

PLAIN TALK FROM THE DOCTOR

A prominent physician, famous for his success in the treatment of kidney and bladder troubles, stated that to the following prescription is due a great deal of his success:

- One ounce fluid extract dandelion;
- One ounce compound salutarina;
- Four ounces compound syrup sarsaparilla.

Mix and take a teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime, drinking plenty of water.

This mixture will, he says, positively cure any diseases arising from weak, clogged or inactive kidneys, and will assist these organs to cleanse the blood of the poisonous waste matter and acids, which if allowed to remain, cause lumbago, lame back, rheumatism and sciatica, and at the same time will restore the kidneys to healthy normal action. The ingredients, which are purely vegetable and entirely harmless, can be procured from any good druggist and mixed at home at very little cost.

This advice will undoubtedly be much appreciated by many readers.

OLD HOME WEEK

BY LULU JOHNSON.

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Billy Sugden read the pamphlet through from cover to cover, from the first glaring line, "Old Home Week," to the imprint of the "Blairsville Mercury Job Print" on the last page of the cover. Somehow the little booklet seemed to have almost the value of a message from home. He could even tell which part of the text Carr, the editor of the "Mercury," had written and which portions were the product of the Rev. John Dudley, the Presbyterian minister, who has literary aspirations.

One paragraph in particular appealed to him. It ran: We have set a date later than most of the old home weeks, so that as we, the home stayers, bring to a happy and prosperous conclusion the harvest of the year, so may the homecomers bring with them the first fruits of their prosperity and their talent."

Whoever had sent him the pamphlet had understood this paragraph, and Sugden felt with a glow of pride that his new-found fame had reached even to the old home. It was only in the last few months that he had gained the position as an illustrator for which he had fought, and fame was still very sweet to him. He could see visions of the old home, the quiet, shady streets, the trees now gorgeous in their autumnal tints, as he sat down and wrote a note of regret to the famous lion hunter who had sought to add him to her collection at Newport for that week.

As the train drew near the old town some weeks later, he peered from the windows as eagerly as a boy.

On both sides of the car excited faces were pressed against the glass locating familiar spots, and when at last the long line of cars swung around the point and the gray old breakwater came into sight, the car rang with cheers in which Sugden's voice was by no means the least vociferous.

It was pleasant to meet the reception committee with their pompous formality of welcoming speeches which were followed by the more genuine handclaps. It was still more pleasant to make his way up the street and get a welcome on every hand, but through it all Sugden was conscious of one lack; the absence of one person who alone could make Old Home Week a success to him. For the first time he realized that the week meant to him Elizabeth Grantley, and it was to see her that he had come.

As he crossed the foaming little river that cut the town in two he remembered the last time that he stood on the span. He and Elizabeth had leaned against the rail, watching the swirling waters in the uncertain moonlight, while gently she had put from her the hopes that had arisen in her breast, and had sent him on his way unfettered by matrimonial promise. "If you really want me, you will come back for me without a promise she had whispered. "I could not bear to think that I was holding you back in your career, Billy." He had protested and argued but the girl had steadfastly held to her point. She would not marry him, she would not even consider an engagement. If he was to fight his way in the world he must be left free.

He had failed to perceive her point of view. He had wanted her to marry him and go in search of a career. When she had refused he had flung himself away, and he had not written now he knew that she had been right, and he longed to tell her so. There was a bureau of information through which visitors might locate their old friends, but the sweet-faced girl in charge of the registry list shook her head regretfully. "We tried to locate the Grantleys to reach them with an announcement," she explained, "but they appear to have dropped from sight completely. I will make a note of your address in case we do locate them." Sugden thanked her and went out feeling as though, after all, his coming had been a mistake. He

slipped into the opera house to listen for a while to the formal exercises of the opening day, but he found the prosy oratory tiresome and soon sought the open air. Bridge and Court streets were brought out brilliantly by arches of incandescent lights, and in the Indian summer warmth a pushing, perspiring crowd made their way up and down the streets and jostled each other into the gutter, while the confetti was scattered about and the feather ticklers were everywhere in evidence.

With a gesture of disgust, Sugden turned from the crowd. His mood was not at all merry-making and he sought the more quiet parts of the town. Almost unconsciously he took the familiar paths that led to the little cottage where the Grantleys had made their home, and presently he found himself leaning against the fence that enclosed the well-kept garden. Here he lighted a cigar, and with the soft gloom of the tree-shaded yard for his screen, he projected from his fancy scenes wherein he and Elizabeth had figured. He could see the gay hammock swung between the apple tree and the horse chestnut. He could picture the dainty figure in filmy white, and could almost hear her hail of "I'm out here, Billy, in the hammock," as the gate clicked behind him.

