

## PAINFUL PERIODS

Suggestions How to Find Relief from Such Suffering.



While no woman is entirely free from periodical suffering, it does not seem to be the plan of nature that women should suffer so severely. Menstruation is a severe strain on a woman's vitality. If it is painful or irregular something is wrong which should be set right or it will lead to a serious derangement of the whole female organism.

More than fifty thousand women have testified in grateful letters to Mrs. Pinkham that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound overcomes painful and irregular menstruation.

It provides a safe and sure way of escape from distressing and dangerous weaknesses and diseases.

The two following letters tell so convincingly what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will do for women, they cannot fail to bring hope to thousands of sufferers.

Miss Matilda Richardson of 177 Wellington Street, Kingston, Ont., writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham—

"Some four years ago my usual good health began to fail. I had severe pains in my back, my head ached, I would have dizzy spells, and during my monthly periods would suffer intense pain. I was advised to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am so glad that I did, for it brought new life and health to me. My monthly periods were natural and painless, and my general health improved. I have not had an ache or a pain since, and I feel it a duty as well as a pleasure to tell you what your medicine has done for me."

Mrs. Louise McKenzie of Mount Carmel, Montreal, Canada, writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—

"I had heard so much good about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before I asked Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills."

I started to take it for painful menstruation so that when it came I was not surprised. I had suffered with bleeding headaches and pain until it seemed that I must scream. These pains lasted from five to ten days every month, and you can understand how glad I was to get relief. I am in the best of health, and am pleased to give you this testimonial for what your medicine has done for me."

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound rests upon the well-earned gratitude of Canadian women. When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating, (or flatulency), general debility, indigestion and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, headache, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, at once remove such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine for you need the best.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about your sickness you do not understand. She will treat you with kindness and her advice is free. No woman ever regretted writing her and she has helped thousands. Address: Lynn, Mass.

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.

## Uncle Terry.

(Continued.)

"I noticed Frank was very attentive to Miss Page," Blanch said, "while she seemed to avoid being left alone with him a moment. She is one of the sweetest and prettiest girls I've met in a long time, and also one of the proudest. I fell in love with her at sight and am sure Frank has, but so far as I saw she gave him no encouragement. She is poor, pretty and proud, and that tells the whole story. I imagined she believed she would not be welcomed by you."

When the last of August came and the Nasons returned to Boston, Frank and his mother were on excellent terms.

"What has come over Frank?" Edith said to Blanch one day. "He has never been so well behaved in his life. First he quit idling and began to study law as if he meant to be somebody, then he deserted his crowd of cronies for us and has acted as if we were his sole care in life ever since. What is the meaning of it, Blanch?"

"It seems so good to have him ask questions," answered Blanch.

### CHAPTER XXX.

THE last day of August dawned fair in busy Boston. Summer sojourners were returning. John Nason's store was filled with new fall styles, the shoppers were crowding the streets, and the bustling, bustling life of a great city was in full tide. Albert Page, full of business, was in his office, and Frank Nason was studying hard again. Small fortunes were being won and lost on State street, and in one smoke polluted broker's office Nicholas Frye sat watching the price of wheat. The September option opened that day at 78½, rose to 79, fell to 78½, rose to 79, and then dropped back to 78. He had margined his holdings to 71, and if it fell to that price his \$200,000 would be gone and he would be ruined. For many nights he had been unable to sleep, and that made him nervous and filled with the unceasing click, click, click of the ticker.

He was worn and weary with nervous strain and misery of fortune slowly slipping under the tick of that damned ticker. The teeth of so many

devil's snapping at him. To holdings go, he could not, and, lured on and on by the broker's daily uttered assertion that "wheat could not go much lower, but must have a rally soon," he had kept putting up margins. Now all he could possibly raise was in the broker's hands, and when that was gone all was lost.

Frye sat and watched the blackboard where the uneven columns of quotations looked like so many little legs ever growing longer. Around him were a score of other men watching the figures. No one cared whether any other won or lost in the great gambling game that ruins thousands.

It was the caldron filled with lies, false reports, fictitious sales and the hope and lust of gain that boiled and bubbled, heated by the fires of hell. And ever around the caldron the souls of men were circling, cursing their losses and gloating over their gains.

