Will You Help a Sick Friend?

He Would Do That Much For You. Get My Book for Him Now.

Which shall I Send?

- Book 1 on Dyspepsia
- Book 2 on the Heart
- Book 3 on the Kidneys
- Book 4 for Women
- Book 5 for Men (sealed)
- Book 6 on Rheumatism

Send no money.

Only tell me which book to send.

You certainly know of some one who is sick. Some sufferer who will be grateful for the help my book offers.

And that book tells of a way to help. Tells of a way so certain that I, as a physician, offer that help on trial. The book tells how for 30 years in hospitals and at bedsides I searched for a way to cure deep-seated and difficult diseases. It tells how I perfected my prescription—Dr. Shoop's Restorative. How by scientific experiment I traced out the causes that bring on chronic diseases.

I found invariably that where there was a weakness, the inside nerves were weak.

Where there was a lack of vitality, the vital nerves lacked power.

Where weak organs were found, I always found weak nerves.

Not the nerves commonly thought of, but the vital organs' nerves. The inside—the invisible nerves.

This was a revelation.

Then my real success began.

Then I combined ingredients that would strengthen—that would vitalize these nerves.

That prescription I called a restorative. It is known the world over now as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. After that I did not fail to cure one case in each hundred. In the extremely difficult cases, my failures for five years were one in each forty treated. I found cancer incurable. Cancer is for surgery, not medicine.

Then how to get this prescription to the sick ones everywhere was my thought.

I must announce it in the public press. But, thought I, will they realize the real truth of my discovery—The real power of Dr. Shoop's Restorative? Then a way came to me—like an inspiration.

"I will offer it to the sick on trial," said I. "Then they will know I am sincere—that my prescription is unusual."

I wrote a reliable druggist in each city and village in America.

They agreed to co-operate with me.

Now by any sick one

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

Can Be Taken At My Risk.

For a full month I will let you use it entirely at my risk. Send no money. Just write me for the book you need. When I send it I will tell you of a druggist near you who will permit the month's trial. Use the Restorative a month. Then decide. If you say to the druggist, "It did not help me," that will relieve you of any expense whatever. He will bill the cost to me. This is my way of clearing your mind of all doubt as to what Dr. Shoop's Restorative can do.

No matter how prejudiced, you cannot dispute this absolute security I offer. You cannot resist an offer like this if you are at all sick. If you have a weakness, write me. If you can't do things like you used to do them, tell me about it. Write in confidence. As a physician I will tell you a way to help.

Get my book now—to-day.

Address Dr. Shoop, Box 40, Racine, Wis.

Mild cases not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At druggists.

IN BATHING TOGS!

Cleveland Millionaire Proposed to Grass Widow.

Cleveland, O., Dec. 19.—Mrs. Catherine Wolverton is suing Dudley Baldwin, millionaire and intimate friend of Senator Hanna for $50,000 for breach of promise of marriage. Mrs. Wolverton says she met Baldwin at a bathing beach in 1895, a year before she divorced Edward Wolverton. Soon after the divorce decree was granted she says Baldwin proposed to her as they sat on the sand, after having been bathing in the surf. Under these rather unconventional circumstances, "he put his arms around my waist and told me that he loved me and wanted to make me his wife." She declined, but Baldwin persisted in calling on her nearly every day, and proposing at every opportunity. Finally when he knelt amid beautiful surroundings in a charming sylvan dell and gushed forth a torrent of loving protestations she accepted, and in memory of the deluge of joy they named the spot "Bonnie Brook."

Mrs. Wolverton says Baldwin gave her a beautiful library, "to enrich her intellect," the first book being "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which, as everybody knows is excessively intellectual and highly enriching to the fallow mind.

One day Baldwin dined at a restaurant with a woman. As the woman was not herself, Mrs. Wolverton became jealous, and in the row that followed her heavenly dream of love was shattered into countless bits.

A large number of tender missives written by Baldwin to Mrs. Wolverton have been placed in evidence in the case. In these Baldwin refers to her as "Dear Billee" and "Dear Kittie," and nicknames himself "Ooogan."

A World Of Perfumes.

In anticipation of the holiday demand we have now on display a magnificent line of perfumes, including the best of foreign and domestic productions. These perfumes come in packages of all sizes, at all prices. They are the kind of goods you should select either for personal use or as gifts. The price in each instance is as low as is obtainable anywhere. Examine our stock. No trouble to show goods. Wade's Drug Store.

