

The People Back of
Sunshine Furnace



Sunshine Furnace is the triumph of sixty-one years' experience—growth from a small tinshop to 16½ acres of floor space, from a half dozen artisans to 1,500, from an annual wage sheet of \$4,000 to one of \$670,000, from a capital of energy to one of \$3,000,000, from obscurity to recognition as Largest Makers of Furnaces in the British Empire.

SUNSHINE FURNACE

was placed on the market the first furnace to be wholly and solely designed by a Canadian Company.

We employ a consulting staff of furnace experts, who are continually experimenting with new ideas in order that Sunshine Furnace shall not have to travel on its past reputation for goodness.

We buy materials in such large quantities that its quality is guaranteed to us. We have our own testing rooms, so that supervision of construction is exercised down to the finest detail.

McClary's

For Sale by H. H. FAULKNER, Woodstock.

The 3 Button Sack



No matter what other styles may come and go, many men cling to this one style—the 3 Button Sack.

Elegant
English
Worsted
\$20 to \$30.

The Fit-Reform models for spring show how much style can be put into Sack Suits.

Fit-Reform
B. B. MANZER
Woodstock, New Brunswick.

PURITY FLOUR



Baking triumphs are every-day occurrences with Purity flour.

Highest grade in the world.

Home-made bread awarded first prize at the National Exhibition, Toronto, was made from Purity flour.

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LTD.
Mills at Winnipeg, Goderich, Brandon.

More bread and better bread

A PILL THAT PROVES ITS VALUE.—Those weak stomachs will find strength in Par-melee's Vegetable Pills, because they serve to maintain the healthful action of the stomach and the liver, irregularities in which are most distressing. Dyspeptics are well acquainted with them and value them at their proper worth. They have afforded relief when other preparations have failed, and have effected cures in ailments of long standing where other medicines were found unavailing.

Terrible Child.—Will you please play something for me on the violin, Mr. Jones?

Jones.—But I don't know how, Bobby.

T C.—Oh yes, you do, Mr. Jones, I heard mamma say you played second fiddle to Mrs. Jones.

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—A painful and persistent form of rheumatism is caused by impurities in the blood the result of defective action of the liver and kidneys. The blood becomes tainted by the introduction of uric acid, which causes much pain in the tissues and in the joints. Par-melee's Vegetable Pills are known to have effected many remarkable cures, and their use is strongly recommended. A trial of them will convince anyone of their value.

It is sufficient for some people that they drink anything called tea. Others prefer a standard brand like "Salada," which has a reputation for being good. The latter get more enjoyment out of life. In buying tea for the satisfaction you expect to get from its use, it will pay to purchase "Salada." Avoid anything "just as good." Imitations are invariably of poor quality.

Unbailable.

A man very much intoxicated was taken to the station.

"Why did you not bail him out?" inquired a bystander of a friend.

"Bail him out?" exclaimed the other. "Why, you couldn't pump him out."—Philadelphia Press.

REB IT IN FOR LAME BACK.—A brisk rubbing with Dr. Thomas Electric Oil will cure lame back. The skin will immediately absorb the oil and it will penetrate the tissues and bring speedy relief. Try it and be convinced. As the liniment sinks in the pain goes and there are ample grounds for saying that its touch is magical, as it is.

Our Weekly Story.

The Birch Tree's Doings.

BY GRACE DUFFIELD GOODWIN.

It was an unpromising place for a tree—that little dingy back yard, and nothing but the green determination at the heart of the world ever sent its frail stem up between the rough board fence and the hot red brick wall. It was a white birch-tree, and for several years it had struggled up toward the patch of blue sky overhead, growing taller and stronger with the very effort to get away from the sun-baked desolation of its surroundings. The board fence was usually hung with miscellaneous garments composing something euphemistically termed a "wash." Across the humpy brick wall lay a space of hardened clay, generously decorated with wash heaps and tin cans. The only green thing, the only hopeful thing, in the back yard was the little birch-tree. Even its slender branches often held strange foliage of domestic articles hung there for safety's sake. In the spring it put out tender leaves, which, as the heat of summer came on, grew yellow and dropped away, so that long before autumn's chill the little birch-tree had exhausted its small store of strength for the year, and stood sad and quiet.

