

## DOES THIS INTEREST YOU?

A prominent physician, famous for his success in the treatment of kidney and bladder diseases, attributes a great deal of his success to the following simple vegetable prescription:—

One ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion;

One ounce Compound Salutarina;  
Four ounces Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla;

Mix, shake well, and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and again at bedtime.

Your druggist can supply the ingredients, and the mixture can be prepared at home at very little expense.

This, the doctor says, acts directly on the kidneys, assisting them to filter the poisons from the blood and expel same in the urine, at the same time restoring the kidneys to healthy, normal action.

We feel that a great many readers will be pleased to learn of this simple prescription, and knowing the ability of the physician whose formula it is, we do not hesitate to recommend it to any sufferer.

## MRS. CONDON'S MESSAGE.

The porch was a pleasant place in the quiet of the summer afternoon. Mrs. Condon rocked slowly back and forth, pausing now and then in her sewing to look across the broad acres to the wooden patch on the ridge that marked the horizon. It was all hers, the richest farm in Liscom county, and yet she sighed softly as she took up her work again.

'Ma!' Mrs. Condon looked up with a start. Her thoughts had been far back in the past when she was young and as pretty as the girl's figure that stood in the doorway.

'Henry Griswold is coming to see you this afternoon,' went on the girl. 'He wants to ask you—for me.'

With cheeks aflame she leaned forward and buried her face on the elder woman's shoulder. Mrs. Condon pushed her gently away and the gaunt, tired face grew hard.

'Does Hank Griswold want to marry you or the farm?' she demanded bluntly. 'It ain't going to do him a mite of good to ask.'

'He doesn't want the old farm!' stormed the girl. 'We're going to live on his place.'

'If he gets you,' amended Mrs. Condon. 'It won't do a mite of good to argue, Sue. There ain't no fortune hunter going to marry you.'

'He's not a fortune hunter,' defended the girl. 'It's a cruel, wicked, hateful thing to say!'

'You go right straight into the house,' commanded Mrs. Condon, 'and don't you come out here again until you can be respectful to your mother.'

For a moment the girl paused rebelliously, but habit was stronger than this mutinous feeling, and slowly she went inside. Mrs. Condon picked up her sewing again but her hands lay idle in her lap, and tired eyes looked out across the fields. She had paid a bitter price for those broad acres, and Hank Griswold, struggling with his tiny farm, should never be their owner. She had been forced into a loveless marriage by an avaricious father, and her heart had turned to stone. She could not believe in love. It must be the fields that Griswold wanted. It might seem hard to Susie, but it was for the best.

Down the narrow strip of road, running like a dusty river between the green banks of verdure, shambled a bent figure. It turned in at the gate, unmindful of Mrs. Condon's shrill warning that she did not feed tramps.

'I'll work for it,' he said eagerly. 'I'm willing to pay my way, but you people are so set against tramps that you won't even give me a chance to work for food.'

'I suppose you'll tell me next that you're a mechanic on his way to a job that's been promised him,' she said scornfully.

'I'm a tramp, a hobo, he said defiantly. 'It's all I've been for ten years and more. I only work when I have to, but I'm willing to work now for the sake of food.'

Mrs. Condon smiled approvingly. She liked truth even in a tramp.

'I guess there ain't much to do,' she said as she rose to her feet. The wood's all split, and I've got two men for chores, but I'll give you something.'

The tramp sank down on the steps, and presently she re-appeared with a bowl containing the remnants of a stew and part of a loaf of bread.

She watched him as he wolfed his food, and when he set the bowl down on the porch she nodded approvingly. 'I guess you were hungry,' she conceded. 'We don't like tramps in through here.'

'You don't have to tell me,' he declared, with a grin. 'I know a chap what came from round here somewhere. He was my side partner for a couple of years. They used to

## SICK HEADACHE.

This disease is caused by a derangement of the stomach. Take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets to correct this disorder and the sick headache will disappear. For sale by All Dealers.

call him 'Starry Sam' because he had bracelets tattooed on his wrists.'

'I know the man you mean,' she said, with an impassive face, 'but I didn't know he was a—tramp.'

'There was a woman,' explained the tramp, seeing that she was interested and scenting a chance to get food to carry with him on his way.

'He told me the story once. He was in love with the girl, but her old man made her marry a fellow that had money. Sam couldn't stand for seeing her another man's wife, and he lit out.

