

Put a little "Sunshine" in your home

An old-fashioned, ill-working furnace is a non-producer. It consumes the coal, but through leaks and cracks wastes the heat. It is not economy to have such a furnace in your own home, or in your tenant's home.

If you are thinking of building you should be interested in Sunshine Furnace. It adds 100 per cent. to home comforts. As soon as you let the contract for your house decide on your furnace. The "Sunshine" man will be pleased to tell you just how the rooms ought to be laid out with an eye to securing greatest heat from the smallest consumption of coal.

If you want to experiment with the question don't specify "Sunshine."

If you want to settle the question specify "Sunshine."

McClary's

For Sale by H. H. FAULKNER, Woodstock.

JUST ARRIVED! MY PRIZE

GENDRON

"The Gendron Driver"



I am the proudest Baby in Canada to-day. Of course you know I was a prize winner in the "Toronto World's" Baby Contest, and my special prize was this GENDRON car.

It has a beautiful limousine top to keep off the sun and rain, and it is upholstered so "comfy" inside.

My little GENDRON Driver tells me that the springs are of the finest tempered steel—that triple curve so evenly distributing the strain that breakage is impossible and the specially welded wheels cannot warp.

When I want a ride around the house I need not be afraid of scratching the furniture, for there is a little rubber cap over the nut of the axle.

I am so glad that my new car is a GENDRON. Mother says they are the finest, strongest and most stylish, and if I do have an unexpected accident, it can be easily remedied as every single part of the car is made in Canada at the Toronto factory.

You can always get home if you drive a GENDRON.

April 28th, 1909.

Gendron Mfg. Co.
Toronto.
Gentlemen.

I want to thank your firm for the handsome Baby Carriage that you sent to me for my little girl, Beatrice Jean, as a special prize in the Borden Baby Contest, and would like to add that I think it one of the most handsome carriages I have seen.

Again thanking you, I remain,

Yours truly,

J. L. Wilson

131 Waverley St.

Sold by all first-class dealers. Write us if your dealer does not carry them.

GENDRON MANUFACTURING CO., LIMITED
Toronto, Canada.



Parchment Butter Paper for sale at this office.

Our Weekly Story.

Minty's Sacrifice and What Came of It.

"Minty, Minty, the soup's burning," screamed a little voice from the back kitchen of the McDowell home. Minty sprang hastily from her box at the end of the porch, half-savagely dashed a few salty drops from her eyes and vigorously addressed herself thus to the ash-barrel in front of her: "I wish," she exclaimed, "that the woman who invented the first pot of soup had—had" here she paused to find something emphatic, "had fallen in and drowned herself," she finished up, as she hopped up the steps and into the little hot kitchen, where she found the owner of the little voice, her four-year-old sister, Maisie, endeavoring to stir the much-offending soup.

Minty did not like to be disturbed in her reveries. Whenever she wanted a "think," or to give vent to her grief and heart-ache, she invariably sought her bench at the end of the back porch, and the companionship of the ash-barrel.

From that position she could see nothing beyond the high board fence, a few feet away, which separated them from their neighbors. Their little vegetable garden lay before her. It consisted of one poor little onion bed, which had a hard struggle to exist among so many weeds, besides three tattered sunflowers by the fence. It was a dismal outlook and quite in harmony with her spirits.

But now, in the presence of Maisie, and brother Harry, just turned two, she must assume a motherly air; she had need to be motherly, poor child, for since her mother's death, a year ago, she had taken the position of housekeeper and mother to them all. Besides the two small children, there were the twins, Jack and Jamie, ten years old. They were exactly alike in appearance and disposition; the same roguish blue eyes and brown, curly heads; the same defiant set of the little shoulders.

They were the terror of the house and of the little town in which they lived.

Not that they were wilfully bad. Had you accused them of being bad, they would have resented the accusation with surprise and indignation. In short, they loved to tease.

Their chief delight lay in prowling round after dark, in the backyards of nearby homes, imitating the cries of cats, dogs and wolves, in which they had attained a wonderful degree of perfection. They also loved to play on a thread attached to Deacon Elm-sley's window, as he was retiring for the night, and hear him repeat words not at all in accordance with his testimony at the prayer-meeting. Or to chase old Miss Dobb's favorite cat up and down the wall, till the poor thing was well-nigh dead, to the horror and wrath of her mistress.

