

Preacher's Opinions

Rev. P. K. McRae, Forks Baddeck, C. B.: "I always count it a pleasure to recommend the Dr. Slocum Remedies to my parishioners. I believe there is nothing better for throat and lung troubles or weakness or run-down system. For speaker's sore throat I have found Psychine very beneficial."

Rev. W. H. Stevens, Paisley, Ont.: "Psychine seemed just the stimulant my system needed. I shall add my testimony as to its efficacy at every opportunity."

Rev. R. M. Browne, Amherst Head, N.S.: "I have often recommended Psychine since taking it myself, for it is a cure for the troubles you specify."

Rev. Chas. Stirling, Bath, N.B.: "I have used Psychine in my family; the results were marvelous. I have visited people who state that they never used its equal. I strongly recommend it."

Rev. J. S. I. Wilson, Markdale, Ont.: "I have taken two bottles of Psychine and am pleased to say that I am greatly improved in health. I was troubled with my throat, but now I find it about restored to its normal condition. I and my work very much less taxing. I believe Psychine is all claimed for it."

These are earnest preachers of the gospel of Psychine. They know whereof they speak. Psychine cures all throat, lung and stomach troubles. It is a great voice strengthener, acting directly on the vocal, respiratory and digestive organs, thus specially adapted to public speakers. At all druggists, 50c and \$1.00, or Dr. T. A. Slocum, Ltd., Toronto.

The Undying Past.

(Sketch.)

She was the prettiest of maids, in the daintiest of sunbonnets; but his eyes were fixed on the little white gate. He approached it with reverential steps. It was here they had met, it was here they had parted. That summer of '88, never had there been such another summer. He felt himself senile, prehistoric. Involuntarily his shoulders bowed, his eyes grew creased with wrinkles.

It was not until he raised his eyebrows and saw himself observed by the lady that he regained his youth.

Though startled, he lost nothing of his customary grace.

"I crave your pardon," he murmured, doffing a hat which disclosed no grizzled locks. She granted it with a gracious bow; and then as he still lingered, raised inquiringly almost protesting eyebrows.

Was she not a woman—would she not sympathize with his pilgrimage! He resolved to confide in her.

"I am revisiting," he said accordingly, "the scenes of my boyhood."

"Indeed," said she, "It was some time ago."

"Twenty years," he sighed, "by the calendar; by memory, yesterday."

"You see," he explained—diffuseness was not one of his failings—"she was my first love."

"How romantic. Do you remember?"

"I shall never forget it. Her name—he groped in the recesses of his memory—"her name was Mabel."

"Mabel," echoed the young lady, her lips between her teeth.

"It was here"—he laid his hand affectionately upon the gate—"wet first met."

"It's wet," she warned him.

"He withdrew his hand hastily."

"It had just been painted," he mentioned as a strange coincidence, "on that unforgettable day. She had on a white frock, but I wore a red blazer: I went to bed without tea that night. At the time it struck me as a hardship, but now to feel again that divine thrill, I would gladly suffer such martyrdom."

"Twenty years," he mused. "Time is a curious whirlingig. Everything is gone but the old gate remains."

She shook a regretful head.

"It's the third I remember; it was only put up yesterday."

"At any rate," he consoled himself, after a momentary pause. "It's where the old gate used to stand."

"The girl hesitated and glanced at a spot some yards lower down, but being unwilling, perhaps, to shatter another illusion beld her peace."

"I feel," mentioned the young man, as though I were again seven."

"Was it exactly twenty years ago?"

"This very month," he assured her

"You were not then born."

She admitted the fact.

"And you came," she suggested, "to visit her—shrine?"

"Her tomb," he corrected. "My little sweetheart slumbers beneath the sods of twenty years. Her only monument is doubtless a stout matron, and her epitaph 'Mrs. Somebody.' And yet I am probably her only mourner."

"Your constancy is remarkable."

"It is so easy," he murmured, "to be constant to a memory. It's not until one's ideal materializes that the strain comes."

"She may not be stout," remarked the girl, seeking to cheer him. "After all, twenty years."

"It was hereditary," he said sadly. "The fear haunted me even then."

He glanced at the house.

"That was her window," he indicated.

"Oh," said the girl, "oh, really."

"Every morning I would come and whistle beneath it, and she would pull the curtains on one side and smile down at me. We would go out together and awaken the larks to emulation—I taught her to cycle."

"To cycle!" half protested his listener, "twenty years ago?"

"It was early in the morning," he reminded her, half reproachfully, "and we saw no harm in it. The bicycle was much taller than we were, which made mounting difficult, and dismounting less difficult, perhaps, but even more dangerous."

"You were on a holiday!"

"A month. How we wept at parting—here, at this self-same, or, rather what was the gate then, I broke a six-pence in half, I remember for a keep-sake." He glanced reminiscently and glanced at his hand. "I have the scar still."

