

## SAYS THIS IS BEST

A leading health journal in answering the question, "What is the best prescription to clean and purify the blood?" prints in a recent issue the following:

Fluid Extract Dandelion one ounce;  
Compound Salatone, one ounce;  
Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, four ounces.

Shake well and use in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime.

A well-known physician states that these are harmless vegetable ingredients, which can be obtained from any good prescription pharmacy.

This mixture will clean the blood of all impurities. In just a few days the skin begins to clear of sores, boils and pimples. It puts vigor and energy into run-down debilitated men and women. For many years Sarsaparilla alone has been considered a good blood medicine. But while it built up and made new blood, the impurities remained within and the good accomplished was only temporary. Sarsaparilla, however, when used in combination with Compound Salatone and Extract Dandelion, works wonders. This combination puts the kidneys to work to filter and sift out the waste matter, uric acid, and other impurities that cause disease. It makes new blood and relieves rheumatism and lame back and bladder troubles.

## A FINAL ARGUMENT.

By Mrs. Neish.

"What a pity you can't come with me, Gwen. I did so want to go to Homburg."

"Dearest, I would with pleasure, but I really can't—and my cousin, Gwen Randall, looked deprecatingly across at me. 'To tell the truth, Nell, my plans are rather unsettled now.'"

When a widow and, moreover, a young and pretty widow, tells you her plans are rather unsettled, there is only one further question to be asked.

"Who is it, Gwen?"

She laughed a little consciously, and then she blushed.

"Sir Richard Morton."

"Won't you find the daughter rather a handful?" I asked—for I knew Norma Morton fairly well.

"Why should I?" asked Gwen. "Isn't she nice? How old is she, by the way?"

"She is barely eighteen and dreadfully spoiled, and has grown up with 'views' on every sort of subject. Have you never met her?" I added in much astonishment.

Gwen shook her head. "No—not often. I have just seen her once or twice, and she seemed such a pretty little thing. I really hardly noticed her. I am not over fond of girls of that age, and they are very easily put in their place—but I hope we shall be friends if I should—" she paused.

"Settle your plans," I said, laughingly.

"Well, I know Norma pretty well, and I honestly think you will have your work cut out."

"I don't think so," said Gwen. "I should be a delightful stepmother—although, of course, I shouldn't stand any nonsense. If there was any trouble, I should send her back to school or let her live with her aunt. But why shouldn't we get on?"

"Well," I said doubtfully, as I rose to go, "I don't see really why you should not; but it will depend a good deal on what you call nonsense. I think, Gwennie, from what I know of Sir Richard's daughter, he really is in need of a protector, and he could not have a better one—for you, at any rate, will make him happy."

"Papa is really a great responsibility," said Norma Morton, puckering up her pretty forehead.

"Great," I agree, "and you really ought to write a book on the 'Reformation of Fathers.'"

"Do you think so," said Norma eagerly. "Yes, I believe I could; in fact, I am writing a book now—no, not on fathers," she added—"just explaining my views on the simple life and—"

"What is it called?"

"I haven't thought of a title yet. I think I shall call it—"

"Back to the Land," I suggested.

"No," she said seriously, "I think that has been done already—and I want to be original."

"There is nothing very original about the simple life," I began; Adam and Eve were—

"Don't be silly!" said Norma severely. "I am going to point out in my book the uselessness of wasting money, the vulgarity of giving pretentious dinners, and the value of true economy, the—"

"Doesn't your father agree with your views?" I interrupted, to spare myself a further list of headings.

"Papa? My dear, he's awful! a mere bon vivant. He eats four courses for dinner."

"Moderate man! My father has seven."

"And he seemed quite vexed when I changed it to two."

"What did he say?"

"I never repeat that sort of thing," said Norma sedately. "I mean to change things gradually. I sent cook away yesterday and one of the housemaids, and I am shutting up several of the larger bedrooms, and I don't mean to entertain, excepting, of course, my monthly Debating Society. I give them tea, at least we call it tea."

"Nice and cheap," I murmured.

"Yes, we only have wholemeal bread and milk, and there are apples if anyone wants them—apples are both wholesome and nourishing."

"And usually sour or woolly too."

"If they are sour they can be baked."

"Aren't you going to entertain at The Towers this summer?" I presently asked.

"No," said Norma. "It is to be a real rest for papa and me. I shall take my Debating Society down for the day next month."

"Isn't Gwen coming?" I asked. I thought she said your father had asked her. My cousin, Gwen Randall, I added in answer to a puzzled look.

"No," said Norma. "Papa did say something about it but to tell the truth, Nell, I am not going to have her. I know I ought not to say so to you; but she is not at all my style."

"No," I agreed, looking at the severe little expression and the hideous unbecomingly dressed hair and out-of-taste dress. "I don't think she really is your style."

