

## 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 find my work very much less taxing. I believe Psychine is all claimed for it."

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## SETTLED OUT OF COURT.

(BY J. LUDLUM LEE.)

Judge Sanford was hearing a case in the municipal court. The witness in the chair had just been sworn in, giving her full name as Lida Graves. Russell Roe, counsel for the plaintiff and an old friend of the Graves family, had asked her to tell just what she had seen regarding the accident when Mr. Brown had been run down by a large red touring car some two months before. He asked a few direct questions and then turned her over to the lawyer for the other side.

Hugo Holland, counsel for the owner of the automobile, hesitated about putting this lovely girl on the rack of cross examination, and when her great blue eyes looked helplessly into his he almost felt the case was lost.

"What did you say your name was?" asked Holland, floundering about for a leading question.

"Lida Graves," replied the witness.

"What do you do for a livelihood?" followed up Holland.

Lida turned to the kindly-faced judge as if for explanation, and over his face came a sinister smile.

"He means are you a working woman?" explained the judge. Then, turning to Holland, he scowled and continued: "I wish the counsel would stop this tomfoolery and ask questions pertaining to the case. Miss Graves is a lady of leisure—a blind man could see that. Come, come," and he rapped the desk with his gavel.

"You take an oath, do you, that the chauffeur did not sound the horn?" said Holland.

"Yes," answered the witness.

"You swear to that, do you?" reiterated the lawyer.

"How many times do you want the witness to repeat that statement?" interposed Roe for the other side.

This started a warfare of objections and exceptions. The two lawyers and the judge became involved in legal technicalities, Holland asking one question and Roe objecting, the judge seemingly sustaining all objections. The lawyers indulged in personalities and the judge pounded for order. Quiet again reigned in the courtroom.

"From the evidence before me, I render a verdict in favor of Mr. Brown, the plaintiff, for \$1,000. The court will take a recess until 2 o'clock," announced the judge.

Half an hour later Lida Graves and her maid entered a fashionable restaurant, secured a table in a cool corner of the room and ordered a light luncheon. She had come into town at the earnest plea of old Mr. Brown whom she had seen injured by the touring car and had testified in his behalf.

Sipping her iced tea, she glanced about the room and, to her surprise, at a nearby table saw the two lawyers who half an hour ago had been so personal in their remarks to each other. The "pinheaded idiot" and the "lantern jawed attorney" had evidently decided to bury their differences in a friendly meal. Mr. Roe caught her eye and in a few moments came up to her table.

"May I bring my friend, Mr. Holland, over to meet you under more favorable circumstances?" he asked.

"You may not," answered Lida with some spirit. "That man is a brute. Why, Mr. Roe, he accused me of—well, of actually telling an untruth on the stand."

"Oh, well, that's all in the business, you know, Miss Lida," soothed Roe. "He was paid to do that."

"What do you mean—a man receives money to accuse a woman of?"

Roe saw that his arguments were futile and returned to his friend. Lida finished her luncheon and took the train for Linden Beach, where the Graves family was spending the summer at a fashionable hotel.

Sauntering around the broad piazzas the following Sunday morning she met face to face the two lawyers, and it was inevitable that she must meet the brutal Mr. Holland. Despite her aversion to the man who had cross examined her, she had to yield to the charm of his genial manners.

"I say, Miss Graves," he began, "we're going to appeal that case, you know."

Lida smiled.

"What case?" she asked.

"Why, my case; that is, your case," stammered Holland.

They looked around for Mr. Roe, but he had disappeared to let them fight it out alone, and when, several hours later, he passed them comfortably settled in a rustic seat under the trees Roe decided that Holland must be more persuasive out of court than in it.

Weeks had slipped by, and one bright Sunday morning found Russell Roe in his white flannels and Lida in her daintiest of summer frocks arguing in the sun parlor.

"But, Miss Lida, it's rank injustice," he was saying. "It's the meanest kind of a trick to go over to the other side. I never would have classed you with the traitors."

"But I'm not a traitor," answered Lida, blushing. "I think lawyers on the whole, and one or two individually, are a mean lot. Why, their whole stock in trade seems to be calling people horrid names. Mr. Holland accused me of prevaricating, and now you turn about and call me a traitor."