"And to think that you should be living here."

The girl gazed at him with puckered brows and eyes which hinted at secret amusement.

"Somebody must live here," she remarked.

"Well, yes," he admitted: "one cannot expect constancy of a house."

The remark drew a scornful smile to her lips.

"Had you found her here you would have been sorry."

"You think so? You have seen her! She is much changed?"

"She is my sister," said the girl calmly.

The young man gazed at the distant trees in silence for a moment; when his eyes came back to her, she saw they were full of a strange wonder.

"Her sister," he repeated, and his voice had taken on a new tone; "and—she—"

"She has not forgotten you," she said gravely. Her voice shook a little as she added, "and she is not married."

"She is—?" His questioning glance travelled to the house.

The girl shook her head, and her eyes sought his as if they would read his most secret thoughts.

"She returns tomorrow. If you still care to meet her you may come and have tea with us. If not—I shall say nothing of this meeting."

"Thank you," he said quietly, "I shall be here."

But she, as his footsteps died away shook her head dubiously.

As a footstep sounded on the gravel path the girl looked up with a start. "You," she cried, almost in dismay.

"You didn't expect me?"

"No," she admitted. The table seemed to bear out her statement, or, if visitors had been expected, but sparse provision had been made for them.

"You sister has not arrived?"

She nodded assent, and her eye sought the tip of a restless shoe.

"I'm so sorry," she murmured, after a slight pause.

He smiled consolingly. "After twenty years," he said cheerfully, another day—"I don't mean that."

She hesitated and flushed. "I—I haven't a sister." Her eyes now met his bravely.

"But—"

"I know. I told a lie." Her voice was firm, though the effort was apparent—the tone of a sinner who awaits punishment, white-faced but unshrinking. "I thought you were telling a story. Don't interrupt, please. I said the girl was my sister to frighten you. I never dreamed you would come this afternoon."

Her white hand quivered as it lay on the table, and she bent her head before him.

"I thought you made up the story as an excuse to speak to me."

"The young man's lips twitched."

"Don't reproach yourself," he said softly; "I did."

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We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

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Wiggs—Does that deaf-mute go to college? Wiggs—Sure. Just look at his fingers; they're all knotted from giving his class yell.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

In Siberia.

(From the Chicago Journal.)

Horrid is the picture of existence in the penal colonies of Northern Siberia given in a book just published in Germany by L. Tane, who returned to life after a burial of eight and a half years in the living grave of Kolymsk. In that time, he says, he saw one after another of his fellows succumb to suicide, hunger and insanity. They were all young men and all went away for terms ranging from five to ten years for political offences.

The trip to Kolymsk takes sixteen months. "I was twenty years old," he says, "when I was convicted for harboring liberal convictions. In our party were a sixteen-year-old boy and another a year younger. All told there were fifty politicals." The writer describes the agonies of hunger which the deported "politicals" had to endure. Mail was received three times a year.

"I shall never forget one mail day," he says. "In eighteen months a certain one of our number had not heard from home. This mail brought him a letter. It was a last greeting written in an uncertain hand by his mother on her deathbed. In desperation he did what so many of our party has done before him and which others did after we had laid away."

Rheumatism Recipe.

A well-known authority on Rheumatism gives the following valuable, though simple and harmless, prescription, which any one can easily prepare at home:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces.

Mix by shaking well in a bottle, and take a teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

He states that the ingredients can be obtained from any good prescription pharmacy at small cost, and, being of vegetable extraction, are harmless to take.

This pleasant mixture, if taken regularly for a few days, is said to overcome almost any case of Rheumatism. The pain and swelling, if any, diminishes with each dose, until permanent results are obtained, and without injuring the stomach. While there are many so-called Rheumatism remedies, patent medicines, etc., some of which do give relief, few really give permanent results, and the above will, no doubt, be greatly appreciated by many sufferers here at this time.

Inquiry at the drug stores of this neighborhood elicits the information that these drugs are harmless and can be bought separately, or the druggists here will mix the prescription for our readers if asked to.

The Dead Ones.

(T. P.'s Weekly.)

Literature, instead of being an accessory, is the fundamental sine qua non of complete living. I am extremely anxious to avoid rhetorical exaggeration. I do not think I am guilty of one in asserting that he who has not been "presented to the freedom" of literature has not wakened up out of his parental sleep. He is merely not born. He can't see; he can't hear; he can't feel in any full sense. He can only eat his dinner. What more than anything else annoys people who know the true function of literature, and have profited thereby, is the spectacle of so many thousands of individuals going about under the delusion that they are alive, when as a fact, they are no nearer being alive than a bear in winter.

