

Not a Miracle But Medical Science

Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited,
Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen:—

"Some time ago I began to lose flesh and failed every day until I had to quit work. My physicians and all my friends said I had contracted consumption. I failed from 165 pounds down to 119. I was advised to go to the Rockies or to the coast. I went to both places under heavy expense. I continued to fail, and was advised by the doctors to come home as nothing more could be done for me. Hope seemed to have left me.

"I tried Psychine and since starting its use I have gained from 119 to 141 pounds. I have used \$10.00 worth of the medicine. I am a well man and I cannot say too much in praise of Psychine. The strongest recommendation would be weak in view of the fact that I believe it has saved my life. It is without doubt the best remedy for run-down conditions and weak lungs.

"I sincerely hope and trust that you will continue your good work of saving run down people and consumptive from the grave. Wishing you and Psychine continued success, I remain, one of Psychine's best friends."

ALEX. McLAKE,
Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Almost every mail brings us letters like the above. Psychine will repeat this record in every case. It is the greatest medicine known. At all druggists, 50c and \$1.00, or Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Toronto.

Romance of Two Branded Hearts.

It was only a little advertisement and it read this way:—

"If the young man who branded a heart on the right arm of his girl playmate 20 years ago and wears a similar sign on his own arm will write to H. T., box 135, Des Moines, Ia., he will learn something of great interest to himself.

"H. T., was Miss Harriet Townley, Philadelphia, and the young man she sought out was Harry Dickson. By great good fortune he saw the advertisement: he answered it and to-day Miss Townley is Mrs. Dickson and they are away on their honeymoon trip—a trip that will take them half way around the world.

Twenty years ago the girl branded the boy when their fathers were rounding up their cattle, and the boy branded the girl in return. They didn't know each other's last names. But somehow there was something the girl remembered, and she tried to find the boy—man now—and she did.

Jake Townley was a ranger at Kadoka, S. Dak., twenty years ago. Once a year he rounded up his cattle. One season when the run was especially good he needed extra hands and he employed "Chuck" Dickson, who was on the range looking for a job. Dickson was a good cow puncher and he managed to make a living rounding up cattle for himself and his two toddlers, Harry and Dave. But when there was no need for his services he caught muskrats in the river and sold their skins or else he helped out with carrying the government mail.

But when old man Townley offered him a job at the round-up he threw up his job of carrying the mails and let his muskrat traps go to ruin, because punching cattle is steadier and pays bigger wages.

Rich as he was old man Townley kept close at hand when the round came up. Uncouth, slouchy, plain spoken, he still had one soft little spot in his heart. It was for his baby girl, Hattie, five years old.

She was a wilful little thing, with curly brown hair and dark brown eyes, and she owned her father body and soul. Harry Dickson came with his father when they were branding the cattle. The little daughter of the cattle man and the son of the cow puncher found each other out and played together when the men were rounding up the cattle, roping them up and then branding them with the Townley mark—a tiny heart.

As one steer after another was thrown to the ground and the sizzling iron pressed to its shoulder little Miss Hattie, the owner's daughter, and Harry, the cow puncher's son watched the operation with bulging eyes. They had never seen anything like it before. It was exciting indeed.

Suddenly the little girl turned to the boy she had known for days, which is a long time in the life of a child.

"I like you," she said suddenly. "Let me brand you."

"I'm afraid it will hurt me," protested the boy.

"Don't be a big 'fraid cat," sneered the little girl. "Come on."

The boy demurred; the girl coaxed. Of course it was the same old burn a tiny heart—her father's story—the little boy let the little girl brand—on his shoulder, just as the cattle were branded. It hurt him, but he never winced. He just gritted his teeth and let the little girl press the hot iron on his skin.

"You weren't afraid at all," said the little girl to the boy, patting the heart that glowed red upon the tender shoulder.

"Course I wasn't," said the boy, bravely, though it hurt so he could not keep the tears back.

"Now you brand me," commanded the little girl. "Put one on me."

"Oh gracious no," gasped the boy. "Why, I couldn't do that. It would hurt you."

"It wouldn't hurt me any more than it hurt you. You're no better than I am: if you can stand it I guess I could. I want one, too."

So the little girl gritted her teeth together and never whimpered once while the boy pressed the red hot heart against her shoulder—the Townley brand.

"We won't tell what we've done," whispered the little girl, after it was over and the tears had been forced back.