BEFORE A KING.

The Very First Christmas Tree Recorded.

Philadelph a Record.

"The Christmas tree was introduced into England and thence into America by the Germans," said a dealer in toys. "I am going to sell Christmas trees this year, and recently I have been trying to find out who the man was who first exploited the tree outside of its German motherland. I want to use this information in an advertisement, but I have not completed my researches yet. I have only gotten as far back as the time of Henry VIII. I have copied in my notebook an account of a Christmas tree that was trimmed and set up before that king." The dealer then read aloud the following paragraph, pointing out, as he proceeded, the quaintness and charm of the old spelling:

"Agaynste the XII daye, or the daye of the Epiphanie, at nighte before the banket in the Hall at Richemonde, was a pageaunt devised like a mountayne glisteringe by night, as tho it had bene all of golde and set with stones; on the top of which mountayne was a tree of golde, the braunches and bowes frysed with golde, spredynge on every side over the mountayne with roses and pomegarnettes. The whiche mountayne was with vices (screws) brought up towards the kynge; and out of the same came a ladye apparalled in cloth of golde, and the chyldren on honor called the henchmen, which were fresh disguised, and danced a morice before the kynge; and that done, re-entered the mountayne; and then it was drawen backe, the wassail or ganket brought in, and so break up Christmas."

Kidney Losses Stopped.

The escape of albumen from the system is most dangerous. The trouble is you may not know it. Get to the root of the disease, the kidneys, by using Peck's Kidney Pills. Two weeks treatment, 25c. at Wade's. Money back if not satisfactory.

Capt. Y. Welbanks has sold his farm to George Caxton, Cherry Valley, for $3,000. The farm contains seventy-four acres. The orchard this year bore 462 barrels of apples. The captain and his good wife will retire from farming and regret having to leave the township of Athol.

Your money back if Gin Pills do not cure.

Rheumatism

When the Kidneys fail to do their work of discharging the uric acid from the system, the result is rheumatism. Until the Kidneys resume this work in a natural healthy way no cure is possible.

Gin Pills

cure rheumatism quickly and for all time because they are the most perfect Kidney Corrective ever discovered.

From all Druggists, 50cts. per box, 6 boxes for $2.50 or direct from

THE BOLE DRUG CO., WINNIPEG, MAN.

BROADBRIM'S

Letter From Greater New York.

COMPENSATION

COMES TO HIGH AND LOW ALIKE.

Visions Of Early Days At The White House—The Man Who Followed Lincoln—The Six-Day Race.

(Letter Correspondence, No. 1,387.)

New York, Dec. 18.—Who can define for me what the law of compensation means? It is a simple law: It means this, "only this and nothing more." It means that for every good thing that we get in this world, we have to pay its full value. It matters little how the working of the law of compensation arrives, the pay-day is sure to come as that the sun rises and sets, as that death succeeds life. It reaches every class and never fails, whether it is the king on his throne, the beggar in his hovel, or the outcast on the street. I turn to the right and find myself looking toward Washington. Across from one of the finest buildings in that capital city is another building known as the White House; it is the official home of the president of the United States. As you enter its portals you find yourself in a hall altogether unfit for public receptions. Almost in front of you is a room, where favored visitors are sometimes received. On your left in that splendid department known as the East room; for the last three-quarters of a century, in this room, filled with life-like pictures which have now become historic, were held all the grand receptions, and also Dolly Madison used to have her washing dried during President Madison's occupancy of the White House. I recollect a circumstance that occurred there a long time ago. It was a bitter day in February, when a storm of snow and sleet was raging. I went to the White House to furnish an article on public buildings for a prominent New York newspaper. The room was empty and cold; I stood in one corner, partially concealed by a curtain; closing my eyes I endeavored to call up visions of the past. Bishop Burkley, who wrote a treatise on mental vision, lived and died in the conviction that we see nothing but only think we see and in an incontrovertible proof of this he tells you to shut your eyes and you will see more, better and clearer than you can with them open. As I closed my eyes and shut out the blinding snow and sleet, the room seemed crowded, and in rapid array before us was a brilliant throng, the central figure of which was the bluff old Andrew Jackson, proud of his position of president of the United States, but prouder still when he was the military ajax of Tennessee, and one-half of his courtiers were dressed in deer-skins, wearing coon-skin caps, with tails that hung down their backs, almost to their waists. While I was slowly imagining this picture, I descried a short, thick set man, who on entering the room, began walking rapidly up and down. He was speaking to himself, his head down on his breast, his hands behind him, and his voice quite audible as if talking to a multitude. The man was Andrew Jackson, the president of the United States, through the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

