she assured him.

Joe leant over the sleeping baby. 'I think he looks all right,' he said. He caught one small hand in his, and felt for a pulse in a wrist imbedded in fat. 'His pulse is not so feverish,' he said, reassuringly. Then he went to bed, and slept heavily. He was awakened next morning by a fierce knocking at the door, and jumped out of bed with a confirmed idea that baby was very ill, and that he must go for the doctor immediately.

Then he heard his wife's voice, welcoming some one effusively, and realized that it Mrs. Jenks from over the way.

'I heard your gate bang twice last night,' she said, 'and I said to Jenks, there's that poor Barrington off for the doctor; I knew they would have trouble with that baby when I saw him in the afternoon. He was breathing in a funny kind of way—just the way poor Martha's baby used to breathe before he died in convulsions, so I came right over before I even lit the fire to see if I could do anything.'

Joe swore as he hurriedly dressed himself. He did not like Mrs. Jenks; he knew that her coming meant that she would breakfast with them; and that, instead of helping his wife, she would hinder her. When he came out the baby was in his cot by the fire, gurgling with laughter, while Mrs. Jenks poked him in the ribs, and said 'Diddum then.'

Mrs. Jenks stayed to breakfast, as Joe had expected she would, and, as usual, her conversation turned on the ailments common and uncommon to infants. Her sister, who had buried six, was called to memory more often than was cheerful.

'There was the eldest now,' said Mrs.



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Jenks, scraping egg from her plate with a noisy knife. 'He was just such another as little baby there. Fine, healthy child, never ailing; and I mind well it was a Monday, because we settled to wash the front room curtains—nice Nottingham lace, with true lovers' knots and angels in the design—and my sister, she had the child on her lap, and what he got hold of off the table we never could tell to this day; no, not if we was burnt at the stake for it; but before dinner time he was in convulsions, and that very night I was choosing what robe we'd have for the burying, my sister having hysterics on the sofa, and saying, 'Could he have eaten a bit of bacon rind, or swallowed the stopper of the Worcester sauce bottle.' Thanks, if you can spare it—not that I often eat two eggs at a sitting. That's what I always say to a young mother—you can't be too careful, and so I popped over right away, not even laying Jenk's breakfast; but he'll know I stopped to give you a hand.'

That afternoon the doctor was called out to see a patient living far out of the township. Installed as nurse he found Mrs. Barrington's mother, and to her, as a sensible woman, he confided some of his troubles regarding the Barrington baby.

Mrs. Blake smiled. 'I'll go down next week and have a chat with Mary,' she said. 'It's a good thing it's a strong child or I'd be going to its funeral.'

Mrs. Blake's visit was a surprise. Mary was darning stockings; Joe sat by the fire smoking; the baby was in its cradle.

After greetings had been exchanged, Mrs. Blake looked at the baby and sighed. 'I'm always sorry for the first baby,' she said.

'Why?' asked Joe.

'Oh, his parents experiment on him, and ill-treat him generally.'

'Ill-treat him!' exclaimed Mary.

'Yes, worry the child to death. Why, I've heard of an idiot of a woman who wakes her child up to see if he's all right. Well, I say a woman who'll do that isn't fit to own a baby.'

Mary and Joe colored.

'I'm sure our baby looks well,' said Mary.

'Humph!' Mrs. Blake was thoughtful. 'He looks worried, and that's the truth. More than one case I've known of a child growing up bad-tempered and crabby is through having stupid, worrying parents, that dose him and badger him till you feel inclined to shake the pair of them. A healthy child needs air, good food, and sleep, and all the medicines thrown out of the window. You two, perhaps aren't as silly as most, but for all that, I'm sure you make that baby's life a burden to him.'

Mary and Joe looked guilty.

'Healthy things want letting alone; not fussing over.'

From that day the Barrington baby flourished even more, and the doctor smiled when he met Joe in the street, and inquiring: 'Well, how's that sickly youngster of yours, Barrington?' was answered, hotly: 'Sickly! He's never had a minute's sickness in his life.'

Do not neglect to clean the henhouse often. The gases from the droppings can but affect the fowls. Spreading clean litter over the surface every day and cleaning out thoroughly at least once a week will insure a comfortable and healthful cleanliness.

Do not dare to live without some clear intention toward which your living shall be bent. Mean to be something with all your might.—Phillips Brooks.

Doctor (looking at clinical thermometer)—'Hello! This won't do—hundred and three!' Golfing Patient—'What's a bogey?'—Punch.

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Prize Winners

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Results of the Competition in Which \$200 in Gold is Given For the Best Diaries Kept in

Dr. Chase's Almanac.

If there were any doubt as to the interest taken in this Diary Competition, it would soon disappear at sight of the piles of Dr. Chase's Almanacs which came flooding into these offices during the early part of January. And during the last few days the number of enquiries as to the results reminds us that some time as well as much labor has been required to have the judging carefully and accurately done.

The committee of judges, Mr. J. F. MacKay, Bus. Mgr. 'The Globe'; Mr. Geo. E. Scroggie, Adv. Mgr. 'Mail and Empire,' and Mr. H. B. Somerville, 'The World,' have, after due consideration made the following awards:—

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| 1st, \$100 in gold, Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Hoar, Scott Petricodiac, N. B. |
| 2nd, 50 " Mrs. Joseph H. Cook, Beachville, Ont. |
| 3rd, 25 " Rev. Jos. H. Chant, Newburg, Ont. |
| 4th, 5 " Mrs. Joseph Hilliday, Williamsford, Ont. |
| 5th, 5 " Mrs. Lucy A. B. Smith, 322 Canbie Street, Vancouver, B. C. |
| 6th, 5 " Mr. James Arthur, North Rustico, P. E. I. |
| 7th, 5 " Miss Eunice Watts, Waterville, King's Co., N. S. |
| 8th, 5 " Mrs. John Ranks, Makinak, Man. |
| 9th, 5 " Madame Marie Louise Patenaude, St. Mare, Vercheres Co., Que. |

Many who did not obtain a prize deserve special commendation for well-kept diaries, while others made the mistake of putting in items from newspapers, etc., instead of entering up the everyday events of home life which make a diary both useful and valuable for future reference.

The 1907 edition of Dr. Chase's Calendar Almanac contains full particulars of the competition now going on, and if it has not reached you we shall be pleased to send a copy to your address. Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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Some one asked Thomas A. Edison, "Don't you believe that genius is inspiration?" "No," he replied; genius is perspiration."

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

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A second class female teacher for Foreston school, District No. 10, Parish of Aberdeen, Carleton County, N. B., to begin April 1st. Apply stating salary to FRANK J. STATEN, Secretary o Trustees, Foreston, N. B. Feb. 27, tf.