"No I guess we won't," answered the boy, knowing full well that he would have been roundly spanked if he had.

The branding was over next day. "Chuck" Dickson took his two small boys back home, with a supply of bills in his pocket as the fruits of his labors.

That very same night a prairie fire sprang up, and the humble home of the Dicksons was destroyed. With the prairie a desert, there was nothing to do but to go somewhere else, and so Dickson took his family further west to the Black Hills. There they settled and the life in Dakota was forgotten.

Little Hattie grew up into a charming girl, and her father made up his mind that she must be sent east for a finishing touch to her education. She had learned to ride as well as any girl in the world, and she could fish and shoot and bake a cake with the best of them, but her father wanted her to have the graces of the young women of New York and the eastern states. So he sent her to a finishing school in Baltimore.

There she met people she had never seen in the west. She grew to learn, what the social graces are, and eventually she, too, went into society. Her father moved to the east, and for a while they lived in Boston and then in Philadelphia.

All the while the little heart that the boy had branded on her shoulder was becoming less and less conspicuous till at length it was only a tint. But when she appeared at a dinner or a dance in décolleté dress the scar would show, and more than one of her friends remarked how much the scar on Miss Townley's shoulder looked like a little heart.

But she never told—she just remembered. She never could quite blot out of her mind and memory of that small boy in the straw hat who had let her brand him years ago and then branded her when she told him to do it.

"If I could only go back to Dakota again, and see him," she often thought to herself. "Oh, as once we were."

Her education was finished. Little Hattie was now Miss Harriet Townley. She and her father took a long trip—the old cattle ranger immensely proud of the beautiful daughter, his only child.

They went to Flor., where Townley died. When his will was read it was found that he had left his daughter \$500,000. With all her money the girl was alone in the world. She didn't know where to go. Just then there came a letter from her school chum, a Chicago girl who had married a young man in Des Moines, Ia.

"Come and spend a little time with us," she wrote. "We want you to forget your sorrow, and perhaps we can make it pleasant for you here."

Miss Townley went to Des Moines. One night after the theatre her school chum noticed the scar again and spoke about it.

"Who branded you?" she asked.

"Really, I can't tell you," laughed the girl. "He was a boy and I was a tiny girl. But I always remember him, and I think I could like him even now."

"Why don't you advertise for him?" then, suggested her friend. "Wouldn't it be fun if he should really see it and answer?"

"I'll do it," laughed Miss Townley. "but I don't suppose he'll ever see it. Why, it was twenty years ago."

The advertisement was sent to newspapers all over the country, and Miss Townley waited for an answer, scarcely expecting one, however. For all she knew the small boy who had branded the heart on her right arm might be dead—it was twenty years ago.

But he wasn't. Harry Dickson had grown and was a mining prospector. To be sure he hadn't made much money, but he still had enough to buy three meals a day and keep a roof over his head. He had gone to Mexico with a party of miners, when one day a few weeks ago he chanced to pick up a New York paper which a tourist had left behind.

Now New York newspapers are fairly rare in Mexico, and when anybody gets one it is pretty sure to be read through from start to finish, advertisements and all. News from home was enough for Harry Dickson: he read every line of the paper, and there in front of him was the "ad"—the girl he had branded twenty years ago was looking for him.

It didn't take the mining prospector long

to write to the child of the two decades ago, young woman now. Yes she was the child he had branded, and would he call the next time he chanced to be in Des Moines?

It wasn't long before Harry Dickson happened to be in Des Moines, and he called, all right. He hadn't a bit of difficulty in identifying himself, and soon he and Miss Townley were chatting over old times just as if it had been yesterday instead of twenty years ago.

The rest of it isn't difficult to guess. The boy of her childhood became the sweetheart of her womanhood. When he whispered just a few little words Miss Townley whispered one in answer, and it was a "Yes."

"I always felt that the heart you burned on my shoulder was a kiss," she told, "and I have waited for you."

"And I," he confessed, "never forgot the girl who wasn't afraid to be branded—I guess we were made for each other."

They are married now, and their home isn't going to be far from Kadoka, S. Dakota.