"Well, will you go rowing with me this afternoon or won't you?" asked Roe, with a somewhat legal tone.

"It is not a question of whether I will or not, my dear Mr. Roe," said Lida. "I simply cannot; I have another engagement."

"Exactly!" sung out Roe, with a triumphant air. "With the lawyer for the other side; with that mean, despicable little Holland; a man who stoops to accuse women of untruth; a man who stoops to steal witnesses; a thief, a—"

"I refuse to listen to you, Mr. Roe," flared Lida, and she turned and left Roe in his wicker chair to finish his cigar in solitude.

Roe's face did not take on a very disconsolate look. Indeed, a casual observer would have said it was overspread with a look of absolute contentment. And later in the afternoon when he saw Lida Graves and his best friend, Hugo Holland, making their way toward the wharf the expression of Roe's face was still that of great satisfaction.

Hugo pulled a fine stroke, and they swung into the little cove in a short time. The twilight shadows fell about them and conversation had lagged. Letting the boat drift slowly where the tide chose to take it, Hugo leaned forward and gazed into his companion's face.

"Let's play court," suggested Holland.

"All right," agreed Lida. "I'll be judge."

"Not at all," remonstrated Hugo. "You have had no experience in that line. You will be the witness in the chair."

"Well, all right. But what are you going to be?" asked Lida, somewhat bewildered.

"Oh," said Holland, with great authority. "I'll be all the rest. I'm the judge, the jury and the lawyer for both sides. Now, you're on the stand and under oath, remember."

"Promise you won't ask me how old I am nor what I do for a living," laughed Lida.

"I am now talking to the judge," he began, and, turning to an imaginary figure, he continued: "You see the accused, Hugo Lawrence Holland, is desperately in love with the plaintiff, Lida Graves."

"Oh, Mr. Holland," interrupted Lida, "I really do not think—"

"Order in the court," roared Holland. Then, looking directly at Lida, he said, "Will you listen to this suit of Holland for your heart and hand?"

Lida laughed. The situation was irresistible.

"It seems that I must—whether I will or not."

"The one bad feature of the case is the existence of a two legged beast," continued Holland—"one Russell Roe." Looking directly at the witness, he said, "Do you love this monstrosity?"

"Certainly not," asserted Lida.

The entire court seemed greatly relieved.

"On your oath?" added Holland.

"On my oath," repeated Lida.

"And—and"—The counsel seemed to hesitate. He had lost his grip in some manner. Finally, after much halting, he asked:

"And this man, this one Hugo Holland, do you care for him—just the least little bit?"

Lida looked at him for a moment, and then, with a merry twinkle in her big eyes, she said, "Please let me be the judge—just for a minute?"

"All right," said Holland as he gripped an oar for support.

"Ahem," began Lida with judiciary manner. "I think this case should be settled out of court. It seems to me that the plain-

## PILES

8 OUT OF 10

persons suffer at some-time or other from Piles!

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tiff and the defendant can make satisfactory arrangements without the aid of outside parties."

Hugo now gripped both oars and rowed as if he had entered a varsity race with his life at stake. They were on shore in the twinkling of an eye, and the testimony given there was even more direct, for Lida was in Hugo's arms and her face was very close to his.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### Saving Daylight.

(New York Globe.)

One may at first be inclined to assume that the obviously simple way for a nation to save an hour of its summer daylight is to get up an hour earlier, without paying any attention to the clock face. This is very good advice in theory, but people being creatures in habit and large'y governed by what, for want of a better phrase, may be called sense synopsis, may be far more effectively modified in any required direction by combining the appeal to reason with a harmless deception of the senses. The man accustomed to getting out of bed at 6 o'clock will turn out at twenty minutes to 5 far more willingly and certainly if the clock face indicates the usual 6 o'clock than if he has to stop and reason out all the advantages to be gained by rising an hour and twenty minutes earlier.

Besides as a matter of fact, it is just as much 6 o'clock, or 9, or seven minutes past 3, for that matter, at twenty minutes to 5 as it is when the Greenwich clock marks those precise periods. Clocks and the labels affixed to seconds, minutes and hours being man-made devices mere empiric formulae and schedules, so arranged for the convenience of home sapiens, are obviously legitimately subject to change at his convenience. There is reason to believe that the United States will not allow John Bull to remain an hour and twenty minutes ahead of her very long.

