

## Children Enjoy It

"I have used Coltsfoot's Expectorant with the greatest satisfaction with my children. It is a wonderful cure for colds and sore throat. I believe it saved the life of my little son, who was very sick from a protracted cold on his lungs."

MRS. ANNIE BRAMBLER.  
Orangeville, March 15, 1907.

"I am greatly pleased with the good results we got from Coltsfoot's Expectorant. I get great comfort with it for my children."

MRS. WALTER HAMMOND.  
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Coltsfoot's Expectorant is the greatest home prescription for all throat and chest troubles in the world. No home should be one hour without it. You can have free sample by sending name to Dr. T. A. Slocum, Ltd., Toronto. All good druggists keep it. Price, 25c. Send for Free Sample To-day.

## Myra's Sign.

By LULU SOHNSTON.

Myra came to the doorway of the sod house and looked wistfully across the fields. Far to the southeast a taint plume of smoke showed a bit of rolling ground and presently she was able to discern a toy train making its progress towards the west. Three puffs of white steam sprang from in front of the cab and presently there were borne to her ear three faint blasts of the whistle in fit proportion to the absurdly diminutive appearance of the locomotive.

She slipped the big white apron from her trim waist and waved it above her head, then a single short blast of the whistle announced that her signal had been seen.

Presently the train vanished into another cut in the rolling prairie, but Myra did not return to work. She remained leaning against the rough-hewn doorpost, looking out across the dreary waste of land.

When summer came and the waving grain covered with its velvet pile the gentle undulation, Myra liked to pretend that it was an ocean across which her ship would presently come sailing to its haven of good hope. Dimly against the southern horizon a line of purple against the blue of the sky marked the commencement of the foot hills, but to north, east and west as far as the eye could see there was only the rolling prairie.

Myra hated the low, flat surface even in the summer, when the ocean of grain concealed its nakedness and gave the suggestion of a mystic ocean, and in the early spring, with its broken surface and the blown grass of the fallow fields, her soul revolted at the very sight of the ground. Yet now she leaned against the doorpost and looked across the brown earth to where she knew the single line of the railroad ran.

In the summer days she had two visits from Jim Purdy, for then it was still light enough when he came past at 6 to wave a signal and to receive the answering toot that was to be heard only when the wind was from the south. At other times only the puff of steam from the whistle told of the signal.

These were about the only visits Myra received. Robert Sackett was a close-grained, self-contained egotist, and young men were not made welcome at the Sackett quarter section. Purdy had come in spite of the surly reception he had received from the father of the girl he loved. There had been long calls on pleasant summer nights and plans for what they would do when Jim should have completed his probation as engineer and should be given a regular run.

Myra had promised to marry him when all this should come to pass. They would live at the end of the division where there was a town of 10,000 inhabitants, and where the dreary monotony of the plains were broken by the close proximity of the mountains. Yet when Jim had come to claim her hand, aglow with joy over his promotion, she had drawn back.

"I can't leave dad," she explained simply. "Mother told me to take care of him, and I promised her that I would. Promises to the dead can't be broken, Jim."

"But she didn't mean that you must spend your whole life and give up your own happiness, just to make Mr. Sackett comfortable," the man denied. "She didn't mean that Myra. She only meant you were to look after him in a way. Your pa would be just as well satisfied with a hired cook."

Myra shook her head in negation even while she knew that what Jim said was true. In the summer when the crops were in there were half a dozen hired men to cook for, and from morning until late in the night, she toiled in the hot kitchen. In the winter Sackett spent much of his time in the nearest town, some eighteen miles away, leaving Myra alone in the homestead.

It was of these things she thought as she looked out across the billows of unlovely earth and wondered if perhaps her sacrifice was but in vain. It was much as Jim said: Robert Sackett would be as comfortable under the ministrations of a hired housewife.

Day after day she had stood in the doorway after Jim's train had passed wondering if perhaps she had not made more than the sacrifice that her mother had demanded and seeking some sign by which she might be

guided. No sign came, however, and there was only the dreary prospect of an unending round of drudgery with no compensating words of thanks and affection.

Her hands clenched as she thought of the last two years; those years in which she might have been Purdy's wife when she might have exchanged the dreary round of the quarter section for a cozy home in the town where the Rockies towered above them and all was not flat and deadly monotonous of outline.

