

Minister Speaks to Mothers

Tells His Wife's Experience for the Sake of Other Sufferers.

The following letter has been sent to Dr. T. A. Slocum, Ltd., for publication.

Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited:—Dear Sirs: Within the last two years my wife (who is of a delicate constitution) has had two severe attacks of la grippe, both of which have been speedily corrected by the use of Psychine. We have such faith in the efficiency of your remedies that as a family we use no other. For toning up a debilitated system, however run down, restoring to healthy action the heart and lungs, and as a specific for all wasting diseases, your Psychine and Oxomulsion are simply peerless. Yours sincerely, Rev. J. J. Rice, 51 Walker Avenue, Toronto.

PSYCHINE, Pronounced Si-keen, is a scientific preparation, having wonderful tonic properties acting directly upon the Stomach, Blood and weak organs of the body, quickly restoring them to strong and healthy action. It is especially adapted for people who are run down from any cause, especially Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, LaGrippe, Pneumonia, Consumption and all stomach or organic troubles. It has no substitute.

PSYCHINE

(PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

is for sale at all dealers, at 50c and \$1.00 per bottle, or write direct to Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, 179 King St. W., Toronto.

There is no other remedy "Just as Good" as PSYCHINE.

Dr. Root's Kidney Pills are a sure and permanent cure for Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Pain in the Back and all forms of Kidney Trouble. 25c per box, at all dealers.

A Difference on Dynamite.

To Jim Carrigan, the big red-faced contractor on the railroad cut through Horseback Ledge, came Padrone Angelo Valente with empty kerosene can one biting, snowless, December morning. "How heats dynamite?" asked he, in tones of despair. "Oil for stove all gone."

"Borrow some of Murphy at the east end. If he hasn't any, try Jensen."

"Murphy no gotta more than 'nough for self, nor Jensen, either. I go to town to buy?"

That meant a wait of at least an hour, and perhaps a good deal longer. In a half-hour twenty-four holes would be ready for loading. It was Saturday afternoon and time was precious.

Carrigan picked up an old grain-bag in which the dulled drills were carried to be sharpened. From a box in the squat tool-shanty he took two dozen eight-inch sticks of dynamite, rolled in oiled paper, and looking for all the world like lemon-yellow molasses candy. He dropped them into the sack.

"Take this to the engine-house and tell Drew to let you put it on the boiler," he said with decision.

Valente swung the bag over his shoulder and scrambled up the ladder.

The survey for the new railroad had called for a cut one thousand feet long and eighty deep through solid felspar. The general contractors were driving the work. Three "gangs," one at each base of the ridge and one on the backbone, were making havoc with steam and dynamite.

Carrigan's subcontract allotted him the center of the ledge. In his employ were an engineer, Morrison Drew; a fireman, Frank Hix; and forty Italian laborers. Already they had blasted a pit fifty feet deep. On the brink stood the boiler house and derrick, and near by ran a temporary track, on which the rock was hauled off as fast as it was hoisted out. The boiler furnished steam to the hoisting engine, to the pump that freed the pit of water, and to the three drills chugging away at the hard felspar.

Zero weather made it necessary to heat the explosive before it could be used; and this had been done by a pail of hot water on an oil stove.

As the "boss" was deciding where to start his next line of holes, his ears were greeted by the sound of excited talk from the boiler-house. Then down the latter came Angelo again, bag on shoulder.

"Here, you, what are you bringing that dynamite back for?" demanded Carrigan, angrily.

"Engineer tell me no put it on boiler," whimpered Valente.

"What!" shouted the contractor. "Let me talk to him!"

As fast as his two hundred and twenty pounds would permit, he puffed up the ladder and stormed into the boiler-house.

"What's this I hear?" he bellowed to Drew, a small, dark-haired young man. "Did you tell Angelo he couldn't warm this dynamite on the boiler?"

"Yes, I did," replied the engineer.

"Didn't he tell you I sent him up with it?" "Yes," returned Drew, "but I thought you hadn't considered the matter carefully enough when you gave him his orders. I'm not ashamed to say that I'm afraid of the stuff; and I don't think you can be any too careful with it. It seems to me that it'd be a good deal better to take an hour or so to send a man to Weston rather than to render your boiler insurance void and risk the life of everybody on the job."

"Haven't I handled dynamite before you were born, and never had an accident yet? Put that bag on the boiler, Angelo."

"Not while I'm responsible for this machinery," was Drew's firm response.

The contractor flushed with anger. "Who owns this outfit, anyway? Who's hiring these men, and you, too? You know altogether too much, young man, to be wasting your time round here. You're discharged; you'll get your pay-check tonight. This plant's under your control, Hix. You can run it all right, can't you?"

"Sure!" said Hix, briskly. He was older than the engineer, and had always been a little jealous of him. Carrigan snatched the bag from the Italian's hands and laid it on the boiler.

"I'll send one of the men up to fire for you," he said, and flung out of the door without another look at Drew.

The discharged engineer stood for a moment dumfounded. It is not pleasant to be thrown out of one's position just because one has been overfaithful to duty. Drew took off his working suit and began to make his few belongings into a bundle.

