

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."

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.

Her Birthday Violets.

By Nell Speed.

Naturally the new boarder had been seated beside the landlady's favorite, Miss Imogene Goldberg. Miss De Lancey firmly believed that Miss Goldberg's high blond pompadour and rhinestone dog collar lent eclat to her establishment.

But oddly enough Jane Williams, whose hair was parted demurely in the middle, and who wore her grandmother's locket under her plain pongee shirtwaist, realizing that the fine gray eyes of the new boarder were looking her way frequently, she tried to analyze her feelings with the salad, and when the coffee—such thick, yet spiritless coffee—was served she decided that it was embarrassment and not a memory which stirred her whenever the gray eyes glanced her way.

Still, at the conclusion of the meal, she climbed three uncompromising flights of poorly carpeted stairs to her hall room and drew from her trunk her small but treasured box of photographs.

There they were; the father who had died the year of her graduation; the mother who had left her alone to fight the world only twelve months before; a couple of aunts who had forgotten her in the needs and pleasures of their own children; several teachers and three girls in her class at the high school.

But there was no picture with masculine eyes that could possibly have resembled the gray ones which had watched her gravely across the table in the dingy dining room.

"I am getting moody," she said to herself as she prepared for bed. "I must turn over a new leaf. To-morrow is my birthday. I can't afford to turn sour and old-maidish at twenty-one. When I go back to the office on Monday morning I'll be more pleasant and make friends with the other girls. I've been living too much in dreams of the past."

Yet when she fell asleep it was to dream again of the past. It was her birthday, the first party in celebration of that day which she could remember with any sort of distinctiveness.

She was dressed in pink tulle all spotted with paper stars, and there were pink candles on the birthday cake. No one knew why an ordinary well-behaved and unmischievous child should do such a thing, but she suddenly decided to steal into the dining-room and light the birthday cake before the party "came in."

The match sputtered and jumped. She tried to climb quickly from the chair, but the tiny flame was quicker still. In a flash the pretty pink tarleton blazed up far above the candles, and then she forgot everything in her fright until she felt some one rolling her over and over on the carpet and battering her with his coat, and that had been Willie, the cavalier of her wee girlhood.

She remembered how her mother had kissed Willie and cried over him, and he had "pooh, poohed" with very red face and shuffling feet. Their adventure was handed down as one of the traditions of the town, but when she was twelve Willie went away to live with his grandfather Grey in the far west.

Later they had gone to Mexico and Jane had lost track of them, although never forgetting in her own hard struggle for a livelihood.

And Willie had big gray eyes, just like those of the new boarder. She woke with a start. Now she knew why this man had attracted her attention. Of course the world was full of men with gray eyes. There were not colors enough to go round. Some must be duplicated—and it was very

silly of her to think about Willie any more. Doubtless he was married even now to some dusky senorita whose father owned valuable silver mines.

So she turned over and fell asleep again, not to awaken until some one tapped at her door, and the maid, with new respect in her bearing, entered carrying a huge purple box.

"This here package is for you, Miss Williams," she said, but holding it as if loath to yield it to its rightful owner. "An' bein' as it's Sunday mornin' an' Miss De Lancey gone to church, I'll bring you a cup of coffee an' some toast up here."

For all the world loves a lover. And are not violets and lovers synonymous?

Jane sat up in bed and reached for the box.

"Never mind about the coffee. I've overslept, but I'll be down in a few minutes."

She was undoing the box with trembling fingers, and the maid all unnoticed lingered curiously. Out came a great bunch of California violets, done up in the most approved fashion, purple foil, cord, tassel and all.

"For me? Impossible! And there is no card."

She turned to the lid of the box. "Gabrielle."

The florist around the corner! Oh, it had been a cruel mistake. No one in the great city knew it was her birthday, and none would care if they knew.

"Now, Jane Williams," she said sternly as was possible with a mouth half full of hairpins, "right after breakfast you'll take that box back. It belongs to some other Miss Williams."

And it went back, the excited girl rushing right past the new boarder in her haste—and yes, in her tiny heart an ache that the flowers were not meant for her.

"Gabrielle," spoke a most impossible dialect, and he did his little worst to make Jane understand that there had been no mistake. But Jane firmly refused to carry the flowers back with her; and just to convince herself that she was satisfied with what she had done, she walked half an hour in the park, returning to find the box standing on her shabby bureau. Again she opened it, and this time an engraved card met her gaze. "Mr. Frederick W. Grey," and beneath was the penciled legend, "Birthday wishes, and may I see you soon? I am waiting in the parlor now if you care to come down."

"Frederick W. Gray?"

That must be the red-headed assistant bookkeeper who was "Freddy" to everyone in the office save herself. She had never heard his last name. Of course she would see him and thank him, though she could not imagine how he had known about her birthday.

Tucking the lovely flowers into her belt and giving a few deft touches to tie and hair, she tripped down to the parlor.

But only the new boarder, he of the fine gray eyes, was there to greet her, and he certainly stood at attention as if waiting to greet her.

