

Don't Condemn Yourself to Bright's Disease

TAKE GIN PILLS NOW

Bright's Disease claims its thousands yearly solely because people won't heed nature's warnings. Pain in the back and constant headaches mean kidney trouble. Swollen hands and ankles, and pain in the joints, mean kidney trouble. Frequent desire to urinate—urine hot and scalding—mean kidney trouble. Neglecting sick kidneys means Bright's Disease.

If you know your kidneys are affected—or if you suspect they are affected—give them the help they need—GIN PILLS. Taking GIN PILLS regularly soothes the irritated, inflamed membranes—gives to the kidneys new strength—corrects every kidney and bladder trouble.

Remember, May 13, 1937. I needed the simple box of GIN PILLS and was greatly benefited by them. My kidneys were in such bad condition I could not sit or sleep without great pain. In fact, they pained me nearly all the time. I have taken three boxes, working all the time at heavy work on the railroad and did not lose a day.

And they are sold on a positive guarantee that they will cure you or money refunded. Put them to the test with the understanding that you must be cured or you get your money back. So sure are we that GIN PILLS are just what you need in your own case, that we will send you a free sample to try. Write, mentioning this paper, to the Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg.

50c. a box—6 boxes for \$2.50. Bg

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Diseases of Eye, Ear and Throat.
Office at the late J. H. Morrison
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Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide gas or other Anesthetics. Artificial teeth set in gold, celluloid, aluminum, and ordinary rubber plates. Gas, Benzoin, Chloroform or Ether, given for the painless extraction of teeth, all improvements in profession adopted.
Ordnance and Bridge work a specialty.
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Special attention given to preserving Natural Teeth. Artificial Teeth inserted in the most substantial and artistic manner, into Gold, Celluloid, Aluminum, and ordinary rubber plates.
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An Antique

By MARTHA MCCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

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"Did you ever? That bonnet was old fashioned when Noah went into the ark," Miss Althea Evans said, nodding toward the new girl in the choir.

Isabella Strange, her chum and rival in Eastwood society, giggled and answered loud enough for the new girl to hear: "You are shockingly ignorant, Leathy. Don't you know there are people who take pride in their antiques?"

Involuntarily, it seemed, the new girl put her hand up to the plume which drooped to touch masses of bright waving hair. The plume was not dragged; nothing, indeed, about the hat showed a touch of wear. But it was at least three seasons behind the style, also very becoming to the wearer. She was slim and tall, with sherry wine eyes and a creamy, rose tinted complexion. In the lips the roses burned to clear scarlet, and there was an adorable dimple lurking at one side. Dark brows, delicately arched, gave an accent to the face, an accent repeated by the gold ligats of the abundant brown hair.

Thus nature explained the situation. A girl who looked that way could afford to be old fashioned, and two other girls, enormously stylish, but with no looks to boast, could not help but be ill natured.

Benson, the choir leader, a thin man, perpetually scowling, but wholly through near sight, wheeled stiffly upon Althea and said: "The solo? Have you practiced it as you promised? Let's try it first thing."

Althea turned her back to him. "Pig! Does he think I mean to waste my singing?" she whispered loudly to Isabella. Over her shoulder she added languidly: "Mr. Benson, I'll sing my solo Sunday after next. Some—some friends of mine, 'are coming specially to hear me. Until then you must make out with—the rest."

"As you will, Miss Evans," Benson said, a flush creeping up to his sallow cheek. "But you promised. I—depended on the promise. And it is much to me that the music shall be even."

"I dare say, but I shan't sing except when I feel like it," Althea said, with a touch of insolence. Her father was head of the vestry, and she thought she knew Benson dared not resent anything she might do. It took her breath to have him say firmly: "In that case you are quite useless. Music, a great gift, a great blessing, does not come without work. If you will not work unsparringly you will hinder rather than help. You shan't work—for your own sake. You have voice, oh, yes, but it needs heart in it. Unless you grow to love the work you will never get the heart. Your singing will be—what you say—dumb—like a street piano that one may play with a crank."

