

Heaviness at Pit of the Stomach

A Feeling of Uneasiness Before and After Meals Is Quickly Cured With Nerviline.

Nearly everyone gets an occasional attack of indigestion and knows just what that heavy feeling means in the stomach. "I was subject to stomach derangements, and my health was seriously hampered on this account. After meals I belched gas, had a weighty sensation in my stomach and over my left side. The first relief I got was from Nerviline—I used it three times a day, and was cured. I continue to use Nerviline occasionally, and find it is a wonderful aid to the stomach and digestive organs."

NERVILINE RESTORES WEAK STOMACHS

The above letter comes from Mrs. P. R. Stetson, wife of an important merchant in Brockton, and still further proof of the exceptional power of Nerviline is furnished by A. E. Rossman, the well-known upholsterer of Chester, who writes: "Let everyone with a bad stomach use 'Nerviline,' and I am sure there will be few sufferers left. I used to have cramps, rumbling noises, gas on my stomach, and severe fits of indigestion. Nerviline was the only remedy that gave me relief, and I found it so entirely satisfactory that I would like to have my letter of recommendation published broadcast in order that others may profit by my experience."

You'll find a hundred uses for Nerviline—it's a trusty household remedy.

A Remarkable Story.

The American public may still remember the mysterious murder last year of the wife of the aged General Luard in the grounds of their country home in Kent, and the subsequent suicide of the husband. It is believed that rumors hinting at the general's guilt were largely responsible for his act.

The case is as much a mystery as ever. But an extraordinary story has reached London from an English officer serving in the Far East which suggests a solution of the affair.

Mrs. Luard's body was found stripped of its valuables, which included, according to the official account, a net purse, two ordinary rings, and "an antique diamond ring, said to be over 100 years old, with a very large diamond in the centre and encircled with other diamonds." No trace of this stolen property could be found in all England. But now comes the story that in a Chinese temple an idol which for many years has been short of an eye, is now once more perfect.

IDOL'S EYE RETURNED

General Luard on his wedding day presented to his bride an antique ring in which was set the precious stone that had been carried off long ago from a Buddhist temple. All through her happy married life, Mrs. Luard wore that ring. Through all these years death was ever near her, if the story be true that the worshippers of the despoiled god were sworn to restore the jewel to their divinity, cost what it might.

On the fatal day, a hand stretched out from nowhere was upon Mrs. Luard and she died, it may be, because of the violation long years ago of a Buddhist temple, the name of which she did not know, hidden away in a corner of China of which she had never heard. With something of Oriental magic the murderer vanished. Through the corridors of police he slipped, carrying the relic which for decades men of his race had sought and the acquisition of which would make him a hero or saint among his people.

A pain prescription is printed on each 25c. box of Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets. Ask your Doctor or Druggist if this formula is not complete. Head pains, womanly pains, pains anywhere get instant relief from a Pink Pain Tablet.

Double the Income Per Cow.

Several instances are on record in Ontario and Quebec where members of the cow testing associations, who are systematically weighing and sampling the milk from each individual cow in the herd, have been enabled to increase the yield of milk per cow tremendously. Mere weighing and sampling of course, has not increased the yield, but it has been a most important factor in the general improvement; it has shown that lots of cows were not worth keeping, it has shown that others could profitably consume more good feed, it has shown the owners that they must study each cow to make her do her best, it has shown that most cows will respond readily to better care and attention and will earn more money if given the opportunity. It means good money in any farmer's pocket if he will have a little patience and act on the information gained from the records. One man is now getting from his 20 cows an income of four hundred and eighty dollars per year more than he was 3 years ago. A smaller herd in 1904 brought in only \$23.80 per cow, but last year the owner received nearly \$58,000 per cow, in other words he is now getting more than double the previous income per cow.

Ottawa, September, 1909.

Seeds of Death Sown Early.

Few indeed are the men and women of full age—say twenty-five—who have not says Current Literature, yet contracted the malady that will kill them, according to the distinguished scientist and physician Dr. Felix Regnault. Normally as contemporary investigators are beginning to find out it takes 20 years for a fatal malady to kill a patient. It may take thirty years. The popular impression is that a man may die suddenly or that he may only require a year to die in or six months. To be sure a man may be killed or a child may die in a few months at the age of one year. But ordinary speaking all deaths are very slow indeed and about ninety five per cent of civilized adults are now stricken with a fatal disease. They do not know it. They may not suffer from it. In due time they will have their case diagnosed as cancer, or as tuberculosis or diabetes or what not. But so inveterate are current misconceptions of the nature of death that the origin of the fatal malady—in time—will be miscalculated by from ten to thirty years.

