

The Famous Pedestrian

Gentlemen:—
 "I was a martyr to catarrh of the head, throat and stomach. I was so bad the doctors feared consumption. I tried many physicians and medicines. A friend suggested Psychine. I tried it and it was the only thing ever did me any good. I am now perfectly well. It is the greatest remedy the world has ever known. I do not need it for my health now but I use it as a strengthener for my walking matches. I owe much of my physical endurance to Psychine."

JAMES REYNOLDS,
 Port Hope, Ont.

Psychine is the greatest cure for catarrh of the head, throat or stomach in the world. It is a wonderful tonic and strengthener of run down system, acting directly on all the vital organs, giving youthful vigor and strength to the system. At all druggists 50c. and \$1, or Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Toronto.

THE KING'S ENGLISH.

By GEORGE M. A. CAIN.

Time was when Nellie More enjoyed two distinctions above the other pretty girls who sold everything conceivable from the counters of the big store or Sixth avenue. The first of these distinctions was that of being the cleverest manipulator of the latest slang. The second was that of being Michael Maloney's "steady company."

When Mike had arrived from the Emerald Isle and had been made a clerk in the branch of the Amalgamated Tea Stores company all on the same day he had been easily persuaded by some friends who had preceded him into the land of freedom to attend a dance of the Moonlight Athletic association in the evening. There Nellie had seen him and, seeing, had been—well, impressed.

"Who's the new harp?" she had asked with well disguised interest, whereupon she was duly presented to "Mr. Maloney, just over from Dublin."

Perhaps it was the unconventionality of her conversation that attracted the young Irishman from the start. Perhaps it was her fresh, young beauty. Perhaps it was the snap and go that marked all she said and did.

At all events, Mike and Nellie were "steadies" from that evening forth. In another sense Michael Maloney was as steady a young man as ever became a citizen of New York, and when he was promoted to the position of manager in the branch store being his sweetheart became a real distinction for Nellie.

But shortly after Michael's promotion Nellie acquired a new distinction which entirely eclipsed one of her old ones and certainly went far toward finishing the other. It all began innocently enough. No one would have suspected the results when she borrowed one of her favorite author's novels. There was no sign of danger until she had got well on toward the end of the book.

In fact, at the middle of the second page the girl had handed the volume back to its owner, with the comment, "I can't dope out this talk." But the other had urged perseverance, assuring Nellie that she would get used to the "swell guy talk" of the story and that the tale itself was "somepun grand."

And, sure enough, at page 223 Nellie was shedding real tears over the sorrows of the heroine. She nearly forgot to wait on customers, so absorbed had she become. The worst of it was that she had become fascinated with the "swell guy talk" itself. At the end of the book she began anew to study the lofty phrases of the empty conversations, for she had been converted to the idea that really nice people used that sort of language instead of the very lucid style of her past colloquies.

She instituted a process of self reformation. She suddenly forsook the dances of the Moonlight Athletes. She went to night school classes in English. She attended lectures on English at the settlement house. Her progress in the improvement of her conversational style was a thing to delight the hearts of the settlement workers.

In two weeks she had got so far that instead of remarking that it was a "swell day" she imparted to Mamie McDonald that "the sun bids fair to shed his illuminating rays unimpeded by nebular obstacles."

Mamie promptly admonished her to "come off the roof." One by one her old friends forsook her and left her to the society of a pocket dictionary and grammar—and more of her author. Her little brothers and sisters took to spending their evenings on the sidewalk beyond her correcting influence—and palm.

Her father and mother openly sighed in relief when she sallied forth to attend her classes. But all these things only added zest to her earnestness by giving it a flavor of martyrdom. She had the makings of a real reformer.

It was when she undertook to reform Michael that she waded in the waters of real sacrifice to principle. Michael did not yet know how to wield the east side slang, but he had a brogue that could be cut only with an ax, and that brogue was incompatible with Nellie's new ideas of the refinement that must mark her future home.

At first she explained her lofty ambitions

to her lover. He assented rather vaguely to the proposition. He even agreed to help her upward move, but his interest began to languish when she corrected his pronouncements.