Fearing he might think me an eavesdropper I stepped out from my place of concealment as he turned to advance toward me from the east end of the room. I was greeted with a bluff "Good morning, sir," short and harsh, to which I replied "Good morning, Mr. President." "Ah, then, you know me, sir." "Who does not, Mr. President," I said, "I don't know, I don't know, sir," he replied, as he continued his walk. That day was memorable in the history of Andrew Jackson for he was then, I might say, on trial for his political life, in the senate of the United States. He had been swinging around the circle, and had dragged in his train the commander of the United States army, Ulysses S. Grant, and many another most prominent man in the country, through a series of scenes which were considered a national disgrace. On that morning the vote was taken for his impeachment, from which he was only saved by the vote of a single republican. As we reached the east end of the room, he paused at the window, looking out on the fierce storm which was in unison with what was passing in his mind. Under the window was a holly bush whose bright red berries were in striking contrast with the white robe of snow which covered everything else in sight. I called the president's attention to it and said, "That is beautiful, Mr. President." "Yes," he replied, "in the dark days of the rebellion I have seen President Lincoln stand at this window, the scalding tears rolling down his cheeks as train after train came in with our dead and dying soldiers from the battle fields of the south." "Oh, Mr. President," I said, "I should like to have a few of those berries as a memento of this visit." "I will do better than that," he replied, as he touched a bell. When a servant appeared, he said, "Tell the gardener to give this gentleman a sprig from this holly bush," and bidding me a short bluff good morning, left the room and I was alone. I received the little memento and I have preserved it through all the years which have succeeded. The leaves are hard, the berries are shrunk, but the memory of that day is just as bright and clear as at the time that it occurred.

To-day, another president occupies the White House; a man almost entirely different from any of his predecessors since the adoption of the federal constitution; a man who may be termed a political encyclopedia. He may have his "moods and tenses, who has not?" Never unduly striving for popular applause, he is, in the language of Shakespeare "A man, whom fortune's buffets and rewards has ta'en with equal thanks." Never an office-seeker, but always faithful in the performance of his duties. When a police commissioner in the city of New York he was like Al. Raschad, who used to wander through the streets of Bagdad at midnight to see if his officers were on duty and faithful to their trust. When President Roosevelt was offered the position that led up to his being ruler over eighty millions of people, he never raised a hand. He begged his friends not to mention his name in connection with the vice-presidency, and if he had succeeded in persuading them, another might now have been president of the United States. As matters look to-day, the nomination for the presidency in the coming convention is a foregone conclusion. He does not want to be president of a faction or a party; it seems not to matter to him whether his visitors are union or non-union, white or black; if citizens of the United States, all are received alike, and their feet having once crossed the threshold of the White House, they are received with a true old Arabian hospitality; the best that he has at command is at their service, and they are as safe and made as comfortable as if they stood before the family altar.

The great six-day race, so long expected, has passed, and among those who survived that perilous trial are several human wrecks, who will carry the remembrance purchased at such a costly sacrifice, to their graves. Of what good in any shape or form are these trials of strength and endurance? The champion of the present race passed the score of a little over 2,300 miles, but who can tell the mortal agony of the poor wretch who won the victory? What was his reward? The acclamations of a maddened crowd that didn't care a straw for the champion, or whether he lived or died?

At one stage of this exhibition, one of the riders who had been resting, was turned out upon the track, once again started off, there was only one thought in that mass of bones and muscle, and that was to win; all else through life and up to death was a blank. The pent up agony eating at his heart was crushed, as he drove his machine at the utmost limit of speed. As he passed the lessening score, he could hear nothing but the shouts of the multitude; earth, heaven, hell, history, everything was absorbed in that one idea, to win, but the end came at last. Championship won at such frightful sacrifice is the victor's reward, and his earnings, a purse of gold. The trial is over, the lights are out, the audiences that crowded that splendid arena have all melted in the shadows of the night. Such is the record, and the championship must already seem like a distorted dream to the wretched, ruined victor, to whom we now bid good night.

—BROADBRIM.

Drugging Won't Cure Catarrh.

