

**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.

The "Truly" Christmas.

BY EDWIN L. SABIN.

All the earth is white, all the air is jingling with bells and voices, all the world is brimming with an excitement only half suppressed. For to-morrow is Christmas day.
What to-morrow holds for you, you may not know. But in the times of the truly Christmas everything was possible. Money nor experience had placed a limit; any anticipation was reasonable. The truly Christmas bore no burden of rancor, sordidness, jealousy, value given and received. The good were spontaneously rewarded; and measured by this standard, the world was a good world.
To-morrow is Christmas day. Lodged in your consciousness, but warm and quick and swelling, ready to burst forth upon the slightest excuse, is the pleasurable knowledge that father's present from you, and mother's present from you, and Susan-the-girl's present from you, are ready and waiting to astonish. Muffler, card-case and handkerchief, as suggested they readily secured your approval. That was all there was to it. In the times of the truly Christmas you were a billionaire. Somebody paid for things. That was sufficient, evidently.
To-morrow is Christmas day, and now is Christmas Eve. The house is a store-place of packages; a regular Aladdin palace, where the rubbing of the lamp is yet forbidden. There are drawers that must not be opened, shelves that must not be rummaged, cupboards that must not be investigated. You have exhausted the three guesses allowed by mother and have not hit upon the specially and particularly delightful article sent by Uncle Ben. You do not even know what Susan-the-girl is to give you. But only a few hours more, and dreams may come true. For to-morrow is Christmas Day. Can you wait?
In concert with mother, beside the evening lamp, you may recite "Night Before Christmas," and listen and soberly reflect while she tells of the miracle of the Christ-child, born in the manger at Bethlehem. Soberly reflect, say I? Well, as soberly as can be expected, when brain is whirling, dancing, darting in dazzled flights of boundless hope and uncertainty. Father imperturbably reads the paper. Will you ever be so old that you can sit and read the paper, on Christmas Eve?
To bed, then? Must it be—this leaving of the warm, cheerily lighted room, and of father and mother and their secrets? Not five minutes more—? No; the clock and father, mother abetting, are inexorable. To-morrow is Christmas (you are reminded,) and you will want to wake up early—another suggestion superfluous. But to-morrow is still such a long way off. The truly Christmas was an event of infinite procrastination.
"Good night," then, with backward, suspicious looked.
"Sleep tight," then.
For to-morrow—!
Chill is the little bedroom, chillier the sheets betwix which one must insert cringing soles and curling toes. Without, the bright, steely stars spangling the blue-black dome afar gaze winking down upon the snow of street and house-top. Footsteps pass, crunching and creaking; voices, laughter; chime of sleigh bells and whine of cutter runner; all breathing expectations, and all typical of Christmas Eve, in those times of the truly Christmas.
Below, father and mother are moving about; softly, talking in undertones, amidst faint rustle of papers. Ah, the house is disorganizing. The Aladdin lamp is being rubbed and from their hiding-places the treasures are forthcoming, to be arranged—heaped

—piled at the spot set apart for you.
For to-morrow is Christmas.
A new sled—a clipper sled like Hen's? A watch that goes? A book of fighting? Or another whole set of Optic's as good as the "Boat Club" series! Just an old handkerchief you bet, from Auntie Jane. Candy—nuts—an orange—sled—watch—books—air-gun—! Ah, you could see that sled, conjured out of the ideal into the real, reposing, ready and waiting, there below: polished, shiny, brand new, squat and pert and pointed, a veritable clipper, equal to, even better than Hen's! You wriggled ecstatically. And you could hear that watch tick—a genuine watch, that kept time and had to be wound; a watch and chain both, perhaps. And again you wriggled. For such are the poignantly beatific visions sent before by the truly Christmas.
It seemed monstrously out of proportion that you must be lying thus prone and helpless, while below dreams are materializing into facts. What was below, any way? You did not dare to peek. It would not be right to peek. Custom did not sanction peeking; no, not even although Christmas was to-morrow, and tomorrow was close at hand. Until to-morrow had arrived by the calendar, only the dreams, above, was your privilege.
The house cracks and twangs, as the beleaguering cold presses hard upon the ever weakening fires within. Mother and father have gone to bed. All is still, save for the crackling, the ticking of the clock down-stairs, and the belated footfall outside. And to-morrow is Christmas.
Farther and farther down have you pushed reluctant soles, tempering a way for legs to follow. In your oasis of warmth amidst the desert of frigidity you sit cozy and comfortable. You may bid defiance to the frosted window pane through with a star, like the eye of winter, peers steadfastly, and you may wait, thus unscathed, for Christmas. There is no Santy Claus; only littlest kids believe in that; there is no Santy Claus, of course; but should there be, you may hear him! It is very late, is it not? Perhaps you can stay awake all night!
Ten o'clock? Is that all? How time drags! You will shut your eyes, to think better, and will count five hundred, by fives; and then another half-hour will have passed—will it not? Now: five, ten, fifteen, twenty—tick-tock, tick-tock—clipper sled?—watch?—lots of candy!—seventy-five, eighty, eighty-five, ninety—and turkey—hundred! Five, ten, fifteen, twenty—tick-tock, tick-tock—go to sleep—yes, a sled like Hen's—and a watch that keeps time—and plum-pudding—seventy-five, eighty, eighty-five, ninety, ninety-five, hundred. Two hundred! Five ten, fifteen, twenty—mixed candy, you hoped!—five, ten, fifteen, twenty—you would get something on the Sunday-school tree, too—fifty-five, fifty—might n't it be a Shetland pony that Uncle Ben was sending?—fifty, fifty-five, fifty, fifty—tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock—