In the case of human beings, explains Dr. Regnault, writing in the International (London.) Death—barring accident—is nearly always caused by some specific malady. This malady is as likely as not to be "cured." The "cure," however, no matter how skillful the treatment or how slight the disease, has left a weakness behind in some particular organ of the body. One of the organs is if not permanently worn out, at least so worn that its resisting powers are diminished. All of us in this way when we have reached a certain age possess an organ that is much older than the rest of the physique. One day we shall die because of this organ. Even if we live to be very old indeed we shall not die of "old age" but of the lungs, or of the kidneys or of the liver or of the brain. The individual does not die of senile decay, no matter if he live to be ninety or a hundred. He dies of the decay of the lungs or of the kidneys or of the decay of some other organ. That organ has been dying for years. For if there be one truth more firmly established than others it is this: no bodily organ can perish from disease in less than ten years. Sometimes it takes thirty years. Usually it requires twenty years.

Paying Fourfold

In the year 1867 a man in a certain country town in New York State owed a grocery bill of \$80, and his creditor, a young general merchant, took a small plot of land in payment. On this plot—about a quarter acre—the merchant had a neat cottage built, buying the materials himself and letting the work to a young carpenter at day-wages. He put about \$500 savings into the place, and owed about \$400 more in bills and notes upon completion. During the construction the young carpenter had married. When the cottage was finished he wanted to become its tenant. "Why not buy it?" suggested the owner, and offered to sell house and land for \$1200 and interest on monthly payments. But the carpenter only wanted to rent. He wasn't ready to settle yet—couldn't tie himself down, might want to move away and better himself—wanted to wait a year, anyway. That carpenter is living in the cottage today, and his old wife with him. Ten years ago the merchant retired from business, a wealthy man. But all these years the carpenter has worked for day wages, paying rent and saving nothing. Today he and his wife, both past work, are living on charity. The cottage, while still tight and warm, is not what it was in 1867, when it brought \$12 a month. From time to time the rent has been lowered as it grew weather-beaten, until the last paid by the tenant was \$6 a month. That was two years ago. Since then the carpenter has been able to pay nothing, and the merchant will let the old couple live there rent free as long as either of them needs any place to live at all. He can well afford it apart from sentiment, he says. For in the past forty years the carpenter has paid for that cottage four times!

Strange Doings at Munsey's

Some years ago, Frank A. Munsey, the magazine man, hired a private secretary. Speaker Reed dropped in to call on Mr. Munsey, who was an old friend of his. The secretary said that Mr. Munsey was engaged. "All right," said Reed, "I'll wait." At the end of half an hour Munsey's door opened and the publisher appeared showing his caller out. Seeing the speaker, he grasped his hand and dragged him into his office. An hour later, when Reed had gone, Mr. Munsey called his secretary. "Look here, Block," he said; "what do you mean by letting Speaker Reed wait unannounced half an hour?" "Wa-wa-wath that Mr. Reed?" "It certainly was." "Why, I thought it wath the Rev. Dr. Hall," said the secretary. "Dr. Hall has been dead two years," answered Munsey, severely. "I know it," replied the secretary, "thath why I thought it wath the very peculiar."

An Opening for a Bright Man.

William McAdoo, former Police Commissioner of New York, and once Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was in a small town in Nova Scotia, stopping at the hotel. "You from New York?" asked the owner. "I am," said McAdoo. "Know anybody down there who kin run a hotel?" "Several people." "Well, I wish you would tell me the name of a good man I can get to come up here and run this hotel for me. I ain't got time to attend to it, and I want an honest, sober, respectable man to take hold of it for me."

"How much will you pay?" asked McAdoo. "Twenty-five dollars a month, or, if he's especially good, I might go to thirty." McAdoo promised to think it over, and that night he told the hotel owner a good man to write to. Whereupon, Mr. George C. B. Irt, proprietor of the Waldor-Asoria in New York, and the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia, was highly astonished, a few days later, to receive an offer of twenty-five dollars a month and board with the promise of a raise to thirty if he made good, but no more.

WHY SUFFER FROM PILES?

Nature's Remedy is Zam-Buk.

Impressive Cures of Women Sufferers.

Wherever there is suffering from piles, Zam-Buk should be applied! There are lots of reasons for this, but one of the best is that in practically all cases of piles where the use of Zam-Buk is persevered with, complete cure—not merely relief—is the result.

Mrs. Wm. Hughes, of 253 Hochelaga St., Hochelaga, Montreal, says:—"I suffered from blind, itching, and protruding piles for years. Sometimes they were so bad that I could hardly bear to move about. The inflammation, the burning smarting pain, the throbbing, the itching, the overpowering feelings of dulness and dark despair which this ailment brings, the shooting spasms of agony—all were so terrible that only sufferers from this awful ailment can understand!"

Bad as this case was, Zam-Buk triumphed, and Mrs. Hughes suffers no longer. It only needed a little perseverance with Zam-Buk, and in the end complete cure resulted.

Mrs. E. Boxall, of Scotch Street, St. Thomas, says:—"For months without cessation I endured great pain from bleeding pile. For as many months I tried everything which I thought would give me ease, but in the end, dispirited and still suffering, I gave up."

Then it was she heard of Zam-Buk, and she adds:—"Although I feared Zam-Buk would be like the ordinary remedies—useless—I am glad it was not. It soon proved itself to be very different. It rapidly gave me relief, and after a time cured me completely. I would like to let all sufferers from piles know what a grand thing Zam-Buk is."

