

**Not a Miracle
But Medical Science**

Dr. T. A. Sloan, Limited,
Toronto, Ont.
Gentlemen:—
"Some time ago I began to lose flesh and failed every day until I had to quit work. My physicians and all my friends said I had contracted consumption. I failed from 165 pounds down to 119. I was advised to go to the Rockies or to the coast. I went to both places under heavy expense. I continued to fail, and was advised by the doctors to come home as nothing more could be done for me. Hope seemed to have left me.
"I tried Psychine and since starting its use I have gained from 119 to 141 pounds. I have used \$10.00 worth of the medicine. I am a well man and I cannot say too much in praise of Psychine. The strongest recommendation would be weak in view of the fact that I believe it has saved my life. It is without doubt the best remedy for run-down conditions and weak lungs.
"I sincerely hope and trust that you will continue your good work of saving run down people and consumptive from the grave. Wishing you and Psychine continued success, I remain, one of Psychine's best friends."
ALEX. McCAE,
Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
Almost every mail brings us letters like the above. Psychine will repeat this record in every case. It is the greatest medicine known. At all druggists, 50c and \$1.00, or Dr. T. A. Sloan, Limited, Toronto.

**When Lady Betty Held
The Candle.**

BY ORMOND GREY.

"Jeffrey," said my uncle when he caught me sulking and demanded an explanation, "all women are good at heart, but all women are abnormally uncertain. They will go on their own way whether we like it or not, and perforce we must put up their whimsies and make the best of it. If your cousin Betty is capricious, give her to understand that you would rather have her that way than not. Then she will no longer have any desire to keep your head whirling."
This was my day after Lady Betty had trifled with my love and dignity, and I had gone to Sir Hugh Rivington, the dearest of relatives and the best of patrons to declare that I should at once sail away for Spain and offer my sword as a soldier of fortune. I would depart within a week and as for Lady Betty she might marry whom she pleased or die a spinster.
"I think myself that the filly has romped long enough," continued Sir Hugh as he laid a kindly hand on my shoulder, and that the halter should be slipped over her head. But how to do it, Jeffrey—how to do it? Indeed, let us plan."
And plan we did.
Four days after our planning, the Lady Betty set out for the country seat of the Marchioness of Littleton, nine leagues distant there to tarry for the space of two weeks. Naturally her maid accompanied her, and besides the coachman and footman there were two armed and mounted servants to prevent the knights of the road from coming too close.
Sir Hugh and myself were to follow on horseback two days later, or so it was understood. Scarce had we waved the coach out of sight, when the good man pinched my ear in playful way and said:
"The plan worketh thus far without hitch or suspicion. The adventures of the night will give thee a bride within a month Jeffrey, the capricious filly is haltered."
At 3 o'clock that afternoon, when the coach had reached Featherstone, hardly more than half the journey, the capricious Lady Betty decided to remain there for the night. At sundown she decided to push on to the White Hart inn, two leagues farther, saying it would be romantic to ride beneath the star of the summer night.
Her great coach had rolled out of the courtyard. The last league had been entered upon, and the night had become fairly dark, when an uproar suddenly occurred. That uproar should have been caused by two pretended highwaymen hired for the occasion and the two guards should have fired a shot or two at them and then fled, as per orders, but, alas, for our well-laid plans against the maid!
One hired varlet lost their way and did not appear in time and the two that did come forward were genuine members of the profession. Our two merry thieves were to abduct the Lady Betty and her jewel box and hang on them until meeting me on foaming steed, and I was then to drive them away in short order, with pistol and rapier and rescue the damsel all for lorn.
In her gratitude and admiration how could she say nay when I asked that the marriage day be named and that there should be no more trifling?
Fate ordained that my horse should cast a shoe and that I should be an hour late at the rescue, and even then it was to learn that the Lady Betty, suspecting my plans, and determined to balk them, had actually remained behind at Featherstone and sent only her