But the queer part of it was, no

His Nerves Weak

Poor Memory. Lacked Vig. or. Lost Employment.

Another case proving you quickly get bracing health from Ferrozone.

There's a real reason why Ferrozone cures.

It's a true nerve tonic—not a stimulant—it feeds the nerves with nourishment—gives them vital actual activity.

No other tonic in the world like Ferrozone, nothing else is so quick and lasting in its effects on a run-down, nervous system. "I used enough medicine to appreciate an honest one," writes J. B. Beattie, from his home in Newcastle. "From babyhood I was not overly strong and was always nervous. I smoked a good deal, but on the whole my habits were good. My trouble first began with a shortening of the hours of sleep. I would awaken too early, my appetite was poor, and to whip it up I used highly spiced and sweet foods. First thing I knew I had palpitation on doing a little extra work, and then an awful tiredness came upon me, and a strange feeling of dread—almost of fear—made me think I was losing grip of myself. My power of memory weakened and I lost my position. Then I read about Ferrozone. Say, it's awfully good to get a medicine that helps you right off. I don't mind telling you I was badly scared, and every dose was almost like sunshine. At once I began to feel better, and permanently better I really was, for less than a dozen boxes made me a well man. Now I can do my work with any man and I am grateful to Ferrozone."

Ferrozone corrects all enfeebled conditions of the system, builds up and gives the body great resistive power against disease. To use Ferrozone assures lasting robust health. 50c per box or six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers. Try Ferrozone, do it today.

HEAVILY HANDICAPPED

Is Every Man or Woman who Suffers from Indigestion.

No one can enjoy life fully, or do life's work properly, without good health, and no one can possibly have good health unless the stomach is working right.

Headache—drowsiness—shortness of breath—pain in the stomach—apathy—irritability—bad breath and bad temper are some of the signs of indigestion—signs that should never be neglected, especially as there is a quick and sure cure—Father Morrissey's "No. 11" Tablets.

These tablets were devised by the late priest-physician to relieve and cure those of his parishioners who suffered from any form of stomach trouble, and they have relieved and cured thousands.

Here is what Mrs. Jerry Mullin, of Trout Brook, Northumberland Co., N.B., writes about them, dated Dec. 2, 1908: "I was afflicted with a very severe stomach trouble and the medicine I received from Father Morrissey cured me completely."

If your stomach is not right, try "No. 11" Tablets, see at your dealer's, or from Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

one could successfully scold the wins. If caught in the midst of their pranks, they would look up at you with such an innocent air and begin such a penitent explanation, that you were forced to forgive them. And then, there was Mr McDowell. No one would think of informing him of his sons' actions. He was such a simple, generous, sensitive soul, that the knowledge of it would have quite broken his heart.

Everyone loved him, for he was always ready to help anyone, no matter how undeserving. Too much so indeed; he was often imposed upon, and the result of his good nature was a tumble down house, an ill-kept yard, and only his wages in the mill near by to support his little family of five.

It was upon Arminta, the eldest child, a slight figure of fourteen years, that the burden of care fell. Her large black eyes were set under a brow of unusual height and had a wistful, far away look as if she were straining to catch a glimpse of the scenes which lay beyond the veil that separated the future from her. She found the work of caring for the household hard enough, even with her father's help. The twins wore out so many stockings, and tore their clothes at such a rate, that it was next to impossible to keep them respectable. Their favorite pastime was tying tin cans to Collie's tail and watch him fly up and down the hall with them; or making ships to sail in miniature seas—the seas were always made indoors and usually in the bread pans and at a time when they were most needed.

Only yesterday she had found Jane standing on his head in the middle of her bed of pansies. Small wonder then that often she was found in tears. But on this particular morning, when we found her in her old place by the ash barrel she was giving vent to a fresh grievance, to explain which we must go back to the very beginning of Minty's career.