'He wasn't a hit in the city. His disappointment sorter took the heart out of him. 'I know,' she said quietly. 'He was killed the next year while saving a little child.'

'Killed nothin'!' scoffed the tramp. 'That was a stall for the girl he was stuck on. He was down so low he took to the road, and he got the clerk of a lodging house to put up that steer. Said he'd rather have her think he was dead than to guess he'd taken to the road. You know the girl?'

'Yes, I know her.'

'Well, don't tell her. Sam was a good fellow. It was only that he didn't have nothing to live for. You can't blame him. He's dead now. He got in with some yeggs after he left me and the bulls got him in Chi.'

'The bulls got him?' The woman's voice quivered a little. 'That's slang,' explained the tramp. 'The Chicago policemen started to arrest him, and he tried to run, so they shot him. He was a good man,' he added softly. 'Say, lady, you couldn't let me have some more bread, could you, to take with me?'

She rose without a word and entered the house, returning presently with a fresh loaf and some cold meat wrapped in a paper. With a word of thanks the tramp slouched on, and the summer stillness fell upon the piazza again.

But the woman's heart throbbed with a dull ache.

'The bulls got him in Chi.'

The sentence ran in her brain. So this was the epitaph of her boy lover. The heroic rescue, in which he gave up his life for another, was but a figment of imagination. She shuddered as though she had come in physical contact with the thing that had been her idol and who had become a loathsome, ragged tramp.

Then her thoughts softened. Her visitor had been right. Sam had been different from the practical, unimaginative men with whom he lived. They had made great plans for the—their future—future and disappointment had taken the heart out of him.

A dreamer, men called him; a visionary, who preferred the pen to the plow. It was for this reason that her father had forced her into a hateful marriage with Condon.

She sat with idle hands staring across the fields, with eyes that pierced the veil of years. Her eyes were dry. Her tears were long since shed, but the old wound bled afresh.

For years her heart had been as a stone within her breast, but now it softened under the influence of her grief. The sinking sun shot its beams slantwise across the porch and warmed afresh her benumbed sensation. At last she stirred.

'Sue!' she called. The girl, eyes red and swollen from weeping, appeared in the doorway.

'You'd better bathe your eyes and put on your muslin dress,' counseled her mother. 'If Hank is coming you'll want to look your best. I'll say 'yes,' my dear. I guess you ought to know better than me whether it's you or the farm he wants. You've got a right to happiness.'

'You've thought it over!' asked the girl as she kissed the faded check.

'I guess I've had a message from the Lord,' she answered, 'even though he did pick out a tramp for a messenger.'

If real coffee disturbs your Stomach, your Heart or Kidneys, then try this clever Coffee imitation—Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee. Dr. Shoop has closely matched old Java and Mocha Coffee in flavor and taste, yet it has not a single grain of real Coffee in it. Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee Imitation is made from pure toasted grains or cereals, with Malt, Nuts, etc. Made in one minute. No tedious long wait. You will surely like it. Get a free sample at our store. All druggists.

## Some "Cooperisms."

At this time of revival of interest in the works of James Fenimore Cooper, it is amusing to read a few sly hits at some of his literary devices, given by the keen but kindly pen of Mark Twain. The adventure which holds the young reader fascinated as he tracks the hero of the romance through the forest is declared to be not always practicable, nor even possible, however dear it may be to the boyish soul. Says Mr. Clemens:

In his little box of stage properties Cooper kept six or eight cunning devices, artifices for the savage and woodsman to deceive and circumvent each other with. He was never so happy as when working these innocent things and seeing them go.

A favorite one was making a moccasined person tread in the tracks of a moccasined enemy, and thus hide his own trail. Cooper wore out barrels and barrels of moccasins in working that trick.

Another stage of property he pulled out of the box pretty often was the broken twig. He prized his broken twig above all his other effects and worked it the hardest. It is a restful chapter in any book when somebody doesn't step on a broken twig and alarm all the reds and whites for two hundred yards around. Every time Cooper puts a person in peril, and absolute silence is worth four dollars a minute, some one is sure to step on a broken twig. There may be a hundred other things to step on, but that wouldn't satisfy Cooper. The man must turn out and find a broken twig, and if he can't do it, go and borrow one. In fact, the "Leather Stocking Series" might be called the "Broken Twig Series."