maid forward in the coach. Sir Hugh and I had planned according to military tactics, but a simple maid had brought our endeavors to naught.
The weather had changed and the rain was pouring down, and yet I must ride back to Featherstone and secure corroboration of the maid's story before I could feel at ease. Back I rode to be told that when the coach left the inn Lady Betty had taken to horse to complete her journey by another road.
If she had accomplished this without adventure, then I would have been a butt of ridicule indeed. Fate was waiting to play her a shabby trick, however.
The highwaymen who had stopped the coach on the east road had galloped away to the west by crossroads, and as she reached this in her ride she fell into their hands. A hut in the woods, in which they were making a temporary home, was close at hand, and thither they conducted the frightened and lamenting maiden, to shut her up in the back room while they sat down in the front one to eat, drink, and make merry over their plunder.
Plowing my way over the execrable roads amid the downpour, my eye suddenly caught the twinkle of a light in the forest, and I dismounted and approached on foot. Through the open windows I heard the talk of men. Passing to the rear of the hut, I drew myself up to a sashless opening and softly called to know if any one was there.
"Thank heaven, 'tis thee, Jeffrey!" came the voice of the Lady Betty in prompt response. "I am in the hands of highwaymen and almost dead with fright. Hast thou sword and pistol with thee, dear boy?"
"In truth I have, but as you have oft asserted that the former is but a toy, and the latter a danger for a youth to experiment with, I know not how such arms can aid you in this emergency."
"Nay, nay, Jeffrey. I may have spoken slightly, but it was only the way of a willful maid. However, if thou hast taken it too much to heart or if thou doubtst thy courage or skill—"
Then I was beside her and my arm around her. It was well that I had not remained longer outside. Of a sudden the men in the front room rose up and flung open the door between us, one of them having a flaring candle in his hand, and at sight of them the girl moaned and covered her face with her hands.
The ruffians stared for a moment and then drew pistols from their belts. The three of us pulled triggers together, but our powder was damp and there was no explosion. Then one sprang back and possessed himself of their swords, and next moment I was fighting the pair of them.
I love to look back on that hour. The glance that my sweetheart gave me would have put heart into a coward. She stooped and lifted up the candle and backed into a corner and held it during all the fight. I took the corner opposite, brave of heart, and then the blades began to sing.
The fellows were bold and lusty and no bunglers with the steel, but within two minutes I knew I was master, despite the odds. Sometimes the white hand holding the candle was steady enough, and our three blades caught the flame and sent it back a hundred times over, and again it wavered about, and sent shadows across our faces as we cut and thrust, parried and retreated.
By and by I flashed my rapier into the shoulder of one and the hip of the other, and they were down and out. Then Lady Betty wavered her way through the open door and dropped her head on her arms and sobbed in a hysterical way. I bade the cursing robbers get up and limp away to be hanged elsewhere, and when I had seen to their going I stood beside the tearful maid, and said:
"Dear one, doth it not strike thee that we have been overlong wooing?"
"Dear me, but I have never given it a thought!" she replied, as she raised her head and dried her tears all in a moment.
"Wilt marry me a month hence, sweetheart?"
"Tis too ridiculous!"
"Or wilt thou wait here until I ride back for a coach and thy maid and wish thee a pleasant journey?"
"Jeffrey, she said after a startled look around, "thou art a determined and persistent young man."
"Within a month, dear one? Speak quickly, for the rain hath ceased and the moon is showing her face, and if I am to set out for Featherstone—"
"I shall set out, too," she said, as she let me take her hand. "Wherever thou goest I shall follow and be with thee."
And the capricious Lady Betty was won at last.

Believe in Sunshine.

But when the worst has been said—then what? Do we not believe that amid the dark and unintelligible mysteries there are rays of light, that beyond the failure stands the triumph, that the far horizon hold the promise of a brighter day? If we see one truth clearer than another when the present has entered into the past which holds our golden

memories and vain regrets, it is that despair and pessimism have silenced the music of the heart and dimmed the vision of the soul.
There are times when trials descend upon the life thick as the falling leaves of autumn and the night lies heavy about us, but he who allows pessimism to coil itself around the heart is adding to his trials and robbing the night of every shining star. Our duty is to believe in the sunshine, live and move in its splendor.