It's a pity when sick ones drug the stomach or stimulate the Heart and Kidneys. That is all wrong! A weak Stomach, means weak Stomach nerves, always. And this is also sure of the Heart and Kidneys. The weak nerves are instead crying out for help. This explains why Dr. Shoep's Restorative is promptly helping Stomach, Heart and Kidney ailments. The Restorative reaches out for the actual cause of these ailments—the failing "inside nerves." Anyway test the Restorative 48 hours. It won't cure so soon as that, but you will surely know that help is coming. Sold by All Dealer.

In the seventeenth century, absence from church was a punishable offence in England.

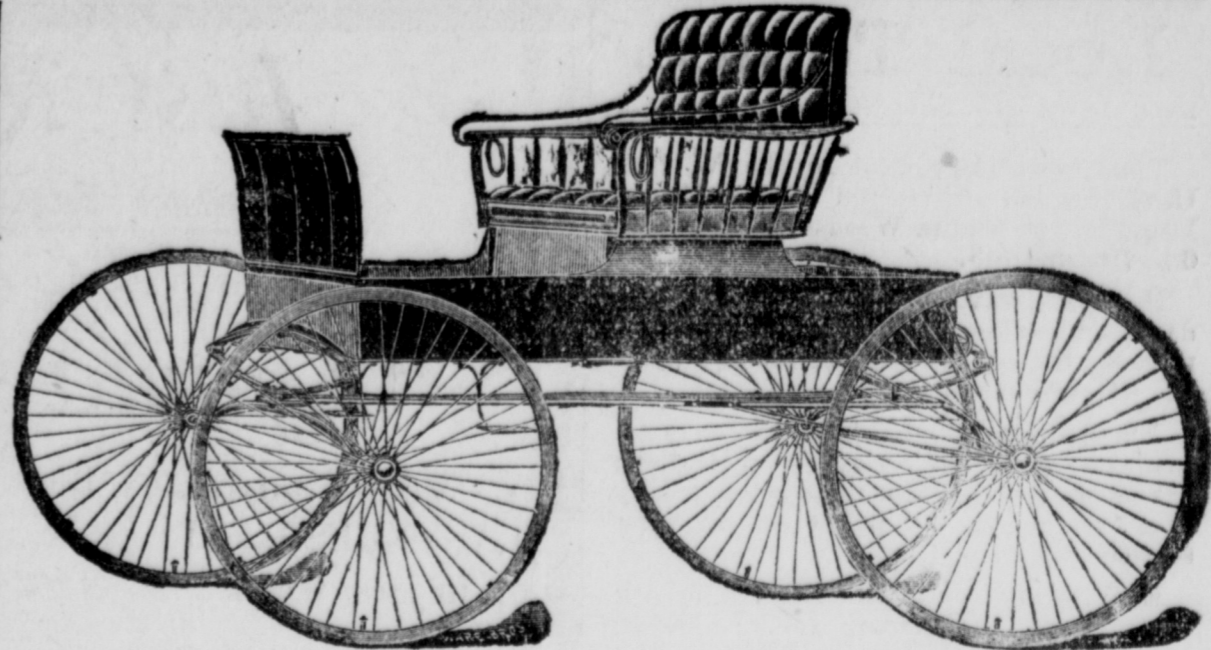
### NOTICE.

TENDERS will be received up to 6 p. m. of Monday the 21st day of September next, for the purchase of a series of Debentures aggregating Ten Thousand Dollars, in Debentures of One Thousand Dollars each, with interest at four per cent, per annum, payable every six months, such Debentures expiring at a period of not less than five years nor more than twenty years from the date thereof, such period of expiration being agreed upon between the Board of School Trustees of the Town of Woodstock and the purchaser. The foregoing Debentures are for the purpose of paying off the indebtedness incurred in rebuilding the Broadway School Building. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Dated this twenty second day of August A. D. 1908.

E. K. CONNELL, Secretary, Board of School Trustees, of the Town of Woodstock, Woodstock, N. B.

3m.



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