Then his mind conjured the vision of the wistful faced girl leaning upon the railing of the bridge and pleading with him to keep his freedom that he might make his fight free handed. He remembered those last few moments when he had declared that he would have nothing more to do with a girl who feared to face poverty with him, and even now it seemed that he could hear her sobs down the street, while he had leaned against the wall and had watched her go without a single word of comfort.

Somehow the sobbing seemed strangely real. It was almost as though a woman there in the shadow of the trees was letting loose the flood-gates of her grief. So real did the sound seem that he flung away his cigar and vaulted the low fence making for the direction of the sound. But though he expected to find a woman there under the tree, it was with a shock that he did come face to face with a bowed figure. With uplifted hat and a murmured offer of service he advanced, but the woman moved away silently. Something in the pose brought Sugden's heart into his mouth and with a cry he darted forward.

"Elizabeth! Is it really you?" he demanded. "Have I found you at last?" The girl was at the gate now and in the light of the distant street lamp he saw that he was right.

"Listen, dear," he went on. "I don't blame you for wanting nothing to do with me but hear me only for a minute.

"I did not know what you intuitively guessed—how hard the struggle would be. I did not know the conditions. I thought that with you to help me make the fight I could do better. I know now that I was wrong."

"I thought that knowledge would come in time," said the girl softly. "Genius is a garret is a thing of the past. Genius to be discovered must live and dress well. I could not make you understand that."

"But I know it now," he assured her. "I can see that alone I could live better and at least preserve the appearance of prosperity that was my greatest aid to advancement. And even as my error was great, so is my penitence, Betty. Can you find it in your heart to forgive me, to admit me at least to your friendship?"

"To forgive is part of woman's life," she said wearily. "I had not intended to make myself known. I just wanted to see the old town and the old home again, but you have found me out."

"And this time I shall not let you go," he said. "Not if I can prove how great has been my repentance. Look, dear, the old home is for sale. May I buy it in the hope that some day we shall call it home? I know I do not deserve forgiveness, dear, but—you said I would find you waiting when I came home."

"It has been a long wait," she said softly. "a very long wait, Billy, but I have kept my promise. I have waited alone."

Gently, almost reverently, he took her in his arms, and as his lips brushed the soft brown hair he realized what some men never come to know—the depth and beauty of a woman's loving forgiveness. Sugden had found the old home—and the new.

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.

Winter Quarters For The Poultry.

In providing winter quarters for poultry the first essential is dryness of soil, which should be secured, if the ground is not naturally drained, by means of tile, and, if necessary, surface drains in addition. A sufficient area is necessary, that the birds may be kept healthy. Overcrowding is fatal to success. The use of open-fronted poultry houses, with scratching sheds combined, is rapidly coming into favor. The colony houses, which are made of single boards, ex-



NOT SO MUCH

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cept at the perches, and provided with drop curtains, have been found sufficiently warm for hardy fowl, even in this climate, to make their general adoption certain. The perches are sometimes arranged on either side, sometimes at one end, and with dropping boards underneath; this enables the scratching material, composed usually of chaff, to be spread over all the floor space. In the colony houses at the Macdonald College the perches are placed at one end and are quite low to the ground without any dropping boards underneath. This arrangement in a cold climate makes it unnecessary to clean the poultry house as frequently as in cases where dropping boards are used. One important point to observe in keeping poultry in winter quarters is to provide ample exercise for the birds. This is done by scattering the whole grain fed each day among the floor litter, which is usually at least six inches in depth. A few people scatter dry slaked lime among the scratching material with a view to keeping it fresh and wholesome. One great advantage of the open-front scratching shed over the closed house is that ample ventilation is provided. Where this ventilation is deficient the birds frequently go off in condition and become very susceptible to disease. Where the houses, however, are netted across the front with fine wire and provided with curtains or door to keep out the wind in case of a gale, and the perches arranged well to the rear, the birds are generally very healthy. Warmth does not seem to be necessary for successful winter egg production. As long as the birds have a dry soil, plenty of ventilation, abundance of exercise and a balanced ration, they will thrive. As to the breeds suitable for confinement, success has been secured with Leghorns, Minorcas, Wyandottes, Barred Rocks, Orpingtons and Rhode Island Reds.

A weak Stomach, causing dyspepsia, a weak Heart with palpitation or intermittent pulse, always means weak Stomach nerves or weak heart nerves. Strengthen these inside or controlling nerves with Dr. Shoop's Restorative and see how quickly these ailments disappear. Dr. Shoop, of Racine, Wis., will mail samples free. Write for them. A test will tell. Your health is certainly worth this simple trial. Sold by all druggists.

