

A Doctor's Statement

Baie St. Paul, C.C., Que.
March 27th, 1907.
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Gentlemen:—
My many thanks for Psychine and Oxomulsion. I have used them with very great satisfaction both in my own case and in that of my friends. It affords me much pleasure to recommend a remedy which is really good in cases for which it is intended. I am, yours very truly,
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THE SILENT WITNESS.

The heart of Montague Kent beat high with hope. Anything might happen now, for Jack Romans was dead, and he would not have ventured into the Great Beyond without unburdening his soul of its awful secret.
Kent saw again the crowded court, and heard the foreman of the jury return a verdict of "Guilty" against him. Then he heard the judge's solemn words condemning him to four years' penal servitude.
He shuddered at the recollection of the long days and nights of imprisonment. But they had been followed by the glorious, God-given day when he had stepped out into the world a free man.
Friends met him at the prison gates, but instead of going home he had turned south and sought the wide expanses way back of beyond in Australia. And there he had lived the wild, free life of a stock-rider.
With the news of Jack Roman's death came the great possibility of a righted wrong. After waiting twelve months he turned homeward. Now he stood in a cosy Bayswater drawing-room, impatient to hear if he had been cleared in the eyes of the one he loved most on earth.
Suddenly the door opened, and through it with the soft rustle of silk and the breath of violets, came the woman for whom he had suffered so much.
Kent bowed. She held out her hand, but he did not take it.
"I thought you were in Australia," she began, awkwardly.
"I reached England yesterday," he replied.
"Oh!" she remarked, disinterestedly, then paused for him to mention his business.
"I heard of Jack's death," he resumed.
"It occurred rather more than a year ago," she said, trying to look with unconcern into the brown, clear-cut face before her.
They had been very much to each other before the tragedy had cleft their lives asunder, and even now she knew that this man held a place in her heart that no other ever had.
"Did he say anything about the—about me before the end?" Kent asked, in a tense, hard voice.
He waited eagerly, breathlessly, for her answer.
"About you?" inquired the woman, puzzled.
His spirit sank within him—his hopes were shattered. He knew she would have understood his question on the instant if her husband had spoken.
"No," she continued. "What was there to say?"
He would have to incriminate the dead to tell her that, and what opinion would she form of him who tried to shift his load of guilt on to a dead man's shoulders?
"What was there to say?" she repeated.
"Nothing," he answered, shortly, almost harshly.
A keen scrutiny of his features told her no more than his words. His strong face was as expressionless as that of the Sphinx—a hundred secrets might have slumbered securely behind such a mask.
"I am sorry to have troubled you on what must appear at best a foolish errand," he prosaically declared. "I will not waste your time. Good-bye."
Picking up his hat, stick, and gloves, he moved to the door.
"Was that all you wished to see me about?" asked Lena Romans, a trifle wistfully.
Kent weakened a little at the quiver in her voice. A mad impulse to catch the woman in his arms and pour into her ears the true story of the crime that had wrecked his life seized him. But what was the good he asked himself. Fate had closed the gates of paradise against him. An attempt to force them could only result in pain and humiliation. The woman would receive his story with contemptuous incredulity.
He fought the foolish impulse down, and straightened himself with a jerk.
"Yes—that was all," he said, with forced steadiness. "Again—good-bye."
"Good-bye," she replied; then he was gone, and a few days later a thousand miles of ocean rolled restlessly between them.

