

Preacher's Opinions

Rev. P. K. McRae, Forks Baddock, 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 noble speakers. At all druggists, 50c and \$1.00, or Dr. T. A. Slocum, Ltd., Toronto.

THE MAN WHO WAS "HORSE-CRAZY."

By CAROLINE LOCKHART.

Long-legged Jim Gaylord sat on the edge of the empty manger and looked reflectively at five silver dollars which lay in the palm of his hand. Then he looked at Phoebe.

"It's a question, Phoebe," said he, with of us eats to-day—you or me. Them Saddle-rock restaurant beefsteaks have a turrible takin' smell when you passes the door. If only I could fill up on alfalfa or timothy, it would reduce my livin' expenses considerable; but I can't and be comfortable, so I gotta get resigned to the idea of goin' on eatin' the rest of my days. But fortunately," he continued in his low, husky voice, "I has the ch'ice of what I eats. I can eat beefsteaks or I can eat them blamed breakfast foods. If I eats beefsteak I has to cut out your oats, but if I eats breakfast foods you has all the oats that's good for you and the best timothy what's hauled into town. When it comes to a question as to who eats, Phoebe, I guess you wins, as usual. If I heard you whinnin' for oats, and I had n't none to give you, I reckon it would set me to stealin'."

Jim Gaylord slid from the edge of the manger and slipped his gangling arm about the little brown mare's neck, patting the white star in her forehead with his other hand.

The mare's eyes grew soft and limpid, as a horse's eyes will when caressed by some one he trusts, and, turning her head, the mare pushed him a little with her velvet nose.

"Meal-time, Phoebe? Gittin' empty, eh?" He gave her a fawell pat.

There was a horse in the other stall, big and showy, and far handsomer than Phoebe, but he only slapped the horse's flank good-naturedly as he passed.

If Jim Gaylord had been forced to speak the truth, he would have had to admit that he loved the little brown mare some better than his life. He exercised her each morning at daybreak on the half-mile track east of town long before any one else was up, and at night by moonlight and starlight when every one else was in bed.

It was stated in a vague way that Jim Gaylord had a couple of old plugs that he thought could run, and the town described him as "horse-crazy" and let it go at that.

He ate his breakfast foods three times a day, sitting on the edge of the manger, and his blankets, tattered relics of the old days on the round-up, were spread on the hay near the stalls at night.

As Jim crossed the street to the feed store, a stranger on a high stepping sorrel rode into town. The stranger sat his horse with the air of a man who believes he is riding the best, and Jim's glance took in the small pointed ears, the shining coat, the slim legs and neat hoofs which bespeak the blooded horse.

There was a little shine in his eyes, and a slight increase in the quickness of his movements, when he returned to the stall with the oats. As Phoebe ate, he slipped his hand the length of her slender legs. The inside muscles were like steel springs. He lifted her front foot. There was no fever in the frog or the small ankle. He went back to the street and sauntered into the saloon in front of which the stranger's horse was tied.

"He only weighs ten hundred and fifty pounds," the stranger was saying in a loud voice. "I weight one hundred and forty, and he can carry me for half a mile and out-san anything that wears hair."

Jim sat down at a table and regarded the stranger with calmly contemplative eyes.

"Ain't that some of a weight for him to carry that distance?" inquired the bar-tender.

"It would be if he was packin' a feller that didn't know how to ride. But me? Say, maybe you've heard of me? They call me 'Mormon Slim.' I can ride a fyin'-squirrel!"

Did the corners of Jim's mouth lift a little—just a little?

"Wish't we had some runnin' horses in town. I'd like to see a good race onct more," said the bar-keeper wistfully. "I ain't seen one sence I left the East. I'm from Nebraska," he added proudly.

The bar-tender's eye fell upon Jim. "Say, feller," he called, "ain't you got anything that kin run?"

"Oh, I dunno. I got a little old skate of a pony that can 'sift along some." Jim's voice was hesitating, almost timid.

"Kin he jump out a-tall?" demanded the bar-tender.

"She does to'able—for her size."

"What's her weight?"

"Eight and a quarter."

"Eight and a quarter? This ain't a pack-rat you're talkin' about, is it?" "Mormon Slim" and the bar-keeper laughed.

"I have n't any money, either," added Jim.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, feller, just to to show you I'm a good sport. I'll run you horse for horse—my horse against yours. I price him at five hundred dollars, and if your mare ain't any heavier than you say, seventy-five dollars would be a plenty for her. That's big enough odds to suit anybody."

"She's been on the range," Jim demurred.

"She's lookin' turrible rough."

"Oh, well, if you're afraid—"

"Gimme a couple of hours to think it over, and I'll let you know."

"Mormon Slim" winked at the bar-keeper as Jim went out.

"He'll never come back," he said.

But Jim did come back. He came in with a half-scared look on his face not more than an hour later.

"I—I b'lieve I'll take you up," he stammered.

"Good!" cried "Mormon Slim." "I'm needin' of a new pack-pony."

Jim dropped into a chair at the table and his head sank upon his breast in an attitude of troubled thought.

"Losin' your sand?" inquired the bar-tender.

The saloon was filled with local sports, who exchanged knowing looks as they noted Jim's dejected attitude.

"No-no, but my mare seems a little foot-sore, and I can't get hold of the kid I aimed to get to ride her. I'll have to ride her myself, and I weigh one hundred and sixty-five." "Jim's voice choked and the tears came into his eyes.

"He must be nutty to take the bet, whispered the bar-tender. "He's beat to a pulp before he starts."

Jim borrowed a hundred dollars on his saddle horse.

"If I'm goin' broke," he explained, "I might as well go broke right."

Then he placed the hundred dollars, getting odds of ten and twenty to one, which he had no difficulty in doing, as the crowd snapped at each dollar he offered.