Cooper has no knowledge of nature's way of doing things. For instance, an Indian expert lost the trail of a person tracking through the woods. He was not stomped for long. He turns a running stream aside, and in the soft mud of the old bed there are the person's moccasin tracks. The current did not wash them away, as it would have done in other cases.

No—even the eternal laws of nature have to vacate when Cooper wants to put up a delicate job of woodcraft on the reader.

## Had Tetter for Thirty Years.

I have suffered with tetter for thirty years and have tried almost countless remedies with little, if any, relief. Three boxes of Chamberlain's Salve cured me. It was a torture. It breaks out a little sometimes, but nothing to what it used to do.—D. H. BEACH, Midland City, Ala. Chamberlain's Salve is for sale by All Dealers.

## Fido's Nose.

Fido trotted out on the lawn. He was a pure-bred Skye, and he wore a blue bow round his neck, but otherwise he was just an ordinary dog. It wasn't long before he noticed that the front gate was wide open, and, after a guilty look round, he ambled slowly out of the gate, and proceeded up the street on a tour of inspection. He had the usual dog's enthusiasm about smells. He spent his small life smelling everything that came in his way. It was his instinct to rest his small black nose for a second or two on an object, and classify it by its odor. Smelling served him in place of writing and speech, and—to a certain extent—took the place of reason. So to speak, he smelt his way through life, and, as he was a painstaking dog and one who made full use of his opportunities, he had smelt pretty well the whole suburb.

The first thing he found when he got out was a dead rat, and, as it was an extremely dead rat, it was an exceptionally interesting subject. Fido ran his nose carefully all over it, so as to get the full flavor, and trotted on.

The next item of interest was a very dead cat. It was up a lane, but its flavor called out to Fido. The cat had been lying out in the sun for some days and fairly howled for burial. Fido investigated closely, had a drink out of the gutter, and passed on.

Various routine smells and a chance meeting with a poodle friend took up his attention for the next two blocks, but at the beginning of the third he discovered smells of unusual brilliance, and followed them up until he found, encamped on an unbuilt-upon plot of land, a travelling circus. Fido overhauled the whole show, and added about three hundred new smells to his collection. He finished up with the dust bins—there were five of them—and passed out wagging the short, hairy thing at the conclusion of him.

On the way home he went through four more dust boxes, held another inquest on the rat, and wound up with another drink out of the gutter.

As soon as he slunk in at the front gate, a pretty girl with fluffy golden hair cried, 'Oh-h, Fido darling!' caught him up in her arms, and kissed his nose!

Two minutes later a young man walked in and kissed the girl!—Kodak, in Sydney 'Bulletin.'

## PILES

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. 60c. at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

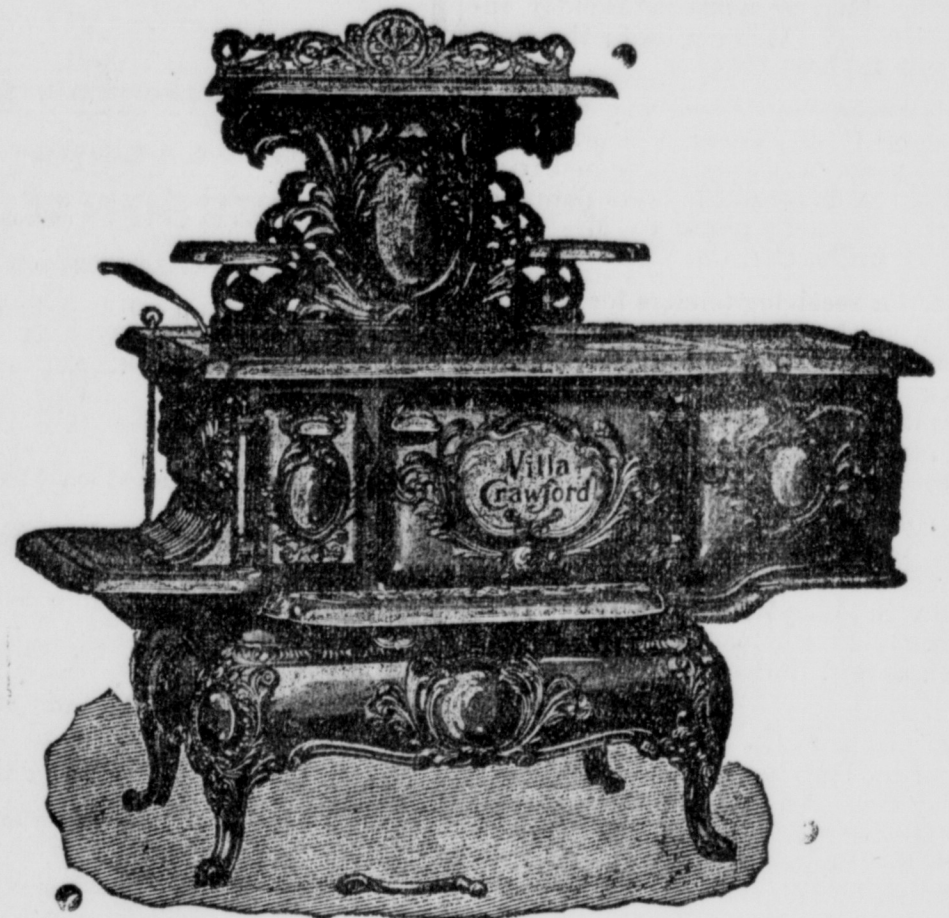
DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