So fast came the quotations that the boy could no longer record them. Instead he called them out in a drawing singsong:

"September wheat now seventy-three—the half-five-eighths—a half-five-eighths split—now a half-three-eighths—a quarter—seventy-three—Frye set his feet hard together and clinched his hands. Only 2 cents in price stood between him and the loss of all his twenty years' saving. All the lies he had told for miserable gain, all the misery self denial he had practiced, all the clients he had cheated and robbed, all the hatred he had won from others, averted him not. His contemptible soul and his life almost now hung by a miserly 2 cents."

"Seventy-three—a quarter—an eighth—seventy-three—now seventy-two seven-eighths—three-quarters—five-eighths—three-quarters split—now five-eighths—a half—a half."

Pandemonium was raging in the Chicago pit, and the ticker's teeth clicked like mad.

"Seventy-two—a half—a half—three-eighths—a half—three-eighths—a quarter—seventy-two!"

Cold beads of sweat gathered on Frye's forehead. One cent more and he was ruined.

"September wheat now seventy-one seven-eighths—seven-eighths—three-quarters—seven-eighths split—now the three-quarter-five-eighths—a half—a half—five-eighths—a half—a half again—three-eighths—a quarter—an eighth—an eighth—an eighth—a quarter split—an eighth—"

"Seventy-one!"

Frye was ruined. He gave one low moan, the first and only one during those three long weeks of agony.

The devil's teeth kept snapping; the boy continued his drawl, but Frye paid no heed. Only those spider legs on the wall seemed kicking at him, and that fatal seventy-one—one—one—kept ringing in his ears. He arose and staggered out and with bowed head made his way to the office.

Click, click, click! Seventy-one—one—one! It was the last he heard, and then he sank forward on his desk in a stupor.

At this moment Uncle Terry, with Frye's letter in his pocket and right-cousin in his heart, was speeding toward Boston as fast as steam could carry him.

The clear, incisive strokes of an adjacent clock proclaiming midnight awoke Frye. He raised his head, arose, lit the two gas jets and sat down.

They brought it all back to him, and now, alone in his misery, he groaned aloud, and with his despair came the dread of the morrow, when he must go forth crushed, broken, despairing, penniless.

All would know it, and all would rejoice. Out of the many that hated or feared him not one would feel a grain of pity, and he knew it.

Then his past life came back to him. He had never married, and since he had looked down upon his dead mother's face no woman's hand had sought his with tenderness. All his long life of grasping greed had been spent in money getting and money saving. No sense of right or justice had ever restrained him. Year after year he had added to his hoard, carefully invested it, and now it had all been swept away!

He picked up a pen and wrote a brief letter. Then he went to his tall safe, opened both doors, and taking a small flat packet from an inner till, returned to his desk, placed that and the letter in one long envelope and sealed and directed it.

Once more his head sank forward on the desk, and he remained thus, living over the past three weeks of agony, and then there smote upon his tortured nerves the sound of many clocks striking 11. It sounded as if they were mocking him, and from far and near, some harsh and sharp, some faint in the distance, came that fatal, one, one, one. He arose and, going to a small locker in his room, grasped a half filled bottle of liquor and drank deeply.

He arose again, and taking a letter opener, crowded bits of paper into the keyhole of the door and up and down the crack. Then he closed the one window, turned out the two gas jets and opened the stopcocks again. An odor of gas soon pervaded the room, into which came only a faint light from the statehouse dome.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

ALBERT PAGE had just finished reading his morning mail the first day of September, when his office door opened and Uncle Terry entered.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Albert, springing to his feet. "How are you, Uncle Terry? How are your good wife and Terry, and when did you arrive, and why didn't you let me know so I could meet you?"

"Waal," answered Uncle Terry, seating himself, "I got in pretty late last night 'n' put up at a tavern near the depot."

"But why didn't you write or wire me, so I could have met you at the train?"

"The fact on't is," replied Uncle Terry, removing his hat and laying it on the floor beside him, "I've allus pulled my own bait in this world, an' if sorter goes agin the grain now to hit the oars over to 'nother fellow." Then, reaching into his pocket, drew out a letter and handing it to Albert, he added, "Bout two weeks ago I got this 'ere from that thief Frye. I was 'spectin' the gov'ment boat 'long most every day an' so couldn't cum any sooner."