She still stood there as the familiar team attached to the heavy farm wagon crept over the edge of the nearest billow of earth. Sackett, in the driver's seat, gave no heed to Myra's signaling, but drove stolidly on, until at last he had turned into the house enclosure and lumbered down from the seat, tossing to Myra a couple of letters addressed in Purdy's familiar handwriting.

"It was late when I got through last night," he said sheepishly as he removed with care a demijohn from the wagon box and took it into the barn.

Myra nodded understandingly. It always was late when her father concluded his simple business errands; too late to make it worth while to get back to the homestead that night. He saved his conscience with this time worn fiction and spent a roisterous night at the Eagle hotel. She left him to put up the tired horses while she hurried into the house to read her letters and prepare dinner.

Her soul stirred at the thought of the drudgery before her young life for the sake of a man who left her alone in the sod house while he spent the night dissipating in town. Jim's pleadings were hard to resist and as she tucked the letters into her workbox, she prayed for a sign for her guidance.

When Sackett came in, dinner was smoking on the table and he pulled up his chair with a grunt of satisfaction. The meal was enlivened by no gossip of the town. Sackett ate in stony silence, now and then regarding his daughter from beneath his bushy eyebrows. Myra's hands clenched under the tablecloth as she noted the sign.

It was a certain indication that he had to confess some indiscretion which he knew he could not conceal from her. The last time it had been the loss of the market money in an effort to beat a card sharper at a three-card monte.

Sackett carefully finished off a second helping of pie, but he did not push back his chair as a sign he was through. The wrinkled cheeks reddened under the tan, and his eyes grew small and cunning.

"I got to go to town again tomorrow," he announced. "I met the widow Lusk, and she says she'll marry me. She don't think it right that you should be left alone with no mother to look after you."

"Are you marrying the widow on my account?" asked Mira coldly.

"The widow is a fine woman," declared Sackett, a twinkle of appreciation in his beady eyes. "Of course I'll admit that I kinder like her, but she's right when she says you're left too much alone. I'll drive in tomorrow and bring her out."

"I'll go in with you," announced Myra as she gazed up the plates before her and rose from the table. "I was praying for a sign, but I didn't think that the Widow Lusk would be the sign."

"Sign for what?" asked Sackett curiously. "A sign that it would be wright for me to marry Jim," explained Myra. "He wrote the other day that any time I decided to say 'yes' I only had to build two bonfires where he could see them and be in town the next night when he pulled the eastbound Overland over the division. I'm going out to fix the fires now so he'll be expecting me tomorrow."

That night the passengers on the east bound Overland sprang from their seats in alarm as the whistle shrieked demoniacally and then they braced themselves for the collision which never came. They could not know that the young engineer had received a sign from Myra and that he knew that her slavery was at an end.

Tickling or dry Coughs will quickly loosen when using Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. And it is so thoroughly harmless, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers to use nothing else, even for very young babies. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung healing mountainous shrub give 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 dealers.

### From One Walk To Another.

"What would you do if you was one of dese millionaires?" said meandering Mike.

"I 'pose," answered Pledging Pete, "dat I'd get meself a golf outfit an' walk fur pleasure instid o' from necessity."—[Washington Star.

### Bridemaids Fad.

Carrying flowers in baskets is a fad for bridemaids and the effect is most picturesque. The baskets are small and narrow and the handles about two feet long. This brings the posies only a little above a girl's knees when she puts her arm through the handle. Much green stuff is used with the flowers and some blossoms hang over the edges as if ready to fall out.

## Does your Food Feed You?

Dr. H. Snow, late Senior Surgeon, Cancer Hospital, London, wrote: "The maintenance of sound nerve equilibrium by scientific tissue nutrition like Bovril will do more to stay the ravages of any malady than a century of medical progress in drug treatment."

"Bovril" is all beef.

Sold by your

**Druggist and Grocer**

in bottles containing

1 Oz., 2 Ozs., 4 Ozs., 8 Ozs., and 16 Ozs.

### "Dot the Miner's Daughter."

The Bristol Amateur Dramatic Club played a four act drama called "Dot the Miner's Daughter" in the Forester's on Saturday evening March 21.

