

Salvation Army Praise

"I feel it my duty to testify to the benefit I have received from the use of Psychine. While travelling in New Ontario conducting special meetings I contracted a very bad cold, which gradually developed into Bronchitis of the worst form. I was advised to try Psychine, which I did, and after using but a few bottles I was completely restored to health. I recommend this wonderful remedy to sufferers from Bronchitis and other troubles."

Later: "I wish to add that my voice, since using Psychine, is stronger and has much more carrying power than it had before I had bronchitis, and the vocal chords do not tire with speaking."

P. TILLER, Capt. Salv'n. Army, Ann St., Toronto, Aug. 13, 1907.

Throat, lung and stomach troubles cured by Psychine; also incipient consumption. All druggists, 50c and \$1.00, or Dr. T. A. Stocum, Limited, Toronto.

The Common Trade Curve.

A report just published by the British Board of Trade, giving figures for the first half of this year, is proof positive that the "trade curve" is general and that good and bad times are felt in all countries.

Of the five countries shown in the tables, all have imported less, and exported less, during 1908 than during the corresponding period of 1907. Other countries are included in a further table, which shows the trade for five (instead of six) months.

Here, again, with two exceptions (Spain and Canada), the falling off has been general, and these, on close examination, turn out to be exceptions proving the rule.

In Spain and Canada the year 1907 did not mark the summit of the boom—they did less well that year than in 1906, and the reaction has therefore not arrived. Everywhere else the movement is uniform in tendency.

While much has been heard during the past few months with regard to depression in trade in the Dominion, it is gratifying to note that our trade has not shown the same falling off as in other older nations.

It seems to be a peculiarity of trade and commerce that periodically a slack time comes to each country. It stays for a while, like an east wind, and then passes away and no one can find out exactly from whence it came or where it went.

Canada, being young and full of vitality, seems to have been able to resist any serious depression this time, although the custom receipts show a decided slump. The older lands, such as Germany, England, France, etc., have suffered considerably, and it will be some time before they totally recover.

Canadians should congratulate themselves on having made as good a showing as they have to their credit.

Tickling or dry Coughs will quickly loosen when using Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And it is so thoroughly harmless, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers to use nothing else, even for very young babies. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung healing mountainous shrub give the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. It calms the cough, and heals the sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Demand Dr. Shoop's. Accept no other. Sold by all dealers.

Are the Dead Alive?

In the October Delineator starts a remarkable account of what has been done to date by various scientists working in various countries to unravel the mystery of life as it is revealed to us by the agency of death. Do the dead really live? You are confronted by a subtle question here. Strange things are happening—no doubt have been happening these thousands of years, but only now man is beginning to get a faint understanding of what they mean. Telepathy, clairvoyance, clairaudience, trance and spirit writing, dual personality, possession, levitation, materialization—these are strange and new terms to which is being added an even stranger and more significant.

We are living in a time when brick and stone are not near as solid and impenetrable as they used to be, and space is not nearly so empty. The clouds are hardly more evanescent than we, and our houses and the things which we consider so solid and durable are as shadows only. All the world is awakening to the idea that force is the great

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hing—a strange great ocean of unknown force, which storms and rages about us. And man, on his little planet, is like a sailor in a little boat, or a bird in the ocean of the air. Whither comes he? Where does he go?

Scientists are asking this question, but not in the old way! Now they watch and weigh and prepare tests and set traps in a subtle effort to surprise the Great Artificer at His work and to make Him reveal how it is done. That it is for which they are striving. That it is for which you and I are waiting their reports. We want to know how it is done.

Have patience! The world is acutely interested in this problem now, and will find out—not everything, not exactly how it is done, but something more than we now know. The world is at work, and we shall know—not as the old phrase has it, "what we shall know," but a great deal more than we have ever dreamed of in our philosophy—and that ere long.

Frogs Cure Cancer.

(Boston Post.)

With his case given up by the cancer experts of Worcester and Boston W. L. Davis of Worcester believes that he will soon be restored to complete health through the simple application of live frogs, with which a physician is now treating the disease.

Hundreds of physicians and scientists through the east who have heard of the remarkable frog experiment upon Mr. Davis are today watching with the deepest interest what is believed may prove to be the long-sought cure for cancer.

By the application of a few dozen live bullfrogs in relieving his mouth and blood of the poison germs of the cancer the swelling inside the lower part of Mr. Davis's mouth and the upper throat has been so relieved the wealthy druggist is now entirely free from immediate danger and it is believed that he will soon be completely restored.

Twice daily one of these little green and white victims to science is brought in to restore the sick man to health.

Mr. Davis was taken ill some time ago. Being a wealthy man he was able to secure the best medical aid, but after having tried several of the best experts of the state, with the only result that the glands on one side of his throat had to be removed, and his case then seemed unimproved, he began to believe the statement of the physicians as to the hopelessness of his case.

As a last resort he determined to try the frog treatment which he had heard of.