Only Half Picked.

(Lippincott's). A well known club man of Boston was married during the earlier days of the past winter to a charming Wellesley girl, who, of her many accomplishments is proudest of her cooking.

The husband returned late one afternoon to his home in Brookline to discover that his wife was "all tired out."

"You look dreadfully fatigued, little one," came from the hubby, in a sympathetic tone.

"I am," was the reply. "You see, dear, I heard you say that you liked rabbit. So early this morning I went to the market to get you one. I meant to surprise you with a broiled rabbit for dinner; but I'm afraid you'll have to take something else. I've been hard at work on the rabbit all day and I haven't got it more than half picked."

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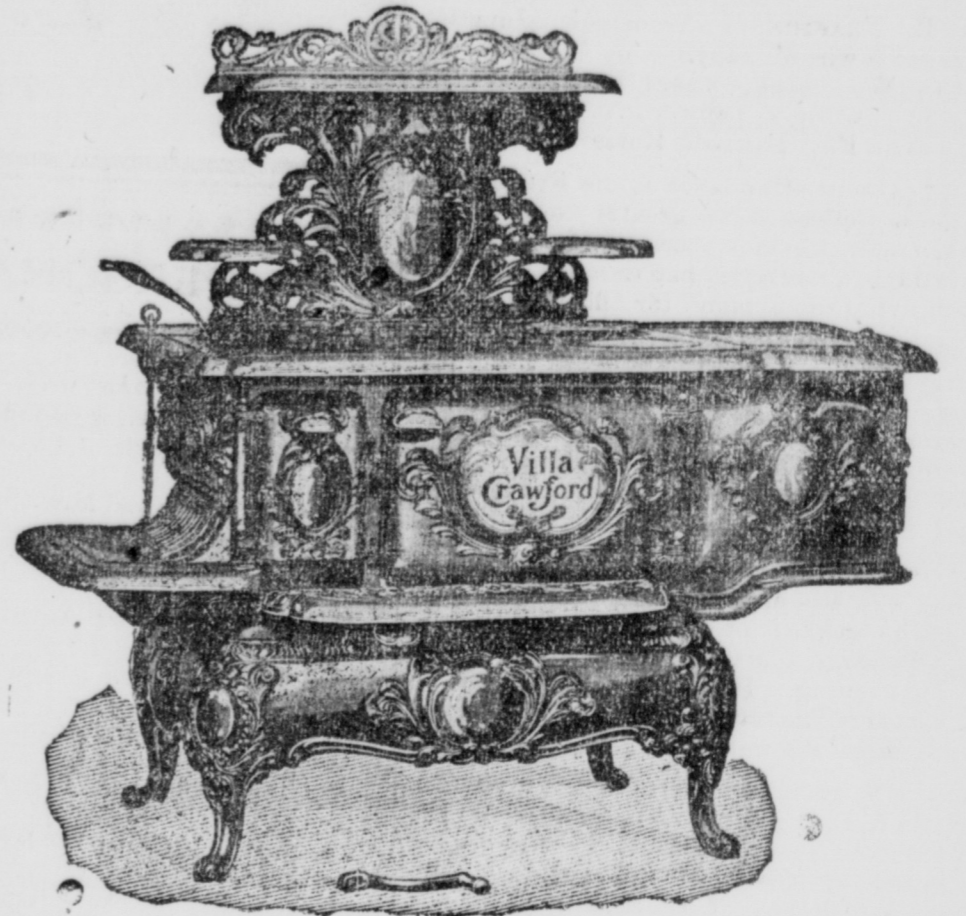
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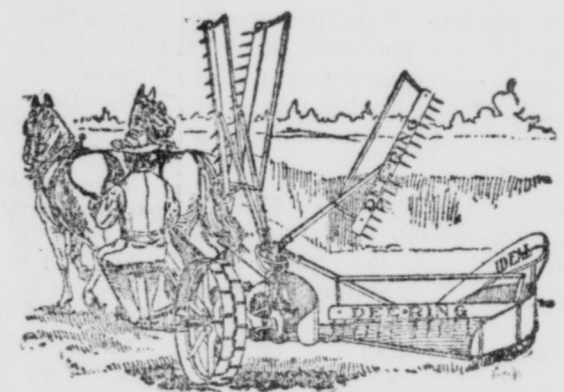


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3 mos. July

Wake up and Take Notice.

Only four lots on Park Terrace now unsold of the ten I advertised for sale in the spring. Good for railway men. Only five minutes from the Yard Station. Price now \$150 a lot. After the first of October they will cost \$200. Don't delay. Secure one now. Terms of payment easy.

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