Albert read the letter and gave a low whistle. "Frye must have been either very hard up when he wrote," he said, "or else the other parties are crowding him, and this is his last effort to fleece you. I have heard that he has been speculating in wheat lately, and it may be he has got caught. I hope so, so it will be easier for us to bring him to terms. I have my plans all mapped out, and I think we had best go for him at once while he is likely to be in his office." Then, calling to Frank and rapidly writing a check for \$500 while that surprised young man was shaking hands with Uncle Terry, he continued, "Please go up to the station, Frank, and get an officer at once and step into the Maverick bank on your way back and get this check cashed. We will go prepared for the worst."

When Frank had gone Uncle Terry said: "There wa'n't no need of yer gettin' money, Mr. Page. I've brung three hundred, which is all he asked for."

"We may need more nevertheless," answered Albert, "and as I wish to make but one visit to Frye's office, it's best to go prepared." Then after filling out a writ of replevin he added: "Excuse me a moment, Mr. Terry. I will be back soon."

He was absent perhaps five minutes, and then Uncle Terry was astonished to see a strange man enter from an inner room. He wore a full black beard, small glasses, broad slouch hat and a clerical coat which was buttoned close to his chin. Uncle Terry looked at him in surprise, waiting for the stranger to speak.

"Don't you know me, Uncle Terry?" said the new arrival.

"No, sir," answered Uncle Terry.

"I am the man who was with you when you were ruined, and I am the man who was with you when you were ruined."

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## PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.  
BRACES THE NERVES.  
BUILDS UP THE BODY.

MAKES SICK PEOPLE WELL IN SPRING TIME.

Ask For "PAINE'S" Ask For The Kind That Has Made Such Wonderful Cures.

Sore Throat and Coughs  
A simple, effective and safe remedy for all throat irritations is found in  
**Cresolene Antiseptic Tablets**  
They combine the germicidal value of Cresolene with the soothing properties of slippery elm and licorice.  
10c. All Druggists.

"Is Miss Richly, an athletic girl?"  
"I should say so! She threw over one of the heavy weights of the football team!"

I have used MINARDS LINIMENT in my stable for over a year, and consider it the VERY BEST for horse flesh I can get, and would strongly recommend it to all horsemen.

GEO. HOUGH,  
Livery Stables, Quebec  
95 to 103 Ann St.

"Mark Twain was visiting H. H. Rogers," said a New York editor.  
"Mr. Rogers, led the humorist in to his library."

"There, he said, as he pointed to a bust of white marble, what do you think of that?"

"It was a bust of a young woman coiling her hair, a very graceful example of modern Italian sculpture."

"Mr. Clements, looked at it moment, and then he said:  
"Is it true to nature."

"Why not? Mr. Rogers asked.  
"She ought to have her mouth full of hairpins, said the humorist."

BLOOD POISON OFTEN RESULTS  
From paring corns with razors. Wise people use Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor, the standard cure of America and Great Britain, for all sorts of corns, warts and bunions. Use only Putnam's.

A beautiful girl without a heart is like a broken bottle, equally useless and dangerous.

A GUARANTEED CURE  
For All Forms of Kidney Disease

We the undersigned Druggists, are fully prepared to give the following guarantee with every 50 cent bottle of Dr. E. B. Allen's Kidney-Wart Tablets, the only remedy in the world that positively cures all troubles arising from weak or diseased kidneys:

"Money cheerfully returned if the sufferer is not relieved and improved after use of one bottle. Three to six bottles effect astonishing and permanent cures. If not relieved and cured, you waste no money."—F. R. Dalton, Newcastle, N. B.

Out of every 100,000 boys and girls in England, Wales, 6,819 are called Mary and 6,590 John.

MAN'S MOST CRITICAL AGE  
Very often the vital resources are small at forty two, but it is not then, between fifty seven and sixty two years of age that there is a strange slowing down and loss of vitality. It is important that this transient period of decay should be checked; strength must be imparted to the tired brain, the weakened nerves must be fortified. The wise man will use Ferrozone whose potency is particularly applicable to these critical periods. Ferrozone quickens the whole being, imparts vigor and power, pushes back the onset of senility in a very manifest way. It is because Ferrozone gives strength, vitality and vigor that it is useful to old men. Try it. Price 25c.

The trouble with little sins is that they never stay that way.