For awhile he would repeat his words a second time with solemn earnestness. Then he merely said "all right" to her interruptions of his disquisitions and went on with what he was saying. He was hard hit by Cupid's arrows and was willing to stand for a good deal.

But on the evening when he had screwed up his courage to the point of asking that their relation as "steady company" be changed to that of a real betrothal, in spite of his misgivings about the recent changes in her make-up, she made a fatal mistake.

"Don't call me 'swatehear rt,'" she said petulantly. "It should be pronounced 'sweetheart.'" His whole declaration of unbounded love had been given in language very different from that of similar declarations in the works of her favorite, and she felt disappointed.

His response to her correction must have been even more disappointing. The brief expletive used was more enlightening to Nellie than any other words could have been. It showed her that in her beautiful program of home refinement, of polite conversation, of high thinking and speaking, Michael Maloney was incapable of taking a part.

Promptly she explained to him that she felt convinced that future years would find them happier for avoiding the error of continued friendship. The venture of matrimony would be perilous where dispositions were so widely at variance. She hoped that he would remember her as she would remember him, etc. She had a good deal of her author by heart.

From all of which Michael gathered that he was being turned down. He walked away, his big shoulders stooped, his red locks drooped over his freckled face. And Nellie walked the other way, her back very straight, her "Merry Widow" hat very high over her eyes, which showed a strong suspicion of moisture.

No more did she suggest to her mother that she needed exercise when she came home in time to hear one of the younger Mores being sent on an errand to the tea store.

No more did she arrive at that emporium of close priced groceries just at the hour of closing. No more did she walk the shaded bowers of Stuyvesant square leaning upon Michael Maloney's manly arm, not for awhile. She spent a still greater amount of her spare time at the settlement house improving her English, for awhile.

It was one Saturday afternoon in July that she sat in a front seat in the lecture hall of the institution for the improvement of herself and other Nellie Mores. A very famous authority had condescended to speak to the children of the slums, and up to one remark Nellie sat very erect and tried to look wise and not wish she was down at Coney Island with Michael Maloney.

After the making of that remark Nellie sat rather limp, looked toward the door and wished she were away almost anywhere. The great authority had stated distinctly that "the very best English spoken in the world is that of Dublin, Ireland."

With the directness of the American girl under such circumstances, she made her way boldly to the tea store just at the time when the clerks had gone home and Mike was there finishing up. She invested in a can of corn. Then she asked Michael if he would accompany her home.

As soon as they were started she began her apology. "Michael, it is my desire to request your pardon for my own grievous errors as to your use of English. I have learned today for the first time that the inhabitants of the city of Dublin are the very best examples of the correct usage of your mother tongue."

"Is that so?" asked Michael, the hopeful look fading, then swiftly returning as he looked at her. "I never gave much thought to the question. There is another matter as is worritin' me a lot more. Will ye marry me, Nellie More?"

"Yes, Michael." She still held out for the full name.

It was somewhere near Fort Wadsworth that he pressed her little hand to his lips for the twentieth time as they sat in a secluded corner of the Coney Island steamboat. It was about the same place that he ventured to risk the truth.

"Nellie, me darlint, maybe ye won't be takin' me after all. But Oi cudden't be lying to ye. Oi niver saw Dublin in all me life. Sure, Oi come from Cork."

Nellie did not withdraw her hand. She gave the first real hearty laugh that had passed her lips in months.

"Aw, quit yer kiddin'," she said gayly. "I've got troubles of my own thinkin' what a dub I've been. Why, Mike, I'd love you if you were a Dutchman."

A pain prescription is printed upon each 25c box of Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets. Ask your Doctor or Druggist if this formula is not complete. Head pains, womanly pains, pains anywhere get instant relief from a Pink Pain Tablet. Sold by all dealers.

Sunday In The Little Old Town.

As Mead and Mary Jones drive by,
 He sits up straight and prim,
 And now and then she casts a shy,
 Half eager glance at him;
 The bay mare briskly trots along,
 Out past the edge of town,
 And from the trees sweet bits of song
 Come trickling gently down.

The church bell breaks the silence with
 Its oft-heard clang of hope,
 And we may know that Deacon Smith
 Is pulling at the rope;
 Across the fields a lowing cow
 Sends forth a sad appeal,
 While certain ovens, even now,
 Are primed with roasts of veal.