"So why have her?" asked Norma simply. "I told papa I did not care for her, nor did I think her a particularly suitable friend for him."

Truly the present-day parent is well brought up! and he was willing of course to drop her at once!

"No, he was very rude indeed," said Norma; "so rude that I did not even come down to dinner; but I am sure he took what I said to heart, because I put it so plainly."

"I am sure he did," I agreed cheerfully, and I sincerely hope he will become a really obedient and tractable parent."

"You can do anything with a man if you only have the courage to put your foot down," said Norma with much decision, "and fond as I am of you, Nell, I really do not care for your cousin, and so I have shown papa quite plainly I do not intend to have her here."

\* \* \*

It was very nearly six weeks later when, in answer to a pressing invitation, I went to spend a few weeks with Norma.

"Where is your father?" I asked as we sat over tea.

"He is up in town, but I'm expecting him home to day. It is very strange, but he wired to the housekeeper instead of me. I have sent her away, as there were far too many servants here, and so of course I opened the wire. It only said 'Coming home Thursday—prepare east rooms.'"

"And did you—?"

"No; I have shut the east rooms up, and so I wrote and told him I had put him in the blue room—it's sunny and not so ridiculously large."

"Will he mind?"

"I have really never thought about it," said Norma; "but I didn't see why he should you know. I had a note from him saying he was coming one day last week, and he would bring with him a final argument; but it is hopeless to argue, because my views are not to be changed."

A few days later Norma and I went up to town for the night, returning to The Towers the following day. We walked up from the station, Norma being a great advocate for the simplicity of walking, even on a close and tiring day.

We went through the drawing-room into the garden.

"Who's that with papa?" asked Norma sharply. "Why, well, I do believe it's your cousin; but surely," she stopped suddenly, remembering Gwen was my cousin, while I followed a little uncomfortably on to the lawn.

"How do you do, papa?" There was grave disapproval in Norma's manner as she coldly turned to my cousin Gwen. "How do you do, Mrs. Randall? I was not aware I was to have this pleasure. Papa—I am quite surprised."

"Are you, my dear," said Sir Richard as he drew a shade nearer to Gwennie's side. "Well, we are going to give you another and even plainer surprise, Mrs. Randall has kindly consented to become your mother-in-law we we married over a fortnight ago," he added in a low voice full of meaning, "and—er this, my dear is my final argument!"

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## Western Lands.

Those who contend that the unalienated lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta should be handed over to the governments of those provinces, respectively, to be administered by them for the benefit of their own people, are not raising a new issue, but reviving an old one. This has been a subject of intermittent discussion for nearly forty

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years, and if opinions could be fairly collected they would probably be found as diverse as they have been at any time since 1870 regarding the merits on the different methods of dealing with the Crown domain. It is not a subject for dogmatism, but for calm and unprejudiced consideration by the ablest statesmen of the Dominion, whether they are in the Dominion Parliament or in the different Provincial Legislatures.

It would tend to keep the controversy free from bad temper if all the disputants would make a point of stating the issue fairly. For example, some journals persistently use language which implies that at some time in the past the people of the West had the control, if not the ownership, of these lands, and that of this great trust they have been "deprived" by the Dominion statutes which created the provinces and endowed them with revenues. This alleged deprivation is spoken of as a "wrong," as "spoliation," and as "injustice." The simple historical fact is that these lands were purchased by the Dominion of Canada from the Hudson's Bay Company, that they were explored and surveyed by the Dominion Government, and that the same government has always borne the expense and responsibility of their management. Consequently there has been no deprivation, or injustice, or spoliation, or wrong of any sort whatever. The question is simply one of administrative expediency; whether it is better for the Dominion as a whole, and for the several Provinces as communities, that the present system should be continued, or that the waste lands should be handed over to the provincial authorities.

## 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.

It is said that potatoes will bake in much less time if the skins are greased before putting them into the oven. The skins will come off more easily and will be as thin as when boiled.