Hix busied himself about the machinery. After his first elation at being promoted, he felt sincerely sorry for Drew, and also a little apprehensive regarding his new responsibility. He ventured a few questions about the hoister. His former chief answered them cheerfully. He bore no malice against Hix. Then, as a short, stout Italian appeared in the doorway, he picked up his bundle and went out. He had no definite plans as yet, but thought he would call on the engineer at the east end of the cut.

A train of empty cars now backed in on the spur, and for the next twenty minutes Hix was busy at the engine, holsting out and dumping drags as fast as the Italians could load them. His green fireman, zealous to furnish plenty of steam, kept up a roaring blaze in the fire-box.

On the bottom of the pit Carrigan directed the loading of the drags, a task that his slight knowledge of Italian rendered by no means easy.

"Them dagoes'll wear me clean out!" he muttered. Now that his fit of anger was over, he felt sorry that he had discharged Drew. The holes were ready for the dynamite. He wanted to see how his new engineer and fireman were getting on, so he decided to go up for the explosive himself.

Just as the last car was loaded, a sheet of flame burst from the boiler-top. Almost fainting with terror, Hix realized that the over-heated plates had ignited the contents of the bag. With a wild yell of alarm, he bolted from the building, followed by the Italian; nor did the two stop running until they had put a safe distance between themselves and the threatening danger.

Carrigan had just set foot on the bottom of the ladder when he heard running feet above and Hix's panic-stricken yell:

"The dynamite's afire!"

The shout fell like the tramp of doom on the workers penned in the pit. An explosion would send building, machinery and loaded cars hurtling down upon them. And not a man would escape death or maiming.

All the strength went out of the boss's legs, and he wilted on the felspar. Round him the shrieking Italians scurried frantically. Some flattened themselves behind boulders. Others vainly tried to climb the steep walls. But not one dared to approach the ladder at the top of which stood the engine-house, with the smoke streaming from its windows.

With an effort Carrigan pulled himself together. He had courage enough. With trembling limbs and pasty face he began climbing in the direction of the peril. He knew that nothing could be expected from Hix or the Italian. Oh, if he had not been so hasty in discharging Drew!

The former engineer was just returning from the eastern end of the cut. He was about a hundred feet away when the fleeing men burst from the building, and the smoke and flame proclaimed what had happened. He instantly understood the situation. For a moment he hesitated. Why should he, a man discharged unjustly for trying to prevent this very catastrophe, risk his life for a crowd of foreigners? Then, as a full perception came of what an explosion would mean to the men trapped in the gulf below the loaded cars, he started for the house on the run.

Inside was a smoky darkness, lighted by flame-jets leaping from boiler-top to ceiling. A strong sulphurous smell prevailed the air. The rafters were charring. The windows were covered with a black, greasy soot. Down the steel plates and into the cinders below was trickling a melted mass of deadly explosive.

Drew's head was cool and clear. He was familiar with the freakiness of burning dynamite. It might consume itself harmlessly, or at any second a thundercap might come that would wipe out the entire plant and kill every man in the vicinity.

Standing on an empty box close to the boiler, he reached up, and with his gloved hands brushed aside the charred folds of the bag. Grasping two blazing sticks, he ran a hundred feet from the building, and laid them carefully on the ground. Then back he hurried for another pair. Until the last of the dynamite was carried out and extinguished the danger would not be over; for a single stick might do nearly as much damage as all.

A pail of water caught his eye as he entered the house the second time. He laid the next two sticks on the brick hearth, and poured a thin stream on their flaming ends. They sputtered and crackled ominously, and he desisted, fearing that even such slight confinement of the explosive might bring about the very catastrophe he was trying to avert.

Again he began to carry out the fiery torches. He worked alone. The locomotive engineer and the brakeman who coupled the cars had run for their lives. From a distance Hix and the Italian watched him, but offered no aid. As he was hurrying back to the boiler-house for the fifth time, Carrigan's pallid face appeared above the ladder top. Drew spoke to him sharply:

"Get away from here, if you value your life!"

The boss meekly tottered aside without disputing his former employee.

The flames had eaten through Drew's gloves, and his skin was scorched by the hot, sticky paste. He did not dare stop to remove it. Soldiers have passed through the thick of great battle and not been in half the peril this man encountered in the performance of what he deemed his duty. Back and forth he ran, and flaring brands ever growing shorter. Finally the last one had been safely carried out, and had burned itself to harmlessness on the ground.

The Drew began to put out the fire in the roof of the engine-house; and Hix and the Italian, sure that all danger was now over, came back to help him. Carrigan came up, too, and looked on without saying anything. After the smoking rafters had been well drenched, Drew bathed his parched, grimy hands, and turned to go; but the boss stopped him.

"Drew," he said, "I was a fool and worse to put that stuff on the boiler, and I ask your pardon. You've got me out of a tight place at the risk of your own life. Will you take the job again at an advance of ten dollars a month, with the understanding that you are to have complete control of this boiler-house? I won't step my foot into it, unless you tell me I may."