"Really, this—this is beyond endurance," Althea began.

Isabella laughed low and unpleasantly and put her hand over Althea's lips. Then she called to the choir master, who had moved a little way off: "Why don't you try Miss Archer?" nodding toward the new girl. "I'm sure she looks musical—she may be an artist."

Miss Archer smiled daintily, saying: "Oh, thank you. I should like to sing. I love it and have been silent ever since I came—the walls are so thin at Mrs. Wray's, and I should so hate to disturb any one."

"You! What will you care for?" Benson asked, seating himself at the small organ. The girl bent her head softly, saying: "Something old and simple. Something my mother sang, please. Say 'Rock of Ages' or 'Coronation'."

"I'm going. I hate all that old rubbish," Althea said, marching toward the door.

Isabella followed her, but paused, her hand on the knob, to say with a giggle, as though speaking to some one still in the room: "You'd better put up a sign outside, 'Antiques to Be Seen and Heard Here.'" Then she ran down the steps laughing loudly, and as she overtook Althea caught her arm, shook her gayly and said: "I think we have settled Miss Archer. If she has any sense at all she won't come again—after this."

Whether or no Miss Archer had sense she certainly had a voice. She also—and this was the crown of poor Benson's joy—knew mighty well how to use it. She was withal modest and biddable, giving herself no airs whatever, albeit two Sundays of her solos had sufficed to crowd the church. She kept much to herself and, although frank and friendly enough, put by social opportunities as they came.

Mrs. Judge Gray called the very first Sunday afternoon, a thing she had never been known to do before. She asked Miss Archer to tea; also to dinner next week. But Miss Archer shook her head. She was in Eastwood for rest and must not let herself be beguiled. Besides, she had a charming room, and the woods round about were so enchanting she hated to stay out of them. She was very grateful, but Mrs. Gray must excuse her.

It was the same with all the rest. Young or old found her, if they found her at all, the soul of graciousness, but elusive. She rode out every morning and drove every afternoon, always alone except for a staid liveried groom. The one thing vulnerable about her was her clothes. Exquisite in choice, make, fit and material, they were all so very far from being in fashion. There fore they bred theories. Nobody really knew more of Miss Archer than that she had come to the Wray house with

unimpeachable credentials from two of last season's star boarders. So there was some excuse for the romances woven about her. The favorite one was that she had been either suddenly bereft of fortune or that she had inherited a wardrobe and thriftily chose to wear it out unchanged. The fine st made rather against that, so much so that the bereft heiress notion was most generally accepted. But Miss Archer could certainly not have lost all her money. She was liberal to a fault in her expenditures and reckless in the matter of tips to her caddies—indeed, to small boys generally, whether or no they had rendered her a service.

Althea's special friends were delayed; therefore she in turn delayed her return to the choir. She had no doubt whatever that Benson would take her, notwithstanding she admitted that she and Isabella had been foolish. "But how could we dream things would turn out so?" Althea asked of Isabella, who in turn queried:

"Who would have thought Benson could do without you? And does he think he can keep on doing without you when they have the service of thanks?"

"Of course he can't," Althea said, almost tearfully, "because the thanks are mostly for Cousin Rob, and everybody knows he won't care for anything except to hear me sing."

Cousin Rob was, understood, a lieutenant in the navy, for whose escape from typhoon and other perils Althea felt called upon to give special thanks. There were other Eastwood men, but they had not been mentioned in dispatches for cool and reckless bravery. Moreover, they had not been promoted. So, although they were included in the roster, it was well understood that Lieutenant Robert Starling was the beginning and the end of things.

Althea thrilled to think of herself singing to him, with the multitude hanging breathlessly upon her voice, there in the church, all bedight with flags and oaken boughs. Flowers were held out of place for these hearts of oak. She knew she should do her best. She must, with such inspiration.