All the medicine in the world taken into the stomach won't cure catarrh, and it's useless to squander money on tablets, bitters and liquid remedies. Catarrh is a disease of the nasal passages, throat and bronchial tubes. Stomach medicines can't reach these parts. It's only fragrant healing Catarrhozone which is breathed all through the air passages, that is sure to reach the seat of catarrh. No failure ever known if Catarrhozone was used. It heals and doesn't irritate; it soothes, kills the germs and therefore cures. Use only Catarrhozone the one certain cure. Two months treatment $1; trial size, 25c.

Holiday Perfumes.

You have learned to depend upon us for a magnificent stock of holiday perfumes and we shall more than maintain our reputation in this direction this season. When you need perfumes, either for personal use or for holiday giving, we ask you to make your selections from our present stock which includes practically everything worth while in the line of domestic and foreign goods. These perfumes we have in fancy boxes of all sizes, as well as in bulk, at Wade's drug store.

Before And After.

Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

An Atchison bride had printed on her calling cards, "At home Wednesday afternoons." After six months' marriage she has had added, "And every day in the week, and can't get the work done then."

4 lbs. icing sugar, 25c., at Gilbert's.

ECONOMICAL HOUSEKEEPERS

USE

Walter Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate

Because they yield THE MOST and BEST FOR THE MONEY

TRADE-MARK

The Finest Cocoa in the World

40 Highest Awards in Europe and America.

Our Choice Recipe Book, sent free, will tell you how to make Fudge and a great variety of dainty dishes from our Cocoa and Chocolate.

ADDRESS OUR BRANCH HOUSE

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

12 and 14 St. John Street

MONTREAL, P. Q.

TAKEN FROM US

HE SAYS ADAM AND EVE ARE MYTHS.

New York Clergyman Also Relegates The Garden Of Eden to The Same Category.

New York, Dec. 18.—Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage, took the late Herbert Spencer as the theme for his discourse on Sunday and said in part:

"Evolution—and that is the reason it has been so bitterly opposed by so many of the churches—has forever destroyed any intelligent belief on the part of anybody in the Garden of Eden, Adam and Eve, or the fall of man. Evolution has forever removed these stories, and kindred ones, to the land of myth, where they belong.

"Humanity has been on this earth for two or three hundred thousand years at least. Humanity, however slowly, has been evolving, climbing from the far off beginning; there never has been any fall. Evolution has wrought out what Mr. Spencer places as the cornerstone of the future—not the fall of man, but the ascent of man.

"A good many people may think it strange that I should think of Herbert Spencer as having rendered any service to religion at all; he has been spoken of as an agnostic and an enemy of religion; and yet, note this one thing, he is going to be recognized in the future as the man who has rendered a greater service to the religious life of the world than any other who has lived for a thousand years."

Christmas Eve At Grandpa's.

We're goin' down to grandpa's house
To spend our Christmas there,
Where Santa Claus comes ever' time if
nights are rough or fair.
'Cause grandpa's old and has heard him
lots of times when he—
I mean old Santa Claus—came down the
chimney stealthily.

You ought to see my grandpa's house
about the holidays—
Big rooms; a fire place where logs jus'
see how they can blaze;
A sideboard with red apples that from
out the drawers peep;
And feather beds that hide you most
when you crawl in to sleep.

His pile of night-wood on the porch—
my, eyen that's a sight,
Brought in to make a roarin' fire keep
burnin' half the night;
For, Christmas eves we play till twelve,
and then the fire dies low,
So Santa Claus can scramble down and
not get scorched, you know.

Our grandpa and our grandma, too—
they seem to think that boys
Should have some pleasures same as
men, although they make some noise.
If you should stamp or yell out loud
you never hear them say,
"W'y, children! Do not act like mules!
You'll drive us all away!"

When feedin's done and all the stock is
sheltered in the barn,
And you can hear the horses as they're
munchin' hay and corn,
And when the world grows dark and
stars are "fox-fire" of the skies,
The table's spread and all go in, and—
then it's awful nice.

For grandpa asks the blessin', and our
grandma from the pot
Pours coffee that's the bestest yet, so
brown and steamin' hot!
She don't say, "If you drink this, now,
you cannot sleep to-night"—
And if she gives us coffee, well, it's nothin' else but right.

They pass the sausage and fried ribs
the second time at least,
And butter'n eggs and ever'thing that
goes to make a feast,
"You've eaten nothin—have some more,"
they urge, till I am boun'
To say the country "supper" beats the
"dinner" in the town!

When enterin' the sittin'-room—the supper through—the fire
Is punched and made to sparkle up, and
up still higher;
And while us children play our games
the two old children sit—
He readin' on one side the hearth while
she on t'other'll knit.