August time, tells on the nerves. But that spiritless, no ambition feeling can be easily and quickly altered by taking what is known by druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Within 48 hours after beginning to use the Restorative, improvement will be noticed. Of course, full health will not immediately return. The gain, however, will surely follow. And best of all, you will realize and feel your strength and ambition as it is returning. Outside influences depress first the "inside nerves" then the stomach, heart, and kidneys will usually fail. Strengthen these failing nerves with Dr. Shoop's Restorative and see how quickly health will be yours again. Sold by All Dealers.

The Small End.

Representative Longworth, at a dinner party during the Republican convention in Chicago, talked about honest politics.

"Honest politics alone pay in the end," said he. "Your dishonest politician comes out like Lurgan of Cincinnati."

"Lurgan of Cincinnati was canvassing for votes. He dropped in at a grocer's."

"Good morning," he said. "I may count on your support, I hope?"

"Why, no, Mr. Lurgan," said the grocer. "I've promised my support to your rival."

Lurgan laughed easily.

"Ah, but in politics, said he, 'promising and performing are two different matters.'"

"In that case," said the grocer, heartily, "I shall be most happy to give you my promise, Mr. Lurgan."—Washington Star.

A Legal Opportunity.

(Argonaut.)

When John J. Barret was new at the San Francisco bar two Chinamen entered his office and retained him to help prosecute "one velly bad man, Jim Hing."

Having locked the retainer in the safe, Mr. Barret inquired what Jim Hing had done.

"Him velly bad man," the spokesman replied. "Jim Hing kill he wife. He live same alleyway, 'closs the sleet. Me—my brother—both look out window 'closs alleyway see Jim Hings stabbee wife. She die light away. He lun. You hang Jim Hing?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Barret. "But you must tell the police just what you saw."

"Jim Hing kill wife—" they began, when the lawyer interrupted:

"Yes, yes, I know; but when you first saw Jim was the knife up high or down low?"

The Chinamen began jabbering at each other, when Mr. Barret again interrupted:

"Answer me truthfully. Stop consulting Was the knife up high or down low?"

The elder Chinaman looked puzzled. Re-raising the impulse to consult his brother, he turned a guileless stare on Mr. Barret.

"Which you think best?" he replied.

A Clubbing Offer.

The Montreal Weekly Witness, Canada's cleanest and most reliable weekly and THE DISPATCH, both for \$1.50 per year.

FARM FOR SALE.

100 acre farm within quarter of a mile of Debec station, 50 acres under cultivation, brook runs full length of farm, 20 acres of hardwood, good barn, spring water and valuable property. Will be sold cheap. Apply to R. KIRKPATRICK, Debec.

Notice.

Have your house or store wired and your repair work done by Baird & Girard. All kinds of electric light stock kept on hand. We keep a high grade lamp that we sell at a reasonable price and we can furnish you with a lamp that will cut your electric light bill down 25 per cent. All work done to the satisfaction of the underwriters. Our work can be seen in the new Methodist and Baptist churches. Electric bells installed and repaired.

HARRY D. BAIRD,
HERMAN GIRARD.

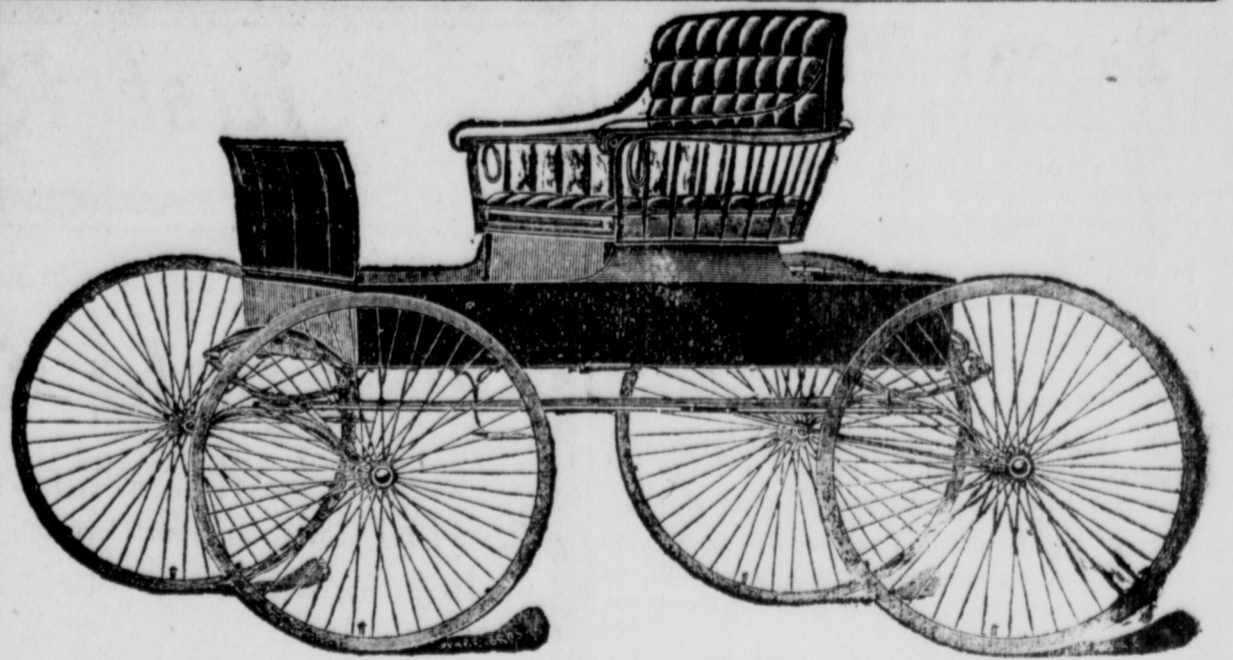
Orders left at Fewer Bros.' Plumbing shop King street.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To JOHN TIMONEY of the Parish of Richmond, in the County of Carleton, in the Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and all others whom it may in any wise concern:—

THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION in front of the Office of D. McLeod Viner, on King Street, in the Town of Woodstock, in the said County of Carleton, on Monday the SEVENTEENTH day of AUGUST next at the hour of Two of the clock in the Afternoon, the following lands and premises:—

"All that certain tract of land situate in the said Parish of Richmond and bounded as follows, to wit:—On the north by land formerly owned by Samuel Hemphill; on the east by land formerly



It is not necessary for us to "blow" about the good qualities of our Carriages. Our thousands of pleased and satisfied customers will do that.

For 1908 the splendid line we are selling is if anything better than ever. The many styles comprise

Road Wagons, End Springs, Side Springs,
Top Buggies, Piano Box Buggies.

With Ball Bearing Axles, as well as Plain Bearing. With Rubber Tire
Wheels as well as Steel. All guaranteed.

BALMAIN BROS.
Woodstock.

Meductic, Hartland, Florenceville East, Bath, Perth, Aroostook Junction and
Grand Falls.

ST. JOHN EXHIBITION.

MAKE YOUR PLANS.

Those who intend to visit the St. John Exhibition, September 12-19, should make their plans now. Don't wait a month, a week, or even a day longer.

EARLY ENTRIES

Are an advantage, beside costing less than when made later—read the Prize List, that's official—if you have not seen one, send for it to

R. H. ARNOLD, Manager.

23 King Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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.

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

Manager,

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

Hartland, N. B., Branch

SUN FIRE INSURANCE COMP'Y,

Established 1710

Funds exceed.....\$12,000,000

Paid San Francisco Fire..... 2,885,000

One of the first companies to pay in full.

J. W. ASTLE

Is the Local Agent of this splendid British Company.

owned by Michael Hilley; on the south by the south half of lot number twelve in the Third Tier or Range from the River Saint John; and on the west by land owned by David Hemphill containing ONE HUNDRED ACRES more or less, and known and distinguished as the north half of lot number twelve in the Third Range from the River Saint John, the whole of which lot number twelve was conveyed by James P. Lockwood to the late Patrick Timoney by Indenture of Deed registered in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds for said County of Carleton in Book B. of Records on page 284, the fourth day of May, A. D., 1837."

TOGETHER with all and singular the Buildings and Improvements thereon and the privileges and appurtenances to the said premises belonging or in anywise appurtenant.

THE ABOVE SALE will be held under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the SIXTEENTH day of JULY in the Year of Our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Three, and registered in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the said County of Carleton, in Book G. number four of Records on pages 671, 672 and 673, and made between the said John Timoney of the One Part, and the undersigned, Alfred H. Henderson of the City of Philadelphia in the State of Pennsylvania, one of the United States of America, Surgeon Dentist, of the other part,—default having been made in the payment of the moneys thereby secured.

Dated this Seventh day of July A. D. 1908.
ALFRED H. HENDERSON,
Mortgagee

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.

WANTED.

A girl to do general housework. Apply to MRS. L. P. FISHER.