"I don't object," replied Drew.

"One thing more," said Carrigan. "Will you shake hands with me?"

The engineer held out his scorched fingers to the contractor.

Try This For Your Cough.

To relieve a cough or break up a cold in twenty-four hours, the following simple formula, the ingredients of which can be obtained of any good prescription druggist at small cost, is all that will be required: Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure), one-half ounce; Glycerine, two ounces; good whisky, a half pint. Shake well and take in teaspoonful doses every four hours. The desired results can not be obtained unless the ingredients are pure. It is therefore better to purchase the ingredients separately and prepare the mixture yourself. Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure) should be purchased in the original half-ounce vials, which druggists buy for dispensing. Each vial is securely sealed in a round wooden case which protects the Oil from exposure to light. Around the wooden case is an engraved wrapper with the name—"Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure)"—plainly printed thereon. There are many imitations and cheap productions of Pine, but these only create nausea, and never effect the desired results.

An old lady, travelling for the first time in a large city, saw a glaring sign on the front of a high building, which read: "The Smith Manufacturing Company."

As she repeated it aloud slowly she remarked to her nephew: "Laws 'a' mercy! Well, I've heard tell of Smiths all my life, but I never knew before where they made 'em!"—Tit-Bits.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES

Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days 50c.

"You are so popular," sighed the swain. "You have so many suitors."

"The idea!" smiled the fair young thing. "Why, I can count them all on the fingers of my left hand—the third finger is you."

Next day he got the ring for it.—Chicago Evening Post.

Piles get quick relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Remember it's made ALONE for Piles and it works with certainty and satisfaction. Itching, painful, protruding, or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Try it and see. All Dealers.

IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

There are many emulsions of Cod Liver Oil, all more or less good, no doubt, and all very much alike, the principal difference being in the quantity and quality of the oil that enters into their composition, and perhaps something in the method of manufacture.

FERROL

on the other hand, while it is an emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, occupies a place entirely above and beyond the ordinary preparations above referred to.

The reason is, that FERROL combines with the oil Iron and Phosphorus, which all other emulsions lack, and without which no emulsion is anywhere near perfect.

In FERROL the well-known virtues of Cod Liver Oil as a flesh and weight producer, the unparalleled qualities of Iron as a blood builder and purifier, as well as the undoubted advantages of Phosphorus as a Nerve and Brain tonic, are all not only combined and retained, but wonderfully enhanced by the process of amalgamation.

No argument is necessary to prove the inestimable value of such a preparation as FERROL in the treatment of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup and all Bronchial or Lung Troubles.

FERROL is not a patent mystery. The formula is freely published. It is prescribed by the best Physicians. It is endorsed by the most eminent Medical Journals. It is used in prominent Hospitals, Sanitariums, etc.

Edgar W. Mair, Main and King Sts, Woodstock, N. B.

"Could the consumptives of any given community be seen at one time, or pass in panorama before the people, public consciousness of the magnitude of the affliction might be aroused. A physical disaster shocks the world and lets loose the sympathy of millions. A few thousand deaths are nothing as compared with the deaths from consumption." LAWRENCE F. FLICK, M.D., Medical Director of Henry Phipps Institute for the Study, Treatment and Prevention of Tuberculosis.

Many reasons surely must influence men and women to help in the great work being carried on by the

MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

Other hospitals refuse the consumptive. This institution cares for them.

Not a single applicant has ever been refused admission to the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives because of his or her poverty.

Seven hundred and thirty-eight patients have been cared for since the Free Hospital was opened in 1902. Take a week's record:

63 patients in residence; 37 absolutely free, not paying a copper toward their maintenance; 15 paying 50 cents a day or less; 5 paying \$4.00 a week; 4 paying \$5.00; one paying \$7.00.

These figures tell plainly of a large deficit on maintenance account each month. To cover this the trustees are dependent upon the contributions that come to them from friends in all parts of Canada.

Not since the days of George Muller has so great a work of faith been carried on.



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

WILL YOU HELP DIVIDE THIS LOAD WITH THE TRUSTEES?

Contributions may be sent to SIR WM. R. MEREDITH, Kt., Chief Justice, Osgoode Hall, Toronto, or W. J. Gage, Esq., 54 Front Street, W., Toronto.

Applications for admission and all information from J. S. ROBERTSON, Secretary National Sanitarium Association, (Saturday Night Building), 28 Adelaide Street, W., Toronto, Canada.

No. 3

Will You Be One

Of the large number of young men and women who will enroll at

Fredericton Business College

next term? You may enter any time after Jan. 1st. The sooner the better. Attendance for full term larger than ever. Have had applications for far more graduates than we could supply. Write for FREE catalogue, to

W. J. OSBORNE, Principal, Fredericton, N. B.

Dear Sir,

Does your Pung need Painting? If so I shall be glad to paint it for you in a first-class manner at the lowest possible price.

Yours truly,

F. L. MOOERS,
Carriage and Sign Painter,

over Loane's Factory,
Connell street, Woodstock