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If you think of buying a FARM and want a GOOD ONE, I am now in a position to give you the BEST VALUE for your money that has ever been offered before in Carleton Co. If you have the SLIGHTEST IDEA of buying a farm in the near future, DONT MISS this CHANGE. BEST LOCALITY, UP-TO-DATE BUILDINGS, LAND IN GOOD CONDITION. NEAR TO MARKET, NEAR TO SCHOOL, NEAR TO CHURCH. —See me or write me early as this Farm must be sold.

J. W. ASTLE,
Woodstock, N. B.

Could Britain Stand Alone.

(Letter in New York Sun.)

Those who have taken more than a passing interest in the affairs of that empire upon whose domains it is said that the sun never sets, are convinced that by far-seeing and enlightened statesmanship Great Britain has made herself independent of the rest of the world for all of her supplies.

A brief glance at the situation reveals the fact that fully two-thirds of the gold is mined in the Transvaal, Australasia, India and Canada, all of which owe their allegiance to the British flag.

From the Egyptian Sudan and India, England can now supply her wants with raw cotton. The Sudan in area is fourteen times as large as New York State, and the fellahen are satisfied to work for wages which in our money amount to about 14 cents a day. In India the wage rate is considerably less.

For wheat, other grains, wool, beaves, hogs and their products, petroleum, lumber, copper, etc., England can supply her needs from her colonies in South Africa, India, Australasia and Canada. Her teas and spices may be obtained from India and those islands which owe allegiance to her.

If such a thing were possible, England is now ready to build a wall round the possessions over which her flag floats and snap her fingers at the rest of the world. Owing to her large and well-equipped navy it would be next to impossible for any combination of maritime powers to prevent her from maintaining relations with all parts of her empire.

The foregoing may seem like a sweeping statement, but when the vast areas of Canada and Australia are considered, which are capable of growing about everything appertaining to the temperate zone, together with her possessions in Africa and India, it will at once be seen that it is far from chimerical.

Sad as it may appear, from an American point of view, Great Britain has apparently made herself independent of the rest of the world for her raw supplies. How soon she may avail herself of her unique position vitally concerns every commercial nation, especially the United States.

Edward Nicoll Townsend,
Hempstead, N. Y., May 8th.

The Stability of a Bank is Reflected in the Confidence of its Depositors.

Growth of deposits of The Royal Bank of Canada since incorporation:

1870	\$ 288,000
1875	870,000
1880	1,230,000
1885	1,750,000
1890	3,280,000
1895	6,200,000
1900	12,000,000
1905	26,500,000
1906	28,000,000
1907	35,000,000

In the savings department accounts may be opened with deposits of one dollar or more on which interest will be credited or paid four times a year.

"Dear Winston."

(London Standard.)

At a meeting addressed by Mr. Winston Churchill recently there were cries for "Lady Randolph"—Mrs. Conwalis-West having accompanied her son to the meeting for the first time during the contest. Mrs. Conwalis-West responded, and she did so in a happy vein. She was epigrammatic, and the moment captured the audience by her naivete. "I think," she said, "that one speaker from one family is sufficient. But I will just say that, while I hear a good deal about dear coal and dear beer, my motto is, 'Vote for dear Winston.'"

Piles are easily and quickly checked with Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. To prove it I will mail as mall trial box as a convincing test. Simply address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. I surely would not send it free unless I was certain that Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment would stand the test. Remember it is made expressly and alone for swollen, painful, bleeding or itching piles, either external or internal. Large jar 50c. Sold by All Dealers.

Wantano—Why do you call that boy of yours 'Flannel?'
Duzno—Because he just naturally shrinks from washing.—Chums.