The clock struck, the half-hour, but you noted it not. Saint Nicholas plied as he pleased his mythical vocation—he might have driven a squad of elephants instead of light-footed rein-deer across the gable roof over your head, and you would have known no difference. Passed unheeded by you the "holy midnight clear," told of by mother, but you paused not "to hear those angels sing." You only sped on, and on, and on, nearer and nearer to the clipper sled and the watch that goes and the book of fighting, awaiting you below. Unconsciously you crossed into the to-morrow.
To-morrow is Christmas? No! To-day is Christmas! What? Already! See, the room is gray, morning is here! Shame upon your slothfulness! Christmas has stolen a march. Open those traitorous eyes, throw off those enervating covers and the beguiling hand of sleep, plump with your bare feet on the floor and stagger to the stairs.
"Merry Christmas!" mother is calling; she has heard the plump. "Merry Christmas!" You go paddling down the stairs. Hurry! Something may vanish. "Merry Christmas, papa!"
"Merry Christmas, boy!"
Hurry! Aye, there they are, there they really are (for this is the truly Christmas) just as you had imagined; mysterious in shape, bewildering in profusion, yours to explore and unwrap and gloat upon unreprieved. O-o-o-o-e-e-e-e!—with father and mother spying from the doorway of their room adjoining. And o-o-o-e-e-e! again.
"Merry Christmas!" to Susan-the-girl.
The sun rolls up, flashing broadly athwart the white, sparkling world of the truly Christmas. Bells are chiming joyously, fire of the dining-room and of kitchen are snapping and crackling like mad, figures are trudging by, brisk and gift-laden—each a Santa Claus. Breakfast is sizzling, father and mother are almost dressed, you must drag yourself away, briefly, up-stairs, to dress, also.
Hurrah! It is Christmas—the truly Christmas without alloy; for as far as you yet know there is not a person in the whole universe whose heart is unhappy, whose thought are embittered, who views the day as anything but a perfect and glorious dispensation for the doing and receiving of pleasure; a bequeathment, to old and young,

by an omniscient and benign Providence.
The clipper sled, the watch that runs, the book of fighting—you had wanted them, you have them. They came freely, out of life's treasure-store, freely to be accepted. Christmas contained no mental reservations. It was the truly Christmas, in pristine purity. Hurrah! Blessed memory.

The Country Preacher.

The city pastor who is really a success is deserving of great admiration; and verily he generally gets it.
But the country pastor who is a success is also deserving of admiration, for he as well as the city pastor has his problems and hindrances.
The country church has limited financial resources; the pay of the country church is small, but even so, this is often due not to stinginess, but to real poverty of the congregation. And a fair support is so necessary to efficiency that many a country pastor becomes restless—and if so, the effect on his inner life and upon his sermons shows itself in ways which paralyze his influence for good. There are in Connecticut eighty-five Congregationalist pastors who get less than six hundred dollars and no house rent. It works out in unrest, discouragement, sourness, collision and—resignation.
But there is another side: There is the chance to study; to put behind mere fluency of speech—which is apt to become unendurable froth—the substance of real thought. Blessed is the man who improves his years in the country by making them days of tremendous energy in devouring, digesting, assimilating and organizing great thoughts from great books, and from sustained meditation.
The country pastor can get near his people. He can dig into their respect by his sound counsel. He can get the young fellow off to college. He can bring information to the whole circle.
There is such a chance for personal work in the country charge.
The country pastor has room. He has room to think, and room to grow. He has leisure to study and think and grow. He has opportunity to touch souls, one by one. The country pastor ought to be the most widely read man in the ministry, and the most cogent thinker. He has a chance to know himself, and by profound prayer to know his God.—Central Christian Advocate.

Misery in Stomach.