Miss Gaynelle Long was irresistible as Dolores the miner's daughters. Miss Eva Caldwell was quite fascinating as Winnifred Clifton, an heiress, and acted a tragic part well. Miss Maybel Balyea in the role of a deserted wife, played a difficult part creditably and Miss Maude Hartley as Mrs. Mason, a lady having domestic tastes, displayed much talent in giving advice to all who would accept. Mrs. Scott Darkis created paroxysms of laughter as Aunt Hapzibah, a lady of color, and displayed all of a mother's care and watchfulness over her grand son Ebony. This character was well represented by Will Davis. One of Ebony's characteristics was always being in the wrong place at the wrong time. His usual refuge being an old-fashioned clock in which he finally came to grief, Gordon Caldwell played an important part as Arthur Ffloyd a villain who succeeded by strategy in winning Dot's hand in marriage only to be foiled at the altar by his wife of a secret marriage, Winnifred Clifton forbidding the marriage. Jack Banks as Royal Meadows, the lover of Dolores and Guy Welch as Herbert Mason, a college student, the lovers of Winnifred Clifton played their parts well. Charles Porter as Parson Swift, an astonished clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony and James Boyer as the police officer who arrested the bridegroom represented their respective parts in an impressive manner. Arthur Estabrooks as George Clifton a returned and repentant Californian, Scott Darkis as David Mason a farmer who would not be advised and Chas. Merrit as Bill Torry a boatman who assisted Ffloyd the villain in kidnapping Miss Winnifred all performed their parts in a creditable manner.

The play was a decided success. People were present from Bath, Glassville, Hartland, Centreville and Bridgewater. The committee has received several invitations to repeat the entertainment in other towns. Music was furnished between the acts by Miss Lina Boyer, pianist, and Miss Eva Caldwell violinist, also solos from Mrs Hiram Banks and Miss Maude Jones.

## 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.**

### No Disputing Tastes.

This department was inveighed into blowing itself for a book by a Maynard Babbour, and after reading about half of it, threw the volume at a passing cat. It starts out like a good yarn; the hero is an athletic young Easterner; who goes to the mining country on an errand that promises a good deal of adventure and excitement. No sooner does he reach his destination, however, than he falls sick of mountain fever, and for days and weeks together is tossing in delirium, while doctors and nurses stand around and say that he has but one chance in a hundred. It was at this point that the book went catward. What is the sense of dragging sickness and suffering into a story that is supposed to entertain? The Tommyrot Editor has never been able to enjoy a book of that sort. He has tried a dozen times to wade through Hugo's "Les Miserables," which, by almost universal consent, is one of the masterpieces of literature. It is a most depressing masterpiece. A man could sit in a tomb, with ghosts combing his hair, and write something more cheerful. What good does it do to everlastingly harp upon human suffering and misery? One humorist, who drives the gloom from the face of a despondent reader, is worth more than all the morbidly analytical writers who ever lived.—[Emporia Gazette.

### THE CLOSING SCENE.

The police courts abound in strange revelations; for often there the curtain falls upon the closing scene in some eventful drama which began with mirth, and wine, and pleasure, but which ends in anguish, darkness and despair.

A writer gives the following sketch of such a scene:

Johnson, the officer says you were drunk, and that you haven't drawn a sober breath for a week. How is that Johnson?"

"Yer honor," said Johnson, as he dropped one arm over the rail, and leaned back heavily on the policeman who supported him by the shoulder, "yer honor, it's true; I've been drunk for a week, as you say, an' I haven't got a word to say to defend myself. I've been in this ere court, I guess, a hundred times before, an' every time I've asked your honor to let me off light. But this time I don't have no fear. You can send me up for ten days or ten years; it's all one now."

As he spoke he brushed away a tear with his hat, and when he paused he coughed a dry racking cough, and drew his tattered coat closer about his throat.

"When I went up before," he continued, "I always counted the days an' the hours till I'd come off. This time I'll count the blocks to the Potter's field. I'm most gone, Judge."

He paused again, and looked down upon his almost shoeless feet.