Tickling, tight Coughs, can be surely and quickly loosened with a prescription Druggists are dispensed everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And it is so very, very different than common cough medicines. No Opium, no Chloroform, absolutely nothing harsh or unsafe. The tender leaves of a harmless, lung healing mountainous shrub, gives the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. Those leaves have the power to calm the most distressing Cough and to soothe and heal the most sensitive bronchial membrane. Mothers should, for safety's sake alone, always demand Dr. Shoop's. It can with perfect freedom be given to even the youngest babes. Test it yourself! and see. Sold by all druggists.

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The Montreal Witness, a high-toned independent paper, clean, healthy and high principled, and THE DISPATCH for \$1.50 per year.



VOLUNTEER BOUNTY ACT.
1908.

WARNING TO PURCHASERS.

Every assignment of the right of a South African Volunteer entitled to a land grant must be in the form provided by the Act.

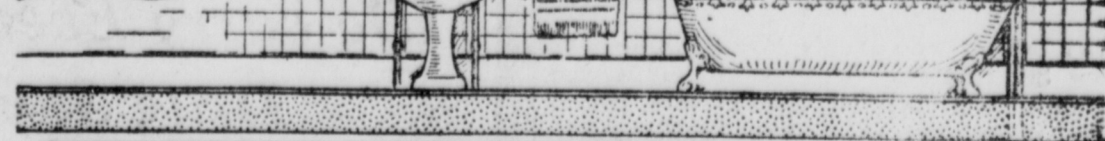
Special attention is called to Sub-section 3 of Section 5 of the Volunteer Bounty Act, 1908, which provides that no assignment of the right of a volunteer by the appointment of a substitute shall be accepted or recognized by the Department of the Interior which is NOT EXECUTED AND DATED AFTER THE DATE OF THE WARRANT FOR THE LAND GRANT issued by the Minister of Militia and Defence in favor of the Volunteer.

J. W. GREENWAY,
Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Ottawa

28th September, 1908.

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Range



What a "Pandora" Hot-Water Attachment Means to Me

"BELOW—You see how I just turn on the tap and instantly get hot water for my dishes, washing, scrubbing, preserving, etc."

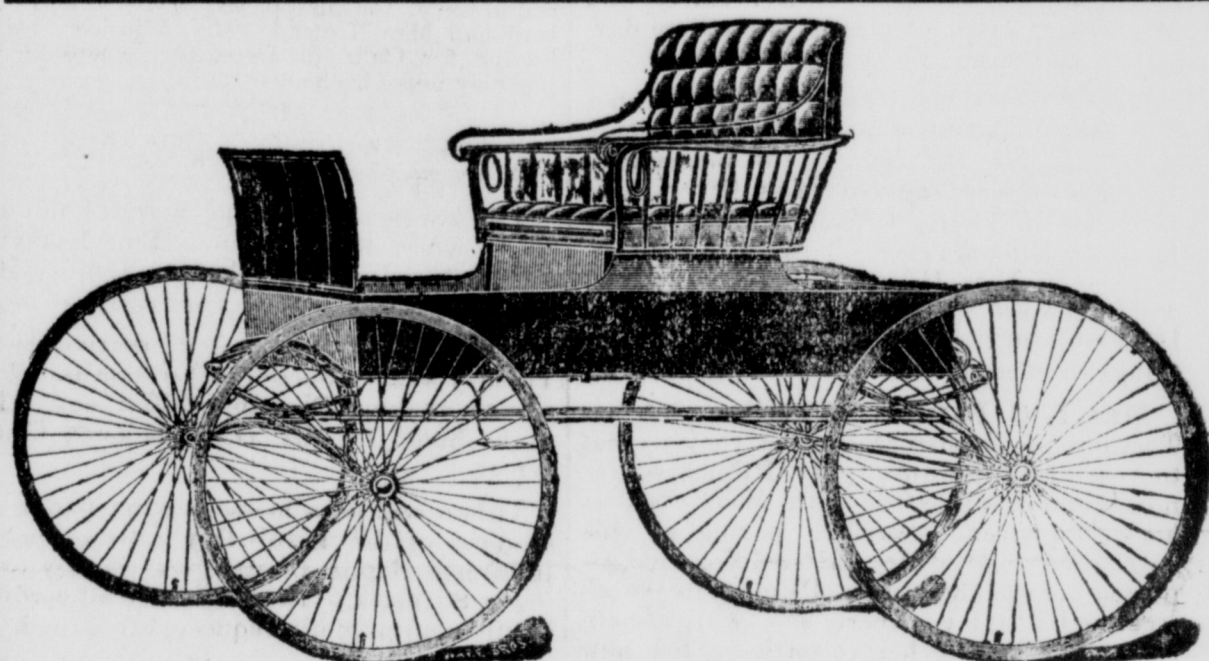


"ABOVE—you see how the pipes are connected to the bath and basin—no waiting for a bath—no carrying hot water upstairs."

"Pandora" Ranges can be supplied with a hot-water attachment if you haven't already got one, and the attachment does not either take extra fuel or interfere with baking.

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