Some neighbor, maybe, happens in, and
holds his achin' hands
Before the fire to thaw as he a moment
stands;
And soon they'll chat of late-sown wheat,
or wonder if the snow
Ain't 'bout as deep as 'twas this night
jus' thirty years ago.

Or, changin', talk of one who's gone
where's Christmas always now—
Some little aunt we never knew; and
then our grandma'll bow
A trifle lower as she knits, and grandpa'll half-way rise
And poke the fire and say the smoke
somehow affec's his eyes.

Or, better'n all, they'll tell of things
that happened, and are true,
Of ghosts and wolves and bears and how
the pioneers would do;
And this will make us crowd up close
and glance around, afeard—
We know we'll have such awful dreams
and think of all we've heard.

By-'nby the time to go to bed! and on
the mantlepiece
We'll hang our stockin's so they'll be the
first thing Santa sees;
Then, snug beneath the blankets, we will
listen to the roar
Of winds that grandpa laughs and says
is gray-haired Winter's snore.

And as we look upon the moon a
plaque above the hills.
Or on the shadow-army that the silent
chamber fills,
We feel, while murmurin' our prayers,
God's mighty good to pause
And think of children now and then—
and send us Santa Claus!

A Serenely Happy Man.

Is Thomas McGlashan of North Pelham, who was cured of muscular rheumatism by Nerviline, the most powerful rheumatic remedy in the world. "I suffered all manner of pain for years, he writes, and Nerviline was the only thing that did me any good. I can heartily recommend Nerviline for all forms of rheumatism; it goes to the very core of the pain and brings lasting relief. Let every sufferer from lame back, aching joints and swelled limbs use Nerviline. It's sure to cure and costs 25c. for a large bottle.

Consensus Of Opinion.

Baltimore American.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon usually wears spectacles, but yesterday he put on eye glasses. They bothered him, and he laid them on the speaker's desk. Then he promptly forgot where they were and banged them with his gavel, smashing them to small pieces.

"That was a fine thing to do," said Speaker Cannon to Asher Hinds, the parliamentary expert.

"Out of sight," Hinds replied, without batting an eye.

Three applications of Peck's Corn Salve will cure hard or soft corns. 15c., at Wade's.

Foods may come and foods may go but

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS IN FACT NOT IN THEORY

THE ONLY POROUS WHEAT FOOD THAT NOURISHES ALL PARTS OF THE BODY AND BRAIN

goes on forever

"I have been an invalid for three years; have tried the different foods but find that Shredded Wheat Biscuit is the only food that I do not tire of and the only one when used constantly that agrees with me."

ETHEL M. SECOND, Ripley, N.Y.

A Nickel-Plated TEA KETTLE

Would make a very nice present—more especially the one shown here. It is made of very heavy copper, finished with an extra coat of nickle, the spout double seamed on so that you cannot melt if off. It will last a lifetime.

Our Big New Store

Will be open every night during Christmas week. We are showing a line of goods suitable for presents that are unsurpassed for beauty and utility. They include such things as Carving Sets, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Carpet Sweepers, Tea and Coffee Pots, Plated Ware, especially Spoons, Forks and Knives, Table Bells, Jelly Moulds, etc.

A Present for the Little Girls

During Christmas week we will give, while our stock lasts, to every purchaser of one dollar or more, who asks it, a pretty little Carpet Sweeper—just the kind to gladden the heart of your little girl.

We are just now showing a nice line of Sleigh Robes and Horse Blankets.

McKELVEY & BIRCH,

69 and 71 Brock Street.

Spring Purity

To brew good ale pure, hard water is an absolute necessity.

The solvent powers of water are so great that few springs produce water pure enough for brewing.

Carling's springs were discovered after many years of searching, and the brewery established only when Government analysts deposed that the water never tested less than 99.03 degrees pure.

Ask for Carling's Ale—accept no other, because no other is quite so good.

Carling's Ale

The Ale that's Always Pure

J. S. HENDERSON, Selling agent.

CARPET SWEEPERS

A good one for $2.50. A better one for $2.75.

The best one for $3.

CLOTHES WRINGERS

From $2.50 to $3.50.

Have your Christmas and New Year's Dinner cooked on a "HAPPY HOME" Range, the largest and most economical range on the market.

.. ELLIOTT BROS ..

77 Princess Street.

Telephone, 35.