No one even noticed the tree until Katie came to the tenement to live, and Katie was small and lame, and could not work very hard, so she had time to look about and wonder and dream. All her life she had worked but after she was hurt in the mill when she was sixteen—and that ten years ago—she could only sew and wonder and dream.

No one paid much attention to the quiet, shy little figure that tapped on its crutches through the dark hall to the room under the roof. The house held many such solitary, lonely people—lonely in the noisy crowd of mothers and fathers and children who swarmed up and down the stairs, and quarreled and sang and laughed and wept. Katie was one of these lonely ones. The big awkward man on the second floor was another. He went out but seldom, for he stumbled and groped when he walked.

Katie first noticed the little tree one spring morning. The pain was worse, and she could not sew; she could not even sit still in her little room, beginning to be so hot beneath the sun's direct rays, so she tapped downstairs, and drew the old broken chair out into the back yard. It was such a hopeless place that she closed her eyes and leaned her head against the chair-back. When she opened them she caught sight of a bit of filmy green on a white branch.

"Oh, how pretty!" she exclaimed with delight, as she realized for the first time the whole beautiful, delicate little tree.

Going to it she touched its silver trunk lightly with loving fingers. She took down, with the aid of her crutch, the unsightly rags that had hidden its beauty, and the tree shook out its feathery foliage, and held itself more erect in its white slenderness. Day after day Katie hurried to get to the tree, to sit beside it and watch its leaves grow large and green. But one day it came to her that hers was a selfish joy. There must be some one else who would care for this beauty so near at hand even as she cared. Then she thought of the blind man on the second floor. Slowly she made her way to his door and knocked. He called a cheerful "Come in," and smiled with pleasure as she told her errand.

"I'm glad to go anywhere out of this room," he said in his big voice, "but it's not often I get out—I'm so nearly blind that I'm afraid to go far. It's only come on lately, and I'm not used to it yet. Some day I suppose I can get around, and perhaps do some kind of work when I learn how to manage."

"I wish you would come into the yard sometime, then," said Katie; "I could help you, and it would be fine for you to sit there a bit, even if you can't see the pretty tree, Mr. —."

"Tom McGunigle is my name; just call me Tom, and give me your hand down these bad stairs. I'm glad to go. Let's see—you're the little lame one that I hear go by my door sometimes?"

"Yes," laughed Katie, "I'm the lame one. We'll get on fine together, maybe—the lame one and the blind one."

So with brave jesting and unaccounted laughter they made their way to the yard, where Katie had improvised another seat.

At last Katie spoke. "Maybe we are too far away, for you can see a little, can't you?"

"Indeed, yes, I can see a bit yet if I put my best eye up close, the saints be praised," replied Tom, "so I'll be getting up close to the pretty tree."

With hands against the white bark and straining eyes catching some dim glimpse of the soft green, Tom examined carefully.

"It's a white birch tree," he announced; "no wonder it's so pretty. They're the real ladies, those little white birch trees."

"I didn't know what kind of a tree it was; I never saw many trees. I only knew it was pretty for here."

"It's pretty for anywhere. I know all the trees and all the shrubs and all the flowers like they was my own children. I grew up in the country. It's a gardener I was, until the blindness came on me, and I was turned off."

"I was never nothin' but citybred," said Katie a little sadly. "I know geraniums—I had one once. And I know roses and pansies and like that from pictures, and once a boy gave me some nasturtiums."

"Oh, you poor little thing!" cried Tom in a flare of pity—and rebellion, "and you so sweet and kind, and loving them so, and me knowing every leaf of them,—us to be shut away in this prison, with just this one miserable little tree!"

"Hush," said Katie gently, laying her thin hand on his arm; "I'm so glad we've got the tree. And then—timidly—"perhaps we can be friends, and we won't be so lonesome."

"Sure we can," was Tom's hearty response, "and I am glad of the tree. But I bet it won't live here—it can't, it ain't got room or a place for the rain to get at it. Don't the bricks come all around it?"

"Yes, they do, but they're loose," said Katie, poking with her crutch. "Let's pull them up, and give the little tree a chance."

Tom's practised hands, guided by Katie's quick eyes, were soon at work. They pulled away the bricks and they loosened the earth about the roots, they carried great pails of water.

Day after day their new interest kept them out of doors and happy and hopeful. Tom had a little money,—very little, and it was going very fast but he bought some fertilizer.