So it was a thunderbolt to have Benson say grimly:

"There is no place for you, I am sorry to say. Besides, Miss Archer sings, oh, much, much better! Her notes are gold, where yours are scarcely silver. Tommy Bell has the only voice here does not make this and the penny. He shall sing with her in the special opening anthem. I have myself arranged it. You might be in a chorus later on, but you do not know enough. You would try to drown the rest with your big notes. There is the difference. Put Miss Archer in chorus, and she would sing exactly in key."

"You are an old bear!" said Althea, and ran home to tell her mother. Before it came to telling her plan was all upset, and by no less a person than Miss Archer, who came swiftly to her and said a lot, but not in many words. The result was when the service of thanks came on there were several surprises, but, if truth must be told, some severe disappointments. For Althea sang the solo and in the anthem, and Miss Archer was no more than a chorister. She subdued her voice admirably and kept in the background as much as she might, yet her name ran all about from lip to lip, so it was not perhaps through occult divination that Lieutenant Robert Starling waited outside the choir loft stair, with at least fifty of his enthusiastic townsmen hanging behind, to see the reason of his letting her.

Verily, they had their reward, for the lieutenant caught both Miss Archer's hands and wrung them as though he would never let go. He spoke to her familiarly, almost entreatingly, and went away with her without a by your leave. When they were safe in the Wray House he said, masterfully, "Now, darling, tell me what is behind this masquerade?"

"Oh, nothing much," Miss Elinor Archer Weasley, actress and gentlewoman, said, with a little laugh. "I wanted to rest, and people wouldn't let me alone, so I determined to play Princess Charming again for just my life. All the costumes were perfectly fresh and perfectly beautiful if the public didn't like them nor me in them, so I've had the play—the play that failed five years ago—on again all summer. You can't think how interesting it's been, and it has helped me—oh, such a lot! Without it I never could have seen just what your people were."

"As if that mattered, as if anything mattered, except that we love each other," Lieutenant Starling said. "You do love me, Nora, darling?"

"I ought not to. It will break the town's heart to have you marry me," Elinor responded. "But I'm mightily afraid that I do."

The Dawn of Conscience.

The development of conscience has been interestingly traced in the career of a dead mouse who for many years was quite uneducated. He thought in pictures and had mental words for only the fewest things. He had no sense of right and wrong. Being often hungry, he stole food—that is to say, he found and took it; not then knowing that it was an offense to do so. Small sums of money he made his own in the same way, and again he saw no wrong. But one day he took from a butcher's counter a piece of money which turned out to be gold. He went into a shop to buy sweets with it, but when he realized the value of the coin he matched it up and ran away. He was horrified, not at the theft, but the extent of it. In the end he buried the piece and from that time stole no more. The shock had quickened conscience into life, and he needed little "converting" when kindly instructors at last took him in hand.—St. James' Gazette.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

OSCILLATING CANDLE.

It Works Like the Walking Beam of a Watt Engine.

The little motor represented herewith operates not by steam nor by electricity nor by compressed air. It possesses no boiler, no cylinder, no piston and consists simply of a stearin candle. Let the reader take a candle and perform the experiment for himself. Insert in the center of the candle and at right angles with it the heads of two pins previously heated. These pins will constitute the axis of the motor and are to be placed upon the edge of two wineglasses. If the two ends of the candles are lighted they will burn, and a drop of stearin will fall into one of the plates placed beneath in order to receive it. The equilibrium of the scale beam will be broken, and the other end of the candle will descend, causing



THE CANDLE IN OPERATION.

ing the end that has just lost the first drop of stearin to rise. This oscillatory motion will cause several drops to fall from the end that has just descended and which in its turn becomes the lighter and will, therefore rise, and the other descends, and the oscillatory motion, slight at first, will take on a greater and greater amplitude, the candle, slightly inclined upon the horizon at first, finally taking a nearly vertical position. There is nothing more interesting than to watch this oscillatory motion, which does not cease unless one blows out the two flames or the two candles are entirely consumed—that is to say, at the end of half an hour. If now it is desired to utilize the motion of the candle while it is in operation it may be connected by a thin wire with small figures cut out of cardboard and jointed, to which it will give a to and fro motion. It may be considered as the walking beam of a Watt engine, and to each extremity may be connected a small piston moving in a vertical cylinder. Finally and more simply there may be fixed to the axis by means of pins, which will keep it at a distance in order to prevent the contact of the flames, a strip of light cardboard, representing a plank, to the extremities of which may be glued two figures that will play a seasaw and thus render the experiment still more attractive to the young.