"When I was a little country boy, my mother used to say to me: 'Charlie, if you want to be a man never touch liquor; an' I'd answer: 'No mother, I never will.' If I'd kept that promise, you an' me wouldn't have been so well acquainted. If I could only be a boy again for half a day; if I could go into the school-house just once more and see the boys and girls as I used to see them in the old days, I could lie right down here and die happy. But it's too late. Send me up Judge. Make it ten days or make it for life. It don't make no difference. One way would be as short as the other. All I ask now is to die alone. I've been in crowded tenements for years. If I can be alone for a little while before I go I'll die contented."

—The Common People.

\$100.00 paid by Dr. Shoop for any recent case of Grippe or acute Cold that a 25 cent box of Preventives will not break. How is this for an offer? The Doctor's supreme confidence in these little Candy Cold Cure Tablets—Preventives—is certainly complete. It's a \$100, against 25 cents—pretty big odds. And Preventives, remember, contain no quinine, no laxative, nothing harsh nor sickening. Pneumonia would never appear if early colds were always broken. Safe and sure for feverish children. 48 Preventives 26c. Sold by all dealers.

If your lamp-wick smokes soak it in vinegar. Turpentine will remove tar from any kind of fabric.

### Transferred to St. John.

John G. Dickinson, who for the past six years has been manager of the Bank of Montreal at Andover, has been transferred to St. John. Before leaving he was presented with the following address, signed by a large number of the principal business men of Perth and Andover, headed by Senator Baird:

John G. Dickinson:

Dear Sir,—We the business men and citizens of Andover and Perth, who have for nearly six years daily met you in your capacity of manager of the Bank of Montreal here, having learned with regret that you have been transferred to another branch of the bank, take this opportunity of expressing our regret at your departure. We take pleasure in expressing our appreciation of the manner in which you have met and treated us in your administration of the affairs of the bank here.

We feel keenly the loss which your own and Mrs. Dickinson's removal will cause both to the business and social life of the community, and they beg to assure you that it is our earnest hope that success and happiness will attend you through life.

Geo. T. Baird, Alex. Straton, L. Allan Perley, M. S. Sutton, Sam J. Brown, Jas. E. Porter & Son, C. W. Lewis, W. C. Atherton, C. H. Farnham, C. H. Elliott, G. M. McLeod, C. L. Olmstead, J. W. Carvell, J. C. Manzer, R. J. Wootton, P. Heffernan, James W. McPhail, Geo. T. Baird Co., Ltd., R. W. Demmings, Geo. H. Dewitt, D. R. Bechill, B. Kennedy, H. W. Beveredge, F. N. Welling, S. P. Waite, A. E. Kupkey, J. H. Peat, F. B. Porter, F. D. Sadler, Neil McQuarrie.

### Breathing Exercise.

One exercise repeated fifty or a hundred times a day, requiring no more than ten minutes altogether, is of the greatest advantage, and can be done out of doors as well as in, at almost any season of the year. It consists in inhaling through the nostrils a deep breath, retaining it a few seconds, and then, with the lips adjusted as if one intended to whistle, exhaling it slowly through the contracted orifice. There is no physiological objection to exhaling through the mouth; there are no muscles whereby the course of the breath can be restrained through the nostrils; but the lips contain sufficient muscular strength for this purpose. If students would rise from their studies, book-keepers from their desks, women from their sewing and reading, two or three times a day and take from fifteen to thirty such breaths, the result would surprise them.

Never throw away small quantities of gravy, sauce, etc., if they are perfectly sweet. They all come in for making stews, soup or gravies.

# Our stock

of Fur and Fur Lined Coats and Jackets is too large. In order to clear it out we have reduced the prices very materially. The goods are excellent and the careful buyer will do well to look them over.

We have also a number of Pungs, both Dexter and Straight Stud. Nothing better has ever been offered for sale in New Brunswick.

Fur Robes, too.

# Balmain Bros

## NOTICE.

## SMALL & FISHER LIMITED

We wish to inform you that the above Corporation has been reorganized with entirely new management, and that any orders entrusted to us will have prompt and careful attention.

With strict attention to business and ample capital, we confidently solicit a share of your business.

We make a specialty of Stoves, Furnaces, Heavy Waggon, Patent Mangle and Agricultural Implements.