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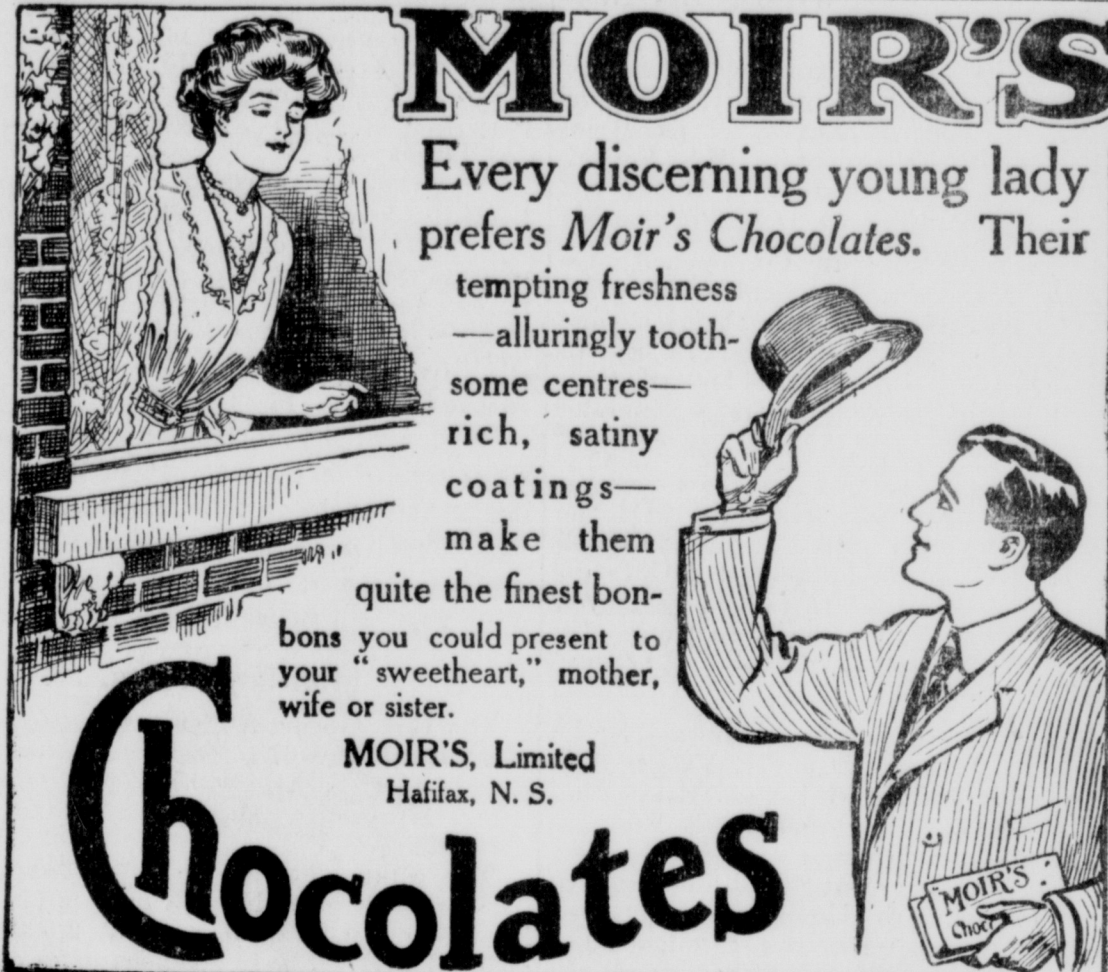
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should select strong and reliable companies. This being the case it would be impossible perhaps to find four stronger and more reliable companies represented in Carleton County in one office than the following companies for whom the undersigned is agent, namely: CALDONIAN, the Oldest Scottish Fire Office NORWICH UNION, Established in 1797. ATLAS, Founded in the reign of King George III and the QUEEN.
I shall be pleased to see intending insurers.

LOUIS E. YOUNG,
Woodstock, N. B.

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I. C. CHURCHILL,
Connell Street, Woodstock

"Here waiter," cried the guest in the cheap restaurant, "this food is simply vile and I don't propose to pay for it. Where's the proprietor?"
"He's gone home to lunch, sir," replied the waiter.—Philadelphia Press.

G. H. HARRISON,
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