A Pocket Notebook. It is not the usual custom of young people to take notes, but as they grow older and their interest in the affairs of life widens they will discover that a number of matters will come to their attention and will slip away again unless there is something to help the memory. While the suggestion may not be of use to many of you, for the benefit of the few who like to be systematic the habit of carrying a little notebook with an alphabetical index is strongly recommended. In this put down at least a brief note regarding what you wish to remember, in each case entering it under the letter beginning the most prominent name or word connected with it. If you cannot put down the exact item you wish to remember at least note where you found it. The amount of time saved by this habit as you grow older will enable you to read a large number of excellent books, for to seek in vain a bit of information is not only extremely irritating, but exceedingly wasteful of time. Particularly in reading will a little notebook prove a great help. It is better to choose a tiny book, so that it will never be in the way.—St. Nicholas.

Pick a Name For Yourself.

One of the customs practiced by our Puritan forefathers was that of inflicting ludicrous and terrifying names upon their children. One Puritan daniel who asked her baptismal name answered, "Through-Much-Tribulation-We-Enter-the-Kingdom-of-Heaven, but for short they call me Tribby." Another unfortunate maiden bore the name The-Gift-of-God-Stringer. A sickly boy was christened Faint-Not-Hewitt. Another labored under Fight-the-Good-Fight-of-Faith-White. A little girl who had a propensity for crying was at the age of eight christened Weep-Not-Billing. There also were Thunder Goldsmith, The-Work-of-God Farmer, Search-the-Scriptures Morton, Be-Courteous Cole and, worst of all, Kill-Sin Pimple.

A Sleeping Bird.

If you have a pet bird look at it closely when it is asleep and you will see that it does not, as is generally believed, tuck its head under its wing. You have heard all your life that a bird sleeps in that way, but it does not. It turns its head and lays it on the soft and yielding feathers of its back, which sometimes entirely hide it.

The Wise Man.

There is a man in our town who is so wondrous wise He knows he cannot sing at all And so he never tries.

He also knows he has no wit Like many funny folks And so he never bothers us By getting off his jokes.

And when he has no word to say He's wise enough, though young, To sit about while others talk And hold his little tongue.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Geo. Smith Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as a sugar.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

PURE BICK HEADACHE.

OUR BOYS OFF FOR THE WEST.

Two of Our Townsmen Receive a Hearty Send-off From Their Friends.

Messrs. P. J. Danahy and Neil Fleming left Tuesday night on No. 33 for the west. The band serenaded them at the depot and played several appropriate tunes. Both Messrs. Danahy and Fleming have been well known citizens of our town. Although not native born, they have resided here for some years. Mr. Danahy having run a very successful barber business on Castle street, and Neil Fleming in the capacity of clerk, in the drug store of the late lamented Frank R. Dalton, and also with the present owner, Mr. W. L. Durick. The best wishes of the town are extended to these gentlemen for future success and prosperity.

When the express pulled out from the depot cheers were given for the departing boys and also the very efficient band.

On Tuesday evening after the tea hour Mr. Fleming was waited on by the guests of his boarding house, at Mrs. Allingham's and presented with a valuable umbrella with gold mounted handle, in token of the high esteem in which Neil was held by them all.

Following is the address:—

DEAR MR. FLEMING:—

On the eve of your departure from among us to a neighbouring land over which the "Union Jack" has never flown, we feel it our duty to remember our fond days spent together under the hospitality of a lady, such as our present hostess.