A kitten paws a ball of yarn
 In front of Elmer Carr's,
 While six bad boys in Benson's barn
 Are smoking poor cigars,
 A peacock in the distance calls,
 And every now and then
 A cackle indicates that all's
 Well with some worthy hen.

The breeze is mild, the day is fair,
 The toilers rest a while;
 Aunt Hester, sleeping in her chair,
 Forgets that man is vile;
 Sweet peace lies over all the scene,
 Save where Montgomery Hicks
 And Uncle Obadiah Greene
 Are talking politics.

The Shadows lengthen in the East,
 The light begins to wane;
 Ere long, alas, for man and beast,
 The wheels will turn again!
 Al Mead and Mary Jones drive back
 Along the quiet street;
 The reins are hanging very slack,
 They need but half the seat.

—[S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Little Man.

"Hello, Harry! How are you? You seem to have a pretty nice office here. How are you making out?"

"I am at the top of the ladder. I am the vice president of this mining concern."

"Is that so? You do a large business, I guess?"

"Immense. The responsibility weighs on me quite heavily, but I've got to shoulder it. No way of getting around that, you know."

"The man over there at that elegant desk is one of the officers of the company, I suppose?"

"Yes. He's the secretary. And those other two men at those fine desks are his assistants. He has a wonderful amount of work to do. Simply astounding! But remember, he's a first class man. We pay him a big salary."

"The man over there behind that railing is another official, is he not?"

"Yes. That's the treasurer. 'He's another great man. We pay him big money; but we require a large bond. Got to do it. We handle too much money to run any risks."

"And who is that little wizened-face old man over here in the corner at that old desk?"

"That's old Bangs. He—ahem—owns the mine, you know."—From The October Bohemian.

Owes Cure to Zam-Buk

Prominent Managers Telling Testimony.

Mr. D. R. Gourlay, advertising manager for the well-known piano firm of Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, Toronto and Winnipeg, is amongst the prominent men and women who testify to Zam-Buk's great curative power. He writes to the company as follows:

"Gentlemen,—I have pleasure in stating that upon the recommendation of a relative I purchased a box of your remedy (Zam-Buk) and by a few applications entirely cured a very severe sprain of the back. While not given to indiscriminate use of, or belief in, patent medicines, I can conscientiously recommend Zam-Buk.

"Sincerely yours,
 ("Signed) D. R. Gourlay."

That is just where Zam-Buk proves its superiority! It is treated by men and women who have tried it, as altogether different to ordinary preparations. Doctors, hospital nurses, trainers, matrons of convalescent homes—all give Zam-Buk a good word; and better still they use it. Zam-Buk is as good for muscular stiffness, sprains, rheumatism and sciatica as it is for skin troubles. Hockey players and athletes in general find it invaluable. For eruption, pustules, scalp sores, itch, eczema, ulcers, boils, abscesses, blood poison, cuts, burns, bruises and abrasions, it is a speedy cure. Takes the soreness out of wounds almost instantly, and kills all disease germs, thus preventing festering and inflammation. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. a box, or post free from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto for price. 6 boxes for \$2.50. Send 1c stamp for trial box.

A Duty of the Rich.

(From the Philadelphia Ledger.

New York society in the aggregate has been made to suffer reproach for the sins of a few uncultured and self-indulgent wealthy. Most people who know society in New York, Cleveland and Pittsburg, cities which have lately been sensationalized by social errors of reckless rich, would say that the majority of people in what are called "exclusive" circles are well ordered, quiet, intelligent people.