She held the card in her hand and looked about inquiringly.

"Jane—little Jane Williams—don't you know me?" demanded the new boarder.

Then suddenly something new and strange pulled at Jane's heartstrings and at memories long dead. Something new and wonderful bounded through her veins.

"Willie—little Willie," she almost sobbed. "Oh, if you'd tied the flowers with pink tarleton I would have remembered."

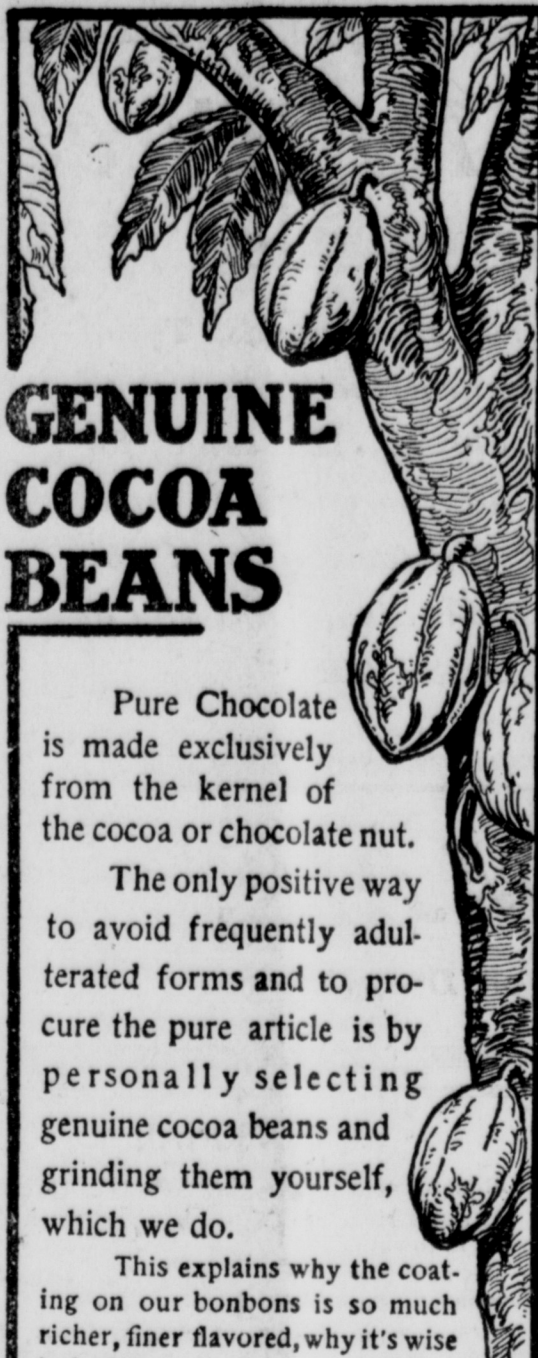
It took him so long to tell her all about it—of his wandering with his eccentric old grandfather from mining camp to mining camp, from Mexico to Peru and Chile, of fortune made and lost and found again and of how the grandfather, growing more and more bitter against the recreant husband of his only daughter, had insisted that the grandson have his name changed by the law from that of his father's family to his mother's.

Then followed the story of how he had gone back to the old town directly his grandfather had departed on the last long journey; how no one seemed to know where she had gone, and how he had finally traced her to Mrs. De Lancey's and had come there unannounced to make sure that he would be welcome—that she had not changed—and had not found some one else.

"Oh, Willie," she signed contentedly from a comfortable resting place on his shoulder. "Just as if there had ever been any one else since I lit the birthday candles!"

They had pre-empted the tawdry cozy corner, and by that time Mrs. De Lancey had come back from church, donned her pink silk negligee and was staring at them accusingly from the center of the ugly red and green parlor.

But when you have gray eyes you generally have the courage to announce your intentions, and Frederick William Grey did it so effectively that Mrs. De Lancey wiped her tears on the flowing sleeve of her pink negligee and shook hands with them both. Then turning her back on the cozy corner, for once put to its legitimate use, she departed murmuring: "Well, you never can tell what sort of girl will land a man. And her hair so plain and her face so pale, too."



GENUINE COCOA BEANS

Pure Chocolate is made exclusively from the kernel of the cocoa or chocolate nut.

The only positive way to avoid frequently adulterated forms and to procure the pure article is by personally selecting genuine cocoa beans and grinding them yourself, which we do.

This explains why the coating on our bonbons is so much richer, finer flavored, why it's wise to insist on



Moir's Chocolates

MOIRS, Limited, HALIFAX, N.S.

AN INTERESTING COMPETITION.

The St. John Exhibition management's Offer to School Children.

Carrying out the idea that the St. John Exhibition will interest everybody, the management will make a special and very attractive offer to the school children of the province.

This will take the shape of Cash Prizes for the best collections of Plants, Minerals and Insects.

The idea is to offer a prizes for the school in each county sending in the best collection of Plants, making in all fifteen competitions in the province. In addition to this there will be prizes offered for the best collections of Minerals and the best of Insects, and these competitions will be open to all the schools in the province.