Mr. F. Astridge, 3 St. Paul Street, St. Catherine's, says:—"For five years I suffered untold agony from piles. At times the pain was so bad I could have screamed aloud. On a friend's advice I tried a box of Zam-Buk. It gave me considerable ease, and I persevered with the treatment until I was cured. I wish I could convince every sufferer from piles of the value of this great herbal balm."

So one could go on quoting case after case, and it is by working such cures that Zam-Buk has earned for itself its great reputation. Now if you suffer from this terribly painful ailment just be guided by the foregoing case. For internal piles melt a little Zam-Buk and thoroughly soak a wad, made of clean but old linen. Then apply to the part. If the piles are external, application of Zam-Buk is still more simple. Do it upon retiring. Next morning you will be well satisfied. Zam-Buk is a cure also for cold-sores, and chapped cracked hands, ulcers, festering sores, blood-poisoning, eczema, bad leg, ringworm, scapic sores, burus, sores, and all skin diseases and injuries.

All druggists and stores sell Zam-Buk at 50c a box, or may be obtained post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price; 3 boxes for \$1.25. You are warned, however, against cheap and dangerous imitations sometimes offered as being "just as good."

A Remarkable Will

The will has just been printed of a tradesman who not only "cut off" his wife with the proverbial shilling, says the London Standard, but also stipulated that this sum was to constitute her sole claim against his estate, and directed that any expense she might incur in connection with his will should be met out of her own pocket and not be chargeable against his estate. His property is valued at about £7,000, and is left to his children. Wills of this nature are very uncommon, but worse examples are by no means unknown. One testator recently went a step further and left his property to his daughter on condition that she paid to a person named the sum of threepence-halfpenny for the purchase of a hempen cord or halter for the use of his "Dear wife," which I trust she will make use of without delay. Probably the meanest case on record of a bequest of this nature was that of a man who left to his wife the sum of one farthing, with the direction that it be sent to her by post in an unstamped envelope.

The wholesome, harmless green leaves and tender stems of a lung healing mountainous shrub, give to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy its curative properties. Tickling or dry bronchial coughs quickly and safely yield to this highly effective Cough medicine. Dr. Shoop assures mothers that they can with safety give it to even very young babes. No opium, no chloroform—absolutely nothing harsh or harmful. It calms the distressing cough, and heals the sensitive membranes. Accept no other. Demand Dr. Shoop's. Sold by all dealers.

Not a Safe Man.

Blotts—Why do you liken Harduppe to the busy bee? He's not particularly industrious, is he? Slobbs—Oh, no, it isn't that, but nearly everyone he touches gets stung.—Philadelphia Record.

"Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world."

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FOX BROS.

Young men's special styles are a particular strong feature this season in our selection in suits and overcoats. We have the smart models, the broad shouldered athletic shapes, and the snappy cut which young fellows want; college men, high-school men, young business men.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

are masters of style in this field as in others; they've created for us some extremely attractive models for young men.

Older men, of course, may want styles a little less extreme; don't worry; we've got the right things for everybody.

Smart grays, and blues; swell fabrics in overcoats and rain-coats; all wool

Suits \$20 to \$45. Overcoats \$16.50 to \$60

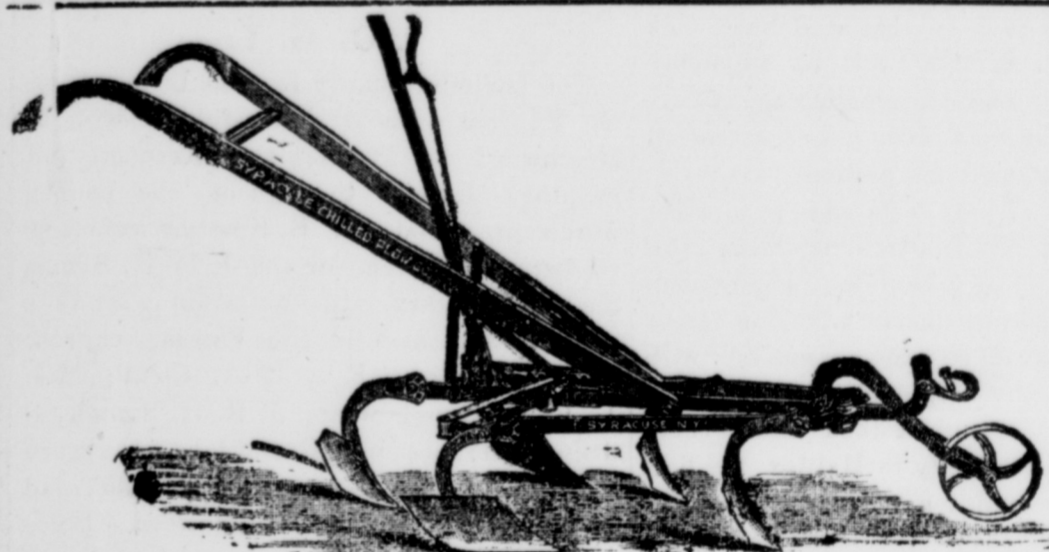
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Sept. 1st-