The countless services rendered her by James Clifford—services outside his duty as her solicitor—all pointed to one conclusion: he was in love with her. Directly Lena Romans suspected this she did everything in her power to check him. But, with all her tact, she could not mould the inevitable.
At one of their business interviews he asked her to become his wife.
"I'm very sorry, Mr. Clifford," she replied, sincerely. "It quite impossible for me ever to be more to you than at present."
"You might learn to care for me in the future," urged the good-looking young solicitor. "Don't speak with such an air of finality, please, Lena. You are—"
"It's better," she cut in, somewhat less sympathetically, "to settle the matter now. I must candidly tell you that, though fully alive to the value of your advice and friendship, it would be unkind of me to let you entertain the least hope."
Clifford's face became drawn and colorless as the words ran softly on, sweeping his bright dreams away, and leaving bare the grey, monotonous routine of his present daily life. No man could think a woman cared one iota for him after such a dispassionate statement of the case. Still, he was loath to realize it.
"Won't you let me ask you again in a year's time?" he pleaded, trying hard to keep a tight rein on himself.
Mrs. Romans stepped to his side and, placing a tiny white hand upon his sleeve, looked up at him with troubled eyes.
"I wanted to be the best of friends with you—I didn't want you to love me. I'm very, very sorry, Jim, but it can't be, it can't!"
She saw the muscles knot up beneath his cheek as his teeth came tightly together.
"Heavens! And I have sinned so for you!" he exclaimed.
"Sinned for me!" she cried, in amazement, moving away from him.
"Aye, sinned for you!" he burst out. "Sinned against the living and—broken faith with the dead. Heaven save you from ever loving like that—and in vain. It's—it's purgatory!"
He dropped into a chair and, spreading his arms over the table, buried his face upon them.
Presently Clifford, calmer, rose to his feet. "I wonder if you will be able to forgive me?"
"Forgive you?" she repeated. "I've nothing to forgive."
"Ah, you don't know! I have sounded the depths of infamy, and I have no excuse to plead but love of you. When I've confessed you'll remember that, won't you?"
"I shall never forget it!"
Clifford turned his back upon her, and told his story while gazing into the fire.
"You recollect that some years ago Montague Kent was arrested and charged with having caused the death of Thomas Walker? He was found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to a term of penal servitude. Well, he was innocent!"
"Oh, no! It isn't possible," protested Mrs. Romans, agitatedly interlacing her nervous fingers.
"The case against him was clear. He was known to have had disputes with Walker. He was seen crossing the Wentmore Fields with him one night, and the man was found dead next morning. The—"
"But he pleaded guilty," interrupted Mrs. Romans.
"To shield another," explained Clifford; then he paused. He had come to the painful part and found it difficult to proceed.
In the interval the woman's thoughts turned to Kent's visit. Why had he asked if her husband had said anything before he died? A weird, terrible solution flashed across her brain.
"You can't mean that my—that—"
The words died away in her throat, but her frightened glance told the solicitor what she would have said.
"Yes," he answered, gently. "Walker was killed by your husband."
The floor seemed to rock beneath Mrs. Romans's feet. She leaned heavily against the table. Once more she heard Kent, in reply to her question as to what there was to tell, answer in those tense, queer tones, "Nothing—nothing." And this was what he had called nothing.
"Why did you not come forward with all this information at the trial?" she demanded.
"I knew nothing of it till long afterwards. One day, shortly after his marriage, your husband came to me and said that he had greatly wronged an innocent man, but had not the courage to set things right. He there and then wrote a confession, detailing how he had met Walker and Kent in the field and spoken to them. Walker was intoxicated, and, taking offence at something he said, hit out at him. Jack struck back in self-defence. Unfortunately the blow felled his assailant—his temple came against a stone, killing him instantly.
"Your husband, terrified, implored Kent not to betray him. He did not care for himself, he vowed, but you had promised to become his wife, and the shock would kill you."
"You are mistaken. I had not promised."
"I know," continued Clifford. "The confession states that it was but a ruse to silence

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the only witness of the crime. That it would also remove his most dangerous rival had not occurred to him. Kent was staggered by the announcement concerning you. We all knew he loved—"
"Don't! don't!"
"Well, he held his tongue for your sake, and no one suspected the truth. That's all—so far."
"Oh, it's miserable—miserable," she brokenly lamented. "Yet I don't see what you have done wrong in this tangle of wickedness."
"My share is the worst of all," asserted Clifford, bracing himself up for the ordeal. "I faithfully promised your husband that I would deliver his confession, which he left with me, to you directly he was dead. I feared that if Kent were cleared he would come and ask you to marry him. To prevent that, and win you for myself, I betrayed the trust placed in me by your dead husband. You should have been acquainted of all this at his death, two years since. I have played the part of a scoundrel in suppressing it, and failed, as I deserved to do. Yet I hope you will find it in your heart to pardon me."
By a supreme effort of self-control Mrs. Romans extended her hand in token of forgiveness.
"Shall arrive at three o'clock," said the telegram, which she held between her trembling fingers.
Mrs. Romans's heart thumped rebelliously when, a few minutes ahead of the hour, the servant announced, "Mr. Kent."
"I had your letter and came at once," he abruptly informed her. "You know all?"
"Yes," she answered. "Jack left a full confession with Mr. Clifford—it way delayed delivery."
"And you then said there was nothing to tell."
"That was the only course open to me. But what does all that matter now? Let's forget it."
"I can't. He told you I had promised to become his wife. I hadn't, Monty, I hadn't!" Kent's expression suddenly brightened.
"Yet you did marry him," he accused.
"You were lost to me. You had pleaded guilty," she said, defensively. "Now, however, you must be exonerated before the world."
He came closer and took her hands in his.
"You are my world, Lena. No, look up at me," he begged, drawing her to him. "I have wanted through long years to look into your eyes. You don't know what the past has meant for me, nor do I want you to. I love you more than I can tell, and I think I could make you very, very happy out there. Will you come, dearest?"
"That's just what I want, Monty. To be with you always—always," she whispered.
His arms closed tightly around her, their lips met, and in the pleasure of the present the pain of the past was completely forgotten.
Stop that tickling Cough! Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure will surely stop it, and with perfect safety. It is so thoroughly harmless, that Dr. Shoop tells mother to use nothing else even with very young babies. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung healing mountainous shrub furnish the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It calms the cough, and heals the sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Demand Dr. Shoop's. Take no other. Sold by all dealer