A. E. Shaw Will Buy It Back.  
You assume no risk when you buy Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. A. E. Shaw will refund your money if you are not satisfied after using it. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy in use for bowel complaints and the only one that never fails. It is pleasant, safe and reliable.

The sense of touch is dulled on the back.

CASTORIA  
For Infants and Children.

W. H. BELYEA  
THOS. TROY  
WM. INNES, Jr., Assessors.

Newcastle, Apr. 1st 1905.



DAINTY DISHES FROM A CAN

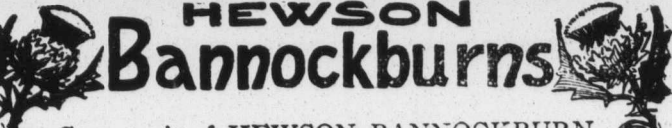
40 kinds of Laing's Canned Meats. 40 toothsome dishes to tempt the appetite. Something different for every luncheon or tea in the month—with nine more for dinner.

Laing's Canned Meats

give welcome variety to any menu. Delightfully seasoned ready for the table. Corned Beef, Ox Tongue, Pork and Beans and any of the other 37 are mighty handy to have in cases of emergency.

Your grocer will supply you with "Laing's."

THE LAING PACKING & PROVISION CO., Limited, MONTREAL.



HEWSON Bannockburns

Get a suit of HEWSON BANNOCKBURN TWEED—It's all pure choice wool—cloth made to look well and wear a long time.

Insist on getting the genuine Hewson Woolen Mill goods, made in the big new mill at Amherst.

At McLEOD'S

FASHIONABLE TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

where you will find the Latest and Newest Go o c for WINTER SUITS and OVERCOATS which we make up in good style and at reasonable prices. When you want a Suit or an Overcoat do not wait until after Christmas. Come early and inspect our stock and satisfy yourself our goods and prices are right.

Carter Block. SIMON McLEOD.

TROUT MezzoWork.

The undersigned have received from Mr. Nash of Maine the agency for New Brunswick for his famous trout mezzo work. A trout mezzo is one half the fish so mounted upon a convex elliptical panel as to stand the fish out in bold relief, giving the effect of an oil painting or whole mounted fish, with the real thing to show for your prowess. The process of preserving fish in this artistic way was discovered by Mr. Nash in 1900, and patented by him.

EMACK BROS.,  
Leading Taxidermists,  
Fredericton, N. B.

Hams, Bacon, Sausage, Cake Lard, Mince Meat.

JOHN HOPKINS,  
St. John, N. B.

Assessors Notice

The Assessors of Rates of the Parish of Newcastle, having received the warrants authorizing the assessment of taxes for the present year as follows:—

Cehington 432.88  
Alus House 169.97  
Scott Act 41.56  
School 362.21

Hereby notify all persons liable to assessment within said parish to furnish the Assessors within Thirty days from this date, with statement on date in writing, of their Real Estate within the Parish and of their personal property and income to guide them in their assessment.

This assessment applies only to the Parish of Newcastle outside of the incorporated limits of the Town of Newcastle, according to an Act passed at the Local Legislature of 1903, the Assessment Act was repealed and all county rates for the Town of Newcastle will be assessed by the Town Assessors.

The valuation list when completed will be exhibited at the Post Office in Newcastle and at the residences of the Assessors in the Middle and Lower Districts.

W. H. BELYEA  
THOS. TROY  
WM. INNES, Jr., Assessors.

Newcastle, Apr. 1st 1905.

Notice to the Public

The attention of the Public is called to the following extract from the by laws of the New Brunswick Board of Fire Under writers:

"The use of Gasoline, Vapor Light, or any other product of Naphtha, shall not be permitted except in Buildings isolated 100 feet and upwards, and then only, when vaporized in secure underground tanks outside the building and not less than 10 feet from it." Gasoline used for illuminating purposes, otherwise than above provided, will invalidate fire insurance policies.

According to the official returns of the fire patrol of Chicago from 1890 to 1904, 4,670 fires were caused by the use of gasoline in that city, resulting in 158 deaths.

By order  
PETER CLINCH, Secretary.

## DIAMOND DYES

EASY TO USE, BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

ASK FOR THE "DIAMOND"

"HERS."

FOR PERFECT HOME DYEING.

THE SENSE OF TOUCH IS DULLED ON THE BACK.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

W. H. BELYEA

THOS. TROY