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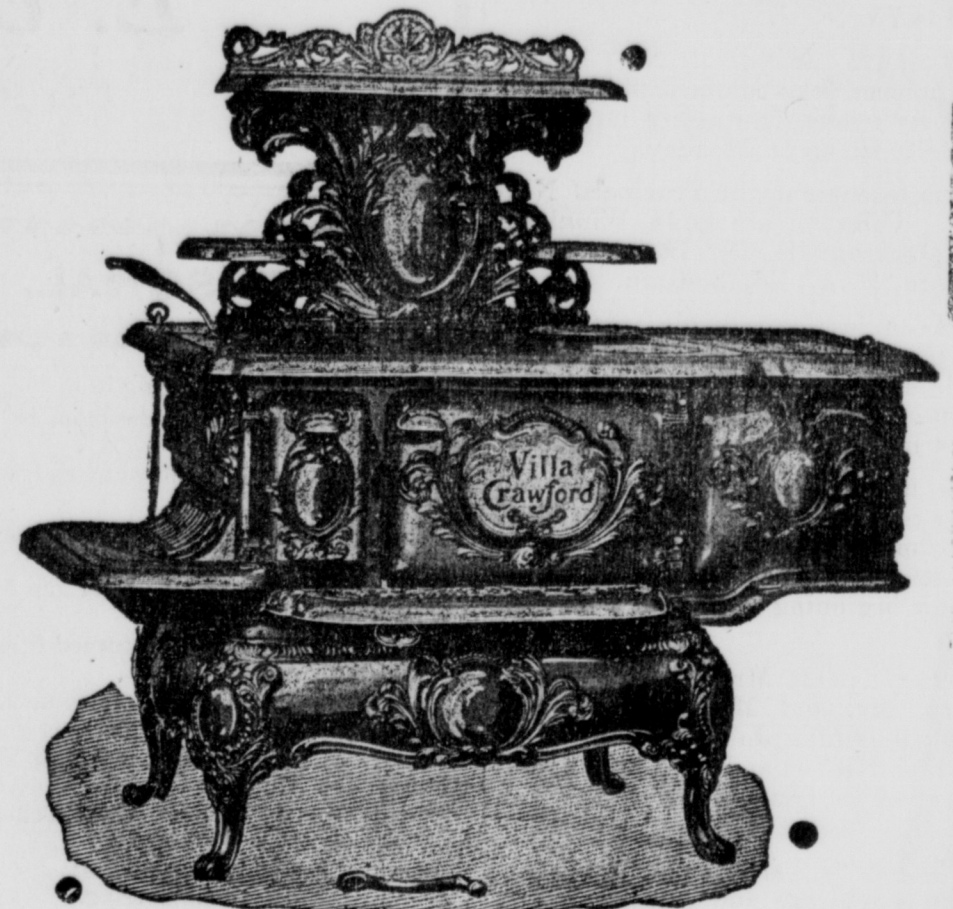
Woodstock

## NOTICE.

To the Electors of the Parish of Wilmot:

Upon the request of many of the Parish I have consented to be a candidate at the forthcoming election for Councillor of said Parish.

THOS. G. WHITE.

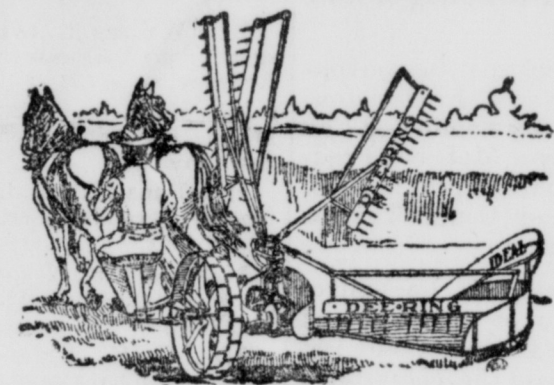


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## BALMAIN BROS.

## The Task Withheld.

A man had been engaged to put a post to the fence, and the little son of the house had looked on with interest while the work was being done. He liked to watch the planks being nailed on, and to hear the quick rat-tat of the hammer in the workman's hand.

When the task was completed and the laborer had gone, Tommy asked eagerly; "Oh, mamma," he protested, "mayn't I nail the post some more? then it will be real, real strong!"

His mother consented, and the little lad standing on the box, struck again and again the heads of the nails which the carpenter had already driven well in, thinking he was making the post stronger and happy in the thought that he was 'helping'.

While he was so agreeably engaged his mother came to the door and called: "Tommy dear, pick up some chips and bring them to me at once."

"Oh, mother," he protested, "dout you see I'm busy? I like doing this!"

"Yes," she replied, I know. But I need you to help me now. Come right away."

He knew there was no alternative and his face was clouded as he clambered down from the box, and laid his hammer aside.

Then he looked up brightening, and asked: "Mayn't I come back and hammer some more when I have finished picking up chips?"

"Yes, Yes," the mother responded, and went back to her indoor duties.

A lady who sat at the window next door, saw and heard all that passed. The lad had been called recently from a work she loved, to tasks that were distasteful, and her heart was sad. It had seemed that she was destined to do great good in her chosen field, and she could not understand why she was called to give it up.

And now, like a revelation, came the thought: "Perhaps I only imagined I was of use, while my Father, who looked on, saw that my strokes, like the little boy's, achieved no good end. Perhaps when He called me from the high place where I stood, He was calling me to real, though lowly, service on the ground. And—and—perhaps—when I have done that service as best I can, He will let me mount my box again, and take up once more the task beloved."