The other people in the house became interested. The lame one and the blind one were beginning to be regarded with curiosity and surprise, for the rest of the little back yard had been given over to them at their earnest request. They had dug up and enriched the hard trodden soil; they had planted seeds and vines. By midsummer, hot and breathless as it was, the little tree had become a miracle of beauty; the fence was covered with morning-glory vines. There were many more flowers than Katie had ever seen before, all nodding and blooming in their well-tilled beds.

"Let's give a party, Tom," said Katie one day. "Let's ask all the folks in the block to come and see the garden, and let's give them ice cream and cake. I've saved a little and think how happy they would be."

"All right," said Tom, heartily, "this blind eye close to a plant that was not thriving as he thought it ought. And so they did. Every one was bidden. Every one knew that the lame one and the blind one had a garden, and every one was filled with curiosity. Kate achieved the glory of invitations,—little plain cards, on which she wrote with unused fingers these words:

The White Birch Tree At Home to-morrow afternoon, No 34 McCarthy's Block, Back Yard."

It was to be the white birch-tree's party, for was it not the white birch tree's garden? Had it not, with its pleading beauty, made over this desolate place, made over these two lives, and was it not still working its silent wonders in the hearts of all (Continued on third page).

INDIGESTION ENDS.

Misery from Your Disordered Stomach goes in Five Minutes.

You can eat anything your stomach craves without fear of a case of Indigestion or Dyspepsia, or that your food will ferment or sour on your stomach if you will occasionally take a little Diapepsin after eating. Your meals will taste good, and anything you eat will be digested; nothing can ferment or turn into acid or poison or stomach gas, which causes Belching, Dizziness, a feeling of fullness after eating, Nausea, Indigestion (like a lump of lead in the stomach), Bilioussness, Heartburn, Water brash, Pain in stomach and intestines or other symptoms.

Headaches from the stomach are absolutely unknown where this effective remedy is used. Diapepsin really does all the work of a healthy stomach. It digests your meals when your stomach can't. Each triangle will digest all the food you can eat and leave nothing to ferment or sour.

Get a large 50-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from your druggist and start taking today and by tomorrow you will actually brag about your healthy, strong Stomach, for you then can eat anything and everything you want without the slightest discomfort or misery, and every particle of Impurity and Gas that is in your stomach and intestines is going to be carried away without the use of laxatives or any other assistance.

Let Me Tell You Something

A woman who is sick and suffering, and won't at least try a medicine which has the record of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, is to blame for her own wretched condition.

There are literally hundreds of thousands of women in Canada and the United States who have been benefited by this famous old remedy, which was produced from roots and herbs over thirty years ago by a woman to relieve woman's suffering.

Read what these women say:

Belleriver, Que.—"Without Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I would not be alive. For five months I had painful irregular periods and inflammation of the uterus. I suffered like a martyr and thought often of death. I consulted two doctors who could do nothing for me. I went to a hospital, and the best doctors said I must submit to an operation, because I had a tumor. I went back home much discouraged. One of my cousins advised me to take your Compound, as it had cured her. I did so and soon commenced to feel better, and my appetite came back with the first bottle. Now I feel no pain and am cured. Your remedy is deserving of praise."—Mrs. Emma Chatel, Valleyfield, Belleriver, Quebec.

Erie, Pa.—"I suffered for five years from female troubles, and at last was almost helpless. I tried three doctors but they did me no good. My sister advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has made me well and strong. I hope all suffering women will just give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, for it is worth its weight in gold."—Mrs. J. P. Endlich, R. F. D. 7, Erie Pa.

Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, is it not fair to suppose that by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering from the same trouble.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



MOIR'S

The particular hostess naturally selects Moir's Chocolates for a stylish social affair.

When arranged in a bonbon dish, with each chocolate in its neat, fancy paper cup, they look the very essence of daintiness and refined good taste.

My! how delicious they are, too! Such delicately flavored centers, containing creamy confections, nuts, fruits and jellies, concealed under the finest, smoothest coating of the very richest chocolate.

The number of different varieties in each box will delightfully surprise you.

MOIRS, Limited
HALIFAX, N.S.



Chocolates

W. J. Wetmore, St. John, N.B., Representative for 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. Hender son Furniture Co
QUEEN ST.

A. G. DAY, Manager.