commission house or packers, the commission house alleges shortage of shipments, the shipper alleges shortage of cars, the railroad alleges cowboys are scaring trains with full-dress suits, the cow-boys claim that they are forced to wear them; and back it goes: cattlemen assert that the railroads will not accept cattle unless accompanied by cow-boys in full-dress suits, railroads assert government compels this, government asserts commission-men demanded it, commission-men assert that the measure was put through by the wholesalers, wholesalers assert that the butchers themselves did the lobbying, and the butchers promptly unload the responsibility upon the people.
Thread advances—presumably because the lumber for spools is advanced; lumber for spools has advanced because oats are high (the logging teams require grain three times a day, and that mounts up), oats are high on account of a wet spring, and as the wet spring was sent presumably by Providence, certainly My Lady must not protest when her gowns cost more than fifty per cent.
It is put forward by some social economists that dear money, as the term expresses it, is a sign of prosperity. But is it? Is it, when the prosperity of the many is being milked to swell by greater ratio the prosperity of the few? Is the average man to-day getting his money's worth? Occasionally (we would not breathe the confession outside of our own booming country)—occasionally into the minds of some of us creeps the suspicion that the average man—who occupies the bottom of the heap—is not.—John Stone in March Lippincott's.

Plaster Rock.

The weather has been very cold for the past week.
Mr. and Mrs. Donald Fraser arrived home Saturday night after spending a few days in Boston.
A large number of our young people attended the driving party out to Rideout's camp in which a very pleasant evening was spent.
The church of England Minister held service in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday last.
Mrs. Hayward Poast has returned to her home in Bridgewater, Maine, on the account of the ill of her mother, Mrs. Wm. Davis.
Miss Tamzen Poast has been unable to attend school for the past three weeks on account of her illness with La Grippe.
Mrs. F. Johnston and Mrs. J. Goucher has just arrived home after spending a few days in Fort Fairfield Me.
A large number of the young folk spent a very pleasant evening skating on the mill pond one evening last week.
Watt Cox is carrying on a large lumbering business this winter he now has ten teams hauling, the leading team is Thomas Pilcollins.
Mrs. Herbert Chase has been very ill with La Grippe.
Donald Fraser has added a new part to the Victoria Hotel in which Mr. Murphy, Mr. Poast and Sons are engaged in the work.
The Baptist Choir meets at the home of Mrs. Wm. Poast on Thursday next.
Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Giberson have been boarding this winter but expect to go to house keeping in the spring.
Mr. and Mrs. McGuire has been very ill for the past week.
Wm. Keith has been unable to attend his work for the past week on account of La Grippe.
Amy: "Mamma, I was awfully afraid papa would forbid me to marry Sam when he found out that he played cards for money."
Mamma: "Well, your papa made many inquiries about Sam, and found that he nearly always wins."

The Increasing Cost of Living.

A man who is living in the house occupied by his father thirty-five years ago, who has the same size family, and who is living about, he thinks, as his father lived then, discovered an old account-book kept by his father, covering household expenses. Comparing month by month, the son has found that, summing corresponding items, his expenses to-day are twice those recorded by his father.
Well, what is to be done? Investigation results in a merry-go-round like that depicted so often by newspaper cartoonists: every one pointing with his thumb to his neighbor and saying "Him." The consumer blames the butcher for charging so much for steak, the butcher blames the wholesaler for advancing the price of beef, the wholesaler blames the

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The March issue of the Busy Man's Magazine will be found unusually instructive and interesting, particularly to those who can devote only a short time each day to reading. The articles are timely and profitable, while some of the best short stories of the month will be found within its pages. The illustrations are good, and brighten up the number wonderfully. The story of the Progress of a Canadian from Cadet to Rear-Admiral in His Majesty's Navy is told in an attractive way. A clever sketch of "Tobogganing in Canada" will appeal to all lovers of the great winter pastime. Other acceptable contributions from leading writers are: "How Business Men can Maintain Prosperity," "\$25,000 Jobs that go Begging," "The Science of Selling Goods," "Titled Women Who Are in Business," "Industrial Canada as England Sees It," "The Life Story of a Buffalo," "How Money Carries Poison," "The Circulation of British Journals," "Cutting Down Electric Light Bills," etc. There are many other features, bright and impressive, which will please "busy men." The March number of the Busy Man's Magazine is certainly well worth perusing.

A young lady went into a well-known establishment a few days ago and said to the shopwalker, "Do you keep stationery?"
"No, miss," replied the shopwalk; "if I did I should lose my job."

Light in Darkness.

If you want a POLICY that will light your DARK MOMENTS,
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