"He'll be afoot by this time to-morrow," said the wise ones.

A murmur of delight and admiration swept over the grand-stand at six that evening when "Mormon Slim," in a red silk skirt and black silk trunks, rode out on the track on the high-stepping sorrel. He looked the real thing in the way of a jockey, did "Mormon Slim," on his racing saddle, and the gamblers already had Jim's money spent as the sorrel warmed up to his work on the preliminary gallop.

A spontaneous shout of laughter went up from the grandstand when Jim rode out. The mare's mane and tail were matted with cockle-burrs. Her coat was dusty and as rough as though each hair had been brushed the wrong way. Jim's long legs did not look to be more than a foot and a half from the ground. He was riding bareback, he was barefooted, and he wore a pair of faded blue overalls and a salmon pink undershirt.

"Mormon Slim" grinned in Jim's face as the sorrel dashed past on a spectacular gallop. The hopeless race was made more so by the fact that Jim drew outside place.

When the race was called the sorrel fought the bit and fretted to be off. The little brown mare stood still, her nose out, her soft eyes shining.

"Go!"

The leap she gave startled the sorrel. It floundered, and scarcely eight jumps from the line she had the rail. But the sorrel had heart, and he gathered himself and gained and gained until they were neck and neck. The crowd shrieked and howled.

"Why don't he let him out?"

"He's holdin' him in for the finish!" yelled the wise ones.

"But look at the mare! She has no feet—she flies!"

At the quarter of the half-mile track they were still running neck and neck—even,

To All The Women Who Suffer Pe-ru-na Is Earnestly Commended.

Many a matron has lengthened the days of her comely appearance by taking Peruna. To be beautiful, the body must be kept clean internally as well as externally. Peruna produces clean mucous membranes, the basis of facial symmetry, and a clear, healthy complexion.



MME. LEO GABOURG

Systemic Catarrh.

Mrs. James Golloher, Norwood, Ontario, writes:

"I was suffering from systemic catarrh for about two years. In damp weather I was unable to do my work, as my back and sides would ache, and I thought if I did not soon find a cure I could not live long."

"I saw where Peruna had cured hundreds who had suffered as I was. I decided to try it."

"After taking the first bottle I felt a big change. I have taken five bottles and I am completely cured."

"I thank Dr. Hartman for his kind advice to me."

Sick Headaches.

Miss Nettie E. Bogardus, R. F. D. 21, Westfield, N. Y., writes:

"I have been a great sufferer from sick headaches, but am now entirely free from that trouble. I have not felt so well in ten years as I do now. I would recommend Peruna and Manalin to all sufferers. I will say, God bless Dr. Hartman and his wonderful remedies."

Catarrh Made Life Miserable.

Dlle. Marie L. Meunier, 913 Ontario street, Montreal, Can., writes:

"I take pleasure in stating that I have been cured of catarrh by Peruna."

"This disease made my life miserable, especially in the morning, when I had to cough and spit and make every effort to clear my throat and air passages."

"This remedy cured me promptly and I recommend it most highly to persons afflicted with this terrible disease."



MRS. JAMES GOLLOHER



DILLE. MARIE L. MEUNIER

My Sister Advised Me to Try Peruna.

I Took Your Treatment and My Appetite Returned Speedily.

I Gained Strength and Flesh and am in Perfect Health.

I am so Thankful Your Medicine has Done Me so Much Good.

So says —Miss Julia Butler, of Appleton, Wis.

Grateful for Relief.

Mme. Leo Gabourg, 215 Rue Arago, St. Sauveur, Quebec, Canada, writes:

"I thank you very much for the advice you have given me. I am very well indeed. It seems to me that I am no longer the same person."

"Some of my friends have been troubled with colds and have used Peruna with very satisfactory results. As for myself, I am happy to be so successfully cured, and so promptly."

Catarrh of Bowels.

Mrs. Maggie Durbin, 1322 North St., Little Rock, Ark., writes:

"I was troubled for five years with chronic disease. I tried everything I heard of, but nothing did me any good. Some doctors said my trouble was catarrh of the bowels, and some said consumption of the bowels. One doctor said he could cure me; I took his medicine two months, but it did me no good."

"A friend of mine advised me to try Peruna and I did so. After I had taken two bottles I found it was helping me, so I continued its use, and it has cured me sound and well."

"If any one wants to know what Peruna did for me if they will write to me I will answer promptly."

Pains in the Side.

Mrs. Julia Braxton, Apollo, Pa., writes:

"Peruna has cured me of heart trouble and pains in the side."

"A year ago I was expected to die any time, and the doctor was sometimes called at two o'clock in the morning. But I am thankful to say that I do not have to send for a doctor now."

"Since I have used your Peruna you advised me, I am well and able to do all my housework."

"I have all the faith in the world in Peruna, as it cured me, and I know that it will cure others."

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Capacious Convenient

Why continue to fuss with unsightly, ungainly clothes lines and poles when you can get this neat, compact, convenient Hill Dryer. Instead of being spread all over the yard and supported by numerous poles, every inch of every line on the Hill Dryer is within easy reach—so you can hang the whole wash without moving a step, without having to drag the heavy basket up and down the yard through snow or damp grass.

Set up a Hill Dryer in a convenient spot near the house and see how many steps, how much time, work and bother it saves. Once used it and no one could ever coax you back to the old-fashioned clothesline method. Hill Dryers are made in several sizes and styles for lawn, balcony and roof. Hold 100 to 150 feet of line—revolve so line comes to you—taken apart, folded up and put away, keeping your lawn entirely clear of obstructions.

Let us put one up in your yard ready for next wash-day. Or call and see it.

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is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air 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.

REPEAT it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."