You are going out into a world full of wickedness but our earnest prayer is that Providence may daily guide you into the paths of health, wealth, and prosperity. We wish you to accept this small token, as an appreciation of the esteem you have held among us. We earnestly desire that this gift will be of service to you and that should trouble befall you, you shall think of the many days, we hope happy ones, that you have spent during your sojourn with us.

Our best wishes go with you and we sincerely hope that you may draw around you in your new home many attached and loving friends.

We wish you bon voyage, on behalf of:

Annie Allingham, Helen Stewart, Ida White, Marion E. Harvey, Katie Hamilton, Thos. M. Maltby, John Keane, Woodside Doran, Wendell Weeks, George Henderson, Mason E. Betts, Arthur A. Hoffman, James Lamont.

Newcastle, N. B., April 15 1937.

Mr. Fleming was completely taken by surprise, but thanked them all for their kind remembrance, and said he appreciated the gift most highly.

M. C. RUSSELL.

ACCOUNTANT.

Financial Insurance, and Commission Agent. Secretary Russell Electrical and Hydraulic Co. Ltd.

Office Murray Building, Newcastle, N. B.

28th.

HOTELS.

Commercial Hotel,

M. J. Kane, Prop.

Newly Furnished Throughout. Now Open for Business!

Newcastle, N. B. 37-52

ALBERT HOUSE,

Corner Duke & Henderson Streets, CHATHAM, N. B.

The most pleasantly situated Hotel in the town, directly facing the Opera House and the beautiful Elip Park. Recently Remodelled, Painted and Refurnished throughout. For luxury, comfort and view, second to no other house in the town. Trucks to and from all trains and boats.

Terms: \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day. 6-52

ALLAN MANN, Prop.

Llanvair Hotel,

R. D. CHAMBERLAIN, Proprietor.

Jacquet River, N. B.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK

George McSweeney, Prop.

Moncton, N. B.

ROYAL HOTEL.

W. H. McLEAN—Prop.

This hotel has been newly painted and renovated throughout.

We are now prepared for permanent and transient boarders.

Boarding Stable in connection. McCullum St., Newcastle, N. B. 15—

DISTRESSING HEADACHES.

cured by

LIFE OF MAN BITTERS AND SYRUP.

Upper Burton, Jan. '07

Messrs. C. GATES SON & CO. GENTLEMEN:—

Ten years ago I was suffering with distressing headaches caused by biliousness. I used doctors' medicine and other remedies with little benefit. I was induced to take a half dozen bottles of your

LIFE OF MAN BITTERS

and syrup in connection, which effected a cure of it so that I have very little or no trouble in that way since, occasionally taking a little of it to regulate the liver. In fact we have kept and used all of your medicines in our family since that time and can conscientiously recommend their use to the sick. I have known of their having cured other cases at Shurley where I formerly lived.

Yours very truly,

THOS. McFADDEN.

Use GATE'S ACADIAN LINIMENT for colds and other ailments its STRONGEST AND BEST.

C. Gates, Son & Co

Middleton, N. S.

Assessors' Notice.

The undersigned having been appointed and sworn as Assessors of Rates for the Town of Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland, hereby give notice to every person and body corporate liable to be assessed in the said Town, to furnish the Assessors, WITHIN THIRTY DAYS from the date hereof, with a written detailed statement of Real and Personal Estate and Income for which they are liable to be assessed within the said Town.

Blank forms for statements may be had from any of the Assessors on application.

ASSESSMENT FOR 1937.

County.

Alms-house purposes, \$295.70

Pauper Lunatics, 368.68

Schools, 1,260.16

Contingencies, 1,004.09

\$2,928.56

Town.

Board of Health, \$330.00

Police and Light, 1,925.00

Park and Fire, 1,650.00

School purposes, 6,270.00

Public Works, 1,980.00

Contingencies, 2,200.00

Sinking Fund, 770.00

Interest, 3,124.00

\$18,249.00

JAMES FALCONER,

JOHN FERGUSON,

EDWARD HICKEY,

Assessors.

To

C. E. F. THOMAS

WILLIAM

28th