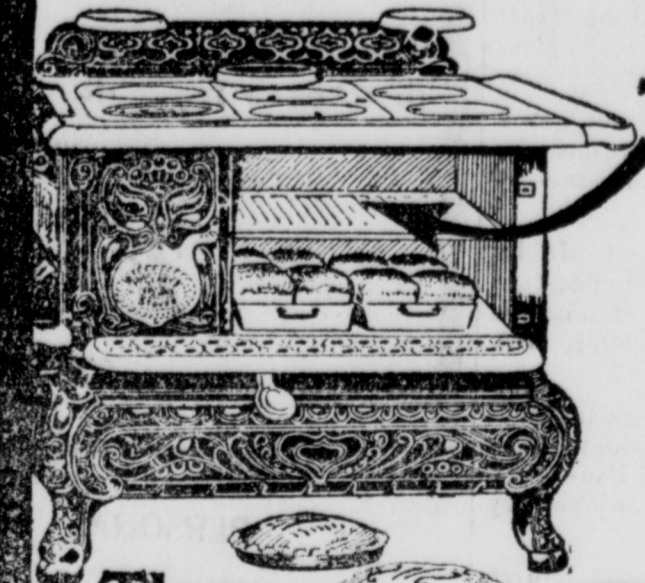
Still, Dr. Lee states, the true principle is in saying that the wealthy and influential are under a special obligation on account of their

PANDORA

RANGE

The Recipe "Ladies, here's my recipe for Apple Custard Pie:—

Two eggs, four or five apples, grated, a little nutmeg; sweetened to taste; one-half pint of new milk or cream; pour into pastry—then



The Oven

"'PANDORA' OF COURSE."

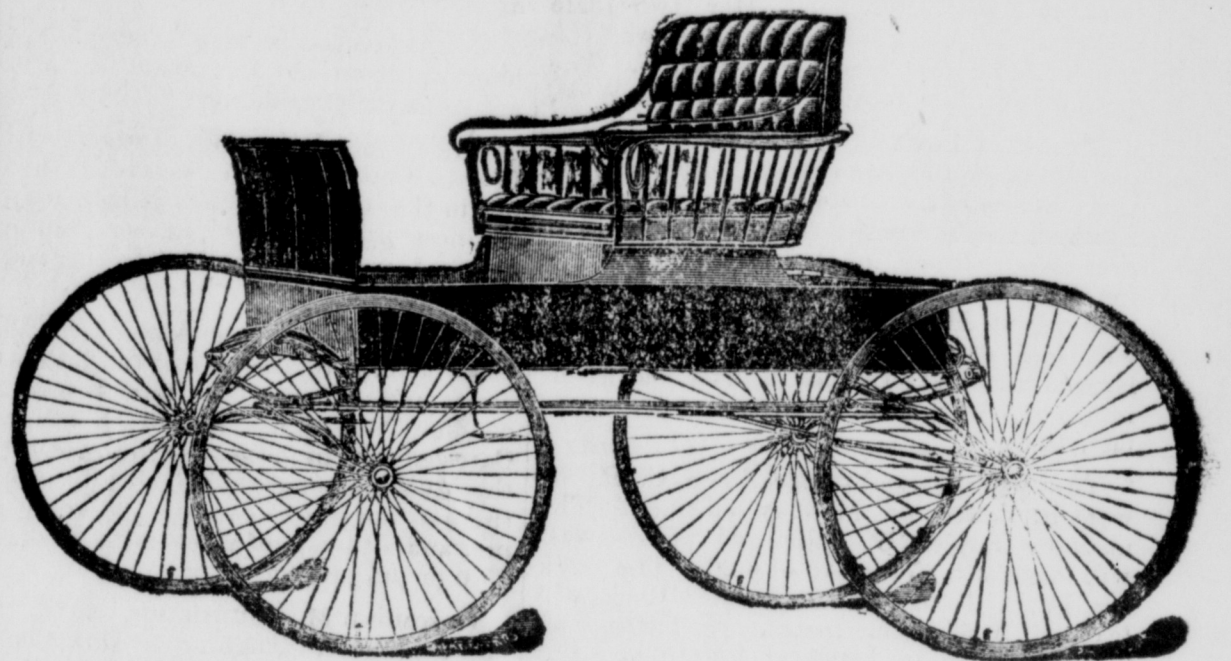
The Result

"Four—pies—that—don't—last—long." Four pies and pans of bread can be baked in a "Pandora" oven at one time.

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An Adventurer.

The skyscraper had at last reached the limit.

"You are quite a traveller, I hear," remarked the man who lived on the ninety-sixth floor of the Skyhy hotel.

"Yes," replied the man who lived on the one-hundred and thirty-six floor. "Though less than forty years old I have already visited every floor in this building."—[Kansas City Times.

Deeds, Bills of Sale and Mortgage Blanks for sale at this office.