Full explanations of these contests will be furnished the teachers and all others who apply for them and there is no doubt that new interest will be taken in making the collections during the summer vacation.

The date of the Exhibition opening, September 12th, gives ample time to have such collections sent forward after school vacation.

A Big Trade to Farmers.

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.

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.....	\$ 238,000
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.

Gardiner, in his "Music of Nature," says that in a state of nature dogs do not bark, but, simply whine, howl or growl, the explosive sound known as "barking" being found only in dogs that are domesticated. The barking of a dog, he says, is an acquired faculty, an effort on the dog's part to speak, derived from his association with man.

THE FALL EVENT

St. John Exhibition,
BEGINNING SEPT 12. ENDING SEPT 19TH.

Farmers, Manufacturers and Merchants all working to make this great show WORTH SEEING,
A WEEK OF PLEASURE FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

SEND FOR PRIZE LIST—READY NOW.

A. O. SKINNER, President.

R. H. ARNOLD, Manager.

BANK OF MONTREAL,

Capital \$14,400,000

Surplus \$11,000,000

HARTLAND, N. B., BRANCH.

Branches and Correspondents in all parts of the world.
Exchange Bought and Sold. One Dollar opens a Savings Bank Account
Interest credited four times a year.

P. GRAHAM

Office hours, 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.

Manager,

Saturdays, 10 a. m. to 12 a. m.

Hartland, N. B., Branch

We have on hand several good

Second-Hand COOK STOVES

—AT—
Semple Bros',

East Florenceville,

Where you get the

GOOD STEEL RANGES.

It is important that persons placing

FIRE INSURANCE

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:

CALEDONIAN, 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.

THE BEST PLUMBING

At most reasonable prices is what I am offering the public.

Estimates cheerfully furnished on any kind of work in my line

A full line of materials of all kinds. Aqueduct Pipe at specially low rates. All work guaranteed first class.

I. C. CHURCHILL,

Connell Street, Woodstock

A Modern Solomon.

(Rochester Herald.)

Two women came before a magistrate with a fine fat pullet, each declaring that it belonged to herself.

The magistrate from his high seat, frowned heavily at the first woman.

"Does this pullet belong to Mrs. Jones?" he asked her.

"No, indeed, it don't, sir," she replied.

Then he turned to the other woman.

"Does this pullet belong to Mrs. Smith?"

"It certainly does not," the second woman replied.

"The pullet," the magistrate then decreed, "does not belong to Mrs. Jones, nor does it belong to Mrs. Smith. The pullet is mine. Janitor, take it around to the house and give it to my cook."

Women's Fashions.

(From Madame.)

Like the famous Alice, Fashion would insist that we grow "taller and tallerer," and "slimmer and slimmerer." Skirts are narrower and longer then ever, and the object of every well conducted costume would seem to be an expressed declaration that women should have only one leg to stand on.

Butter Paper for sale at this office.

G. H. HARRISON,

Insurance Agent,

OFFICE IN

Young Building

OPPOSITE THE CARLISLE HOTEL.

Insurance in all forms will receive prompt attention.

Money to loan at lowest rates.

Notice of Meeting.

Notice is hereby given that the first general meeting of the shareholders of Cold Storage Limited will be held at the office of the Imperial Packing Co., in the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton, on Thursday the 18th day of June instant, at the hour of eight of the clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of organizing the Company, electing directors, and transacting any other business that may properly come before the meeting.

Dated at the said Town of Woodstock this 2nd day of June, A. D. 1908.

C. DUNCAN JOHNSTON.

ARTHUR G. BAILEY.

EDGAR W. MAIR.

EDGAR R. TEED.

A. WILMOT HAY.

Provisional Directors.

GOING

OUT OF BUSINESS.

Great Reduction!

IN PRICES.

19 lbs Granulated Sugar for \$1.00.

Fancy Barbadoes Molasses at 37c.

Best American Oil at 22c.

10 lbs Soda for 25c.

6 lbs Rice for 25c. 6 lbs Beans 25c.

1 lb Pure Cream Tartar 22c.

3 lbs Loose Raisins 23c.

2 lbs Seeded Raisins 23c.

2 Bottles Best Extract 15c.

Fresh Garden Seeds 3c a paper.

40c Tea for 35c; 35c Tea for 30c.

30c Tea for 26c; 25c Tea for 22c.

Great Bargains in Room Paper starting at 7½c double roll.

On all lines of Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Furniture, Hardware, Crockery, Glassware and Fancy Goods we take off 20 per cent.

A good line of goods to select from.

Highest prices paid for Butter and Eggs.

Mrs. BELLE F. DeLONG, BRISTOL.

So Large

Is the Attendance at the

Fredericton Business College

That although extra rooms were secured this term the seating capacity has been taxed to the utmost. A number of students will have completed the course by March 1st, so we will then have accommodation for any who wish to enter after that date.

This is a good time to enter.

Write for catalogue. Address,

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