Why not start now—today, and forever rid yourself of Stomach trouble and indigestion? A dieted stomach gets the blues and grumbles. Give it a good eat, then take Pape's Diapepsin to start the digestive juices working. There will be no dyspepsia or belching of Gas or eructations of undigested food; no feeling like a lump of lead in the stomach or heartburn, sick headache and Dizziness, and your food will not ferment and poison your breath with nauseous odors.
Pape's Diapepsin costs only 50 cents for a large case at any drug store here, and will relieve the most obstinate case of Indigestion and Upset Stomach in five minutes.
There is nothing else better to take Gas from Stomach and cleanse the stomach and intestines, and besides, one triangle will digest and prepare for assimilation into the blood all your food the same as a sound, healthy stomach would do it.
When Diapepsin works your stomach rests—gets itself in order, cleans up—and then you feel like eating when you come to the table, and what you eat will do you good.
Absolute relief from all Stomach Misery is waiting for you as soon as you decide to begin taking Diapepsin. Tell your druggist that you want Pape's Diapepsin, because you want to be thoroughly cured of Indigestion.
"De man dat keeps talkin' 'bout hisse'f," said Uncle Eben, "sometimes makes you feel dat a heap o' research has been wasted on a somewhat unimportant subject."
[Washington Star.
Coughs that are tight, or distressing tickling coughs, get quick and certain help from Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. On this account Druggists everywhere are favoring Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And it is entirely free from Opium, Chloroform, or any other stupefying drug. The tender leaves of a harmless lung healing mountainous shrub give to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy its curative properties. Those leaves have the power to calm the most distressing Cough, and to soothe, and heal the most sensitive bronchial membrane. Mothers should, for safety's sake alone, always demand Dr. Shoop's. It can with perfect freedom be given to the youngest babes. Test it once yourself and see! Sold by All Dealers.

WANTED.

Dressed pigs and hogs, any weight, fat cattle and veal, fat sheep, lambs, ducks, geese, chickens and turkeys. Imperial Packing Co., Limited, Woodstock, N. B.

**Backache, Headache
Internal Pains.**



MRS. JOSEPH LACELLE, 124 Bronson St., Ottawa East, Ontario, Canada, writes:

"I suffered with backache, headache and dragging pains for over nine months, and nothing relieved me until I took Peruna. This medicine is by far better than any other medicine for these troubles. A few bottles relieved me of my miserable half-dead, half-alive condition.
"I am now in good health, have neither ache nor pain, nor have I had any for the past year.
"If every suffering woman would take Peruna, they would soon know its value and never be without it."
Dyspepsia and Indigestion.
Mde. Joseph Beaudoin, 59 Rue St. Olivier, Quebec, P. Q. Can., writes:
"Peruna is wonderful for indigestion. I eat whatever I want and no longer feel any oppression. Having had dyspepsia for a long time and having tried various other remedies, I decided to try Peruna and with the fourth bottle of it I was perfectly cured."

"For this reason I recommend it to all those who are suffering with that terrible malady, dyspepsia. I hope that all who are afflicted in this way will take Peruna and Manalin as I did."
Chronic Nasal Catarrh.

Mr. Chas. H. Stevens, 122 Sixteenth St., Detroit, Mich., writes:
"It affords me great pleasure to testify to the merits of Peruna as a remedy for catarrh.
"I suffered for some time with chronic nasal catarrh, but after five months treatment during which time I used seven bottles of Peruna I am pleased to say that I am entirely well, there not being the slightest trace of catarrh left.
"Peruna is without a doubt, in my mind, the greatest remedy known for catarrh."
Weak, Tired Feeling.

Miss Marie A. Lesser, 928 W. 36th St., Chicago, Ill., Worthy Secretary I. O. G. T., writes:
"I am glad to give a good word for Peruna, and I hope that all who see this who are troubled with systemic catarrh as I was for years, will profit by it.
"I had tried many remedies, but none did more than give me temporary relief, and some did not even do that.
"I took Peruna at the suggestion of a friend, and was more than pleased and surprised at the results.
"I am now perfectly well and strong. That weak, tired feeling has left me and I feel like a different person entirely."
The Slavery of Disease.

It is wonderful how many women in Canada and the United States have been practically made new again by the use of Peruna.
Not the victims of any organic disease, but just a half-dead and half-alive condition.
Miserable, dragging pains that keep a woman always from doing her best work, from being her best self. Cross and petulant, perhaps. Maybe even a slattern in her household, just because her health is continually below par. She never feels quite right. She gets the reputation of being sullen, or morbid, or ill tempered.
Her trouble is not a moral one at all, it is simply a physical one. Make such a woman well and she immediately becomes transformed into a new being mentally.
This is exactly what Peruna has done in a multitude of cases.

Ask your Druggist for a Free Peruna Almanac for 1909.

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Hill Clothes Dryer**



Clean Compact

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 use 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.

**For Sale by
W. F. DIBBLEE & SON.**

FIRE INSURANCE

It is important that persons placing 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.

DENTISTRY.

DR. A. R. CURRIE will be at Hartland on the first Monday of each month, and remain two weeks.
Office: G. W. Boyer's residence.

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The Montreal Witness, a high-toned independent paper, clean, healthy and high priced, and THE DISPATCH for \$1.50 per year,