A boy was employed to catch a dozen of the animals, and the first experiment was recently made at his home. At the time Mr. Davis's throat was in such a condition that breathing had already become difficult, and it was believed that he could live but a few days.

The initial experiment with the frog succeeded with such result that after two of the animals had given up their lives Mr. Davis was enabled to get his breath comfortably, the inflammation caused by the virus of the cancer appeared to have strangely subsided. Mr. Davis could also take food more comfortably than he had done for months.

Today Mr. Davis, while he is not entirely cured, is considered to be better than when experts were first summoned to treat his case.

Rattlesnakes as a Diet.

There seems to have been an unnecessary amount of excitement aroused by the fact that rattlesnakes were served at a recent supper in this state at which a party of automobilists participated. The event would have caused no comment in the wilds of Pike county, for the reason that where the rattlesnake lives he is respected. He is not fooled with because his fangs contain poison. But when he is once dead he is a very succulent addition to the table.

The point should not be overlooked that in the last agonies of death the rattlesnake has a way of biting himself—committing suicide to end his miseries. In such cases it would be, to say the least, most imprudent to eat the poison-impregnated flesh. But it is satisfactory to know that in such cases the flesh turns green and can easily be detected.

The rattlesnake is one of the most edible of his tribe. In the South he is much esteemed as a diet. He lives on squirrels and mice and birds, and is not the dangerous creature most people imagine. On the contrary he is the highest of all snake creatures because he gives plenty of warning and does not desire to attack or to be attacked. He is best eaten after he has been dried and cured, much after the manner of codfish. In the South there is a fine way of smoking rattlesnake flesh, with the result that when you eat him there is a sort of smoky, gamy "je ne sais quoi" flavor that is at least enlivening—especially when you find out what you have been eating.

The snake is not a favorite with civilized man because of a prejudice that seems to have lasted a long time. But it is only a prejudice so far as the table is concerned. Rattlesnake stew is one of the things that adds to the joy of life. There is an aristocracy about the rattlesnake that all will appreciate

after they have eaten him. It is mere low-down and ignoble prejudice that leads people to imagine that this sort of flesh is discomfiting. Let us rise above things that grow out of superstition; let us exterminate the rattlesnake by eating him.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Noah's Excuse.

Capt. Pritchard of the record-bearing Mauretania told a group of Americans on a recent voyage that a sailor's life was a hard one.

"It is not so hard as it used to be before the coming of steam," he said, "but it is still fearfully hard, for all that. In fact, I never heard of but one man who had a decent excuse for going to sea."

"And who was he, captain?" said a Chicagoan.

"Noah," the captain answered. "For if the old fellow had remained on shore, he would have been drowned."—[Washington Star.

A Scotchman, wishing to know his fate at once, telegraphed a proposal of marriage to the lady of his choice. After spending the entire day at the telegraph office he finally got an affirmative answer.

"If I were you," suggested the operator when he delivered the message, "I'd think twice before I'd marry a girl that kept me waiting all day for my answer."

"Na, na," retorted the Scot. "The lass who waits for the night rates is the lass for me."—Illustrated Bits.

Drive Rheumatism out of the blood with Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy and see how quickly pain will depart. Rub-on's never did reach the real disease. Rheumatism isn't in the skin. It's deep down—it's constitutional. Getting rid of the pain, is after all, what counts. That is why Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy goes, by word of mouth from one to another. And herein lies the popularity of this Remedy. It is winning defenders everywhere. Tablets or Liquid. Sold by all druggists.

The Heart Of A Friend.

"Broken friendship," says a writer in an exchange, "like china, may be repaired, but the break will always show." And it is a bit of real truth and wisdom. Friendship is a precious thing—too precious a treasure to be carelessly broken or thrown away. The world handles the word "friend" lightly; its real, true, deeper meaning is forgotten, and the acquaintance of an hour or the chance comer is designated by the terms which in itself bears a wealth of meaning. Your friend is the one who appreciates you—your faults as well as your virtues—who understands and sympathizes with your defeats and victories, your aims and ideals, your joys and temptations, your hopes and disappointments, as no one else does or can. It is your friend to whom you turn for counsel, for comfort, for praise; he may not be as learned as some or as wise as others, but it suffices that he understands you, and even his quiet listening gives strength and renewed courage. Blessed is the man or woman into whose life has come the beauty and power of such a friendship. Prize it well. Do all in your power to keep such a friendship unbroken. Avoid the break, for when it comes it cannot be easily mended, and the jarring note mars the harmony of the whole glorious symphony. It is not alone a question of forgiveness; that may be full and complete. It is the hurt in the heart that will not readily heal and the confidence that will not fully come back!—The Pilgrim.

"What they call 'honor' is a mightily curious thing," Uncle Peebles. "I know a man who would cheerfully stare himself to pay a gambling debt, and he still owes the preacher that married him twenty-seven years ago."—Chicago Tribune.

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