RED ROSE  
TEA "IS GOOD  
TEA"

Girls are neater, more careful, and more cleanly than boys, so they are employed in the Red Rose factory to do all the packing and labelling.

It is a factory girls like to work in, and Red Rose Tea is a tea you will enjoy drinking. Everything is done to ensure it being absolutely pure and clean.

Will you try a package? Ask your grocer for it.

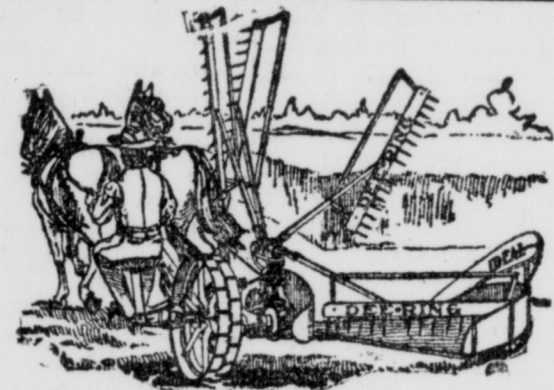


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The Most Up-to-Date Reaper on the Market.

An important feature of the Ideal Reaper is the ease and dispatch with which the driver can make every adjustment to meet varying crop conditions without dismounting from the seat. He can quickly adjust the rakes to sweep the platform, to have them act as reels without sweeping, or tilt the platform to throw the knife down to pick up lodged grain.

Each of the four rakes can be operated exactly as desired by means of the controlling device. By an adjustment of a hand latch every rake, every second, every third, every fourth, or every fifth rake can be made to sweep the platform, or by the operation of a foot lever, the rake can be made to act as reels. This machine may be compactly folded for transportation or storage.

For sale by us and our staff of agents. For prices and terms see any of these men or consult us.

## BALMAIN BROS.

## Extension of Time for Tenders for Centreville School.

The time for receiving tenders for the Centreville School Building has been extended until 20th September. Plans and specifications may be seen at offices of H. J. Clark, Secretary to Trustees, Centreville, and H. H. Mott, architect, St. John.

H. J. CLARK,  
Secretary to School Trustees,  
Centreville.

## FOR SALE.

House and barn with two acres of land. House has all modern conveniences, including hot and cold water and bath. MRS. CHAS. TINKER, Bristol, Carleton County, N. B. Aug. 28, 41.

## THE STEPHENSON HOUSE.

All Modern Improvements. Permanent and transient Boarders.

MISS STEPHENSON, Proprietor.

Queen Street, Woodstock, N. B.

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PLUMBING

At most reasonable prices is what I am offering the public.

Estimates cheerfully furnished on any kind of work in my line.

A full line of materials of all kinds. Aqueduct Pipe at specially low rates. All work guaranteed first class.

I. C. CHURCHILL,

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## FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

The G. W. Vanwart residence in Woodstock, and six lots of land. Possession given at once. Persons wishing to look over the property can do so by applying to

MRS. J. N. W. WINSLOW.

3 mos. July.