To be brief, Minty was passionately fond of music. While yet a babe in her mother's arms, if her ear would catch the sound of music, her eyes would grow big and wide, and her little fat hands would wave in ecstatic glee. As she grew older her whole thought and desire seemed to be set upon music, and for the past few years her supreme ambition had been, and still was, to own an organ, and to be able to make it "speak" as she called it, like Maria Taylor, the organist of the nearest church.

During the previous summer, which had just closed, her hopes had slowly but surely been edging their way toward realization. First of all a neighbor, who had grown rich enough to buy a piano, had offered his organ for sale for the small sum of twenty-eight dollars, to be paid in two yearly payments. Minty was determined to own it.

Notwithstanding this mountain of money, (in Minty's eyes), she had set to work to earn it, with a zeal which might have been an example to many an older one. She had, during the berry season, picked berries for old lame Mrs. Wilson, for which she received three dollars and twenty cents, then she had scrubbed out the private school close by for one dollar and seventy-five cents. The large sum of four dollars had been earned by selling pansies, (such as had survived the impress of Jamie's curly head) to the summer boarders at an up-town hotel. Then there was the gold dollar Uncle Fred had sent her at Christmas, besides forty-two pennies in her china-pig bank, that she had had since a child.

In a few weeks she would have enough for the first payment, and the precious organ would be hers. But now, oh misery of miseries! All her plans were dashed to fragments.

On the previous evening, Jack and Jamie, (the twins) were sauntering around town, looking for fresh sport, when they bethought themselves of painting their faces with shoe-polish and walking up Main street. Accordingly they did so.

Who should they meet, on a dimly-lighted corner, but little Terry Davis, a nervous, delicate boy, who was hastening home from an errand down town. They walked up to him and gave him a look squarely in the face.

With one shriek Terry bolted, and that bolt happened to be through the plate glass window of old Jimmie Forbee's bakeshop, where he sat himself down in the middle of a huge lemon pie, which he had baked expressly for the Fall Show on the morrow.

Now, old Jimmie was most unreasonably particular at any time, but today his little dried-up face was fairly purple with rage as he beheld the havoc. He hoisted boy, pie and all out on the walk and ran out after them, only to encounter the two black-faced culprits, starting with a look of stupid horror on their young faces, as they beheld the result of their sport.

Old Jimmie promptly seized an ear of each and marched straight up to the McDowell abode. When he arrived at the gate his teeth were chattering, his eyes fairly bulged out of their sockets in his desire for revenge.

Poor Minty, always on the watch for trouble, flew down the path to meet them and inquired them in behind the shelter of a clump of clove trees, before her father could catch sight of them. Here, with much gesticulation, Jimmie exploded his wrath, with the added information that to-morrow he would have them taken to the court, if the damages were not fully restored to him.

Minty knew how it would grieve her father to let him know; besides, he had no money in the house—not a cent; he had paid it out that day for taxes. Could she do it. Must she give up her cherished board?

(Continued on third page.)

DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Canifton, Ont.—"I had been a great sufferer for five years. One doctor told me it was ulcers of the uterus, and another told me it was a fibroid tumor. No one knows what I suffered. I would always be worse at certain periods, and never was regular, and the bearing-down pains were terrible. I was very ill in bed, and the doctor told me I would have to have an operation, and that I might die during the operation. I wrote to my sister about it and she advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Through personal experience I have found it the best medicine in the world for female troubles, for it has cured me, and I did not have to have the operation after all. The Compound also helped me while passing through Change of Life."—Mrs. LETITIA BLAIR, Canifton, Ontario.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has proved to be the most successful remedy for curing the worst forms of female ills, including displacements, inflammation, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result has been worth millions to suffering women.



Men of Good Taste

will appreciate the elegance of our new Double Breasted Sack Suits.

The styles are absolutely correct—and rendered doubly attractive by the Fancy English Worsteds we have used.



Fit-Reform

B. B. MANZER
Woodstock, New Brunswick.

House Cleaning Time

HAS ARRIVED

AND YOU WILL WANT NEW

Oilcloths, Linoleums, Carpets,
OR A NEW

Chamber Suite,
Parlor Suite or
Dining Room Furniture,

Call and see what we have. We take pleasure in showing our goods, for we know our goods and prices are right.

The A. Henderson Furniture Co.

QUEEN ST.

A. S. DAY, Manager.