

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. McCAE,
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.

ONE INDIAN STORY.

"You can educate an Indian until he thinks in Greek, prune his manners and rig him out in the latest London cut; but he's an Indian still, and a couple of years with his own people will strip off his civilized veneer as a squaw peels the bark from a white birch." The speaker was a grizzled veteran of many Indian campaigns, and when he talked the subalterns in the mess room gave respectful attention.

"I appeal to any man in the room," concluded Major Oran, gazing about the table with the assurance of one who feels his position unassailable. "Did anyone of you ever see a redskin that wasn't red through and through?"

To the surprise of every man there, including himself, it was young Deakin who answered. During the old Indian fighter's homely he had been fidgeting in his chair, and now he spoke almost before he realized that as the only civilian present his natural role was one of interested silence, especially during the discussion of a topic so distinctly professional.

"Depends on what qualities you say we have which the Indian hasn't. Now I have in mind a redskin who on one occasion showed a pretty big streak of white."

Most of those at the table knew it was Deakin's first year west of the Mississippi, and while with courtesy to a guest kept the disbelief from their lips it could not hide amused and pitying glances. But the young civilian, having once started boldly, continued:

"On my way out last fall I spent a few days at Ed. Granger's ranch in Wyoming. Wild spot. Mighty poor cow feed; but bully hunting."

"Yes, I know the place," put in a lieutenant across the table. "My troop camped there last October when we were chasing the Utes that time they jumped their reservation and threatened big trouble."

"It was in October I was there," said Deakin; "and as I afterwards found, the Utes were too. It all happened because I yanked Granger out of bed one morning to ride out with me and see the sun rise. To get the best view, we had to go half a dozen miles from the house, where it was wild as primeval chaos; and there we sat on our ponies for ten minutes drinking in the grandest sight I had ever dreamed of. Even Granger was impressed. We were about to turn and ride home, still half dazed with overdrafts of beauty, when out of the sage-brush on every side rose a dozen Utes in war paint. Nothing else, except some very efficient looking rifles, which they trained on us before we could even reach for our own guns."

"I guess Granger was more scared than I; because I didn't know enough to realize the danger. But he put up his hands lively enough and I did the same. 'It's my fault, old man,' I heard him say. 'I knew they were out of the reservation, but nobody supposed they were this far. If they're as ugly as reports say, we'll have to take a chance and duck for it. But first let's see.'

"While the rest of the band kept ahead of us, out stepped the gaudiest buck of the lot with a grin on his ochered mug that sent the shivers down my spine ten times faster than the ugly looking Colt he lugged in his fist."

"By the Lord, Harry! I believe he's going to pot us right on the spot!" whispered Granger, and I saw his muscles tighten for a spring.

"The gay buck came close and stood looking us over with his yellow rimmed eyes as if selecting the tenderest spot to stick a knife into. For all his hideous get-up, he was a magnificent specimen, must have weighed

two hundred, and not an ounce of superfluous flesh on his kaleidoscopic frame. 'By George!' I couldn't help saying to Granger, 'what a full-back that chap would make!'

"At the word 'full-back' the buck's face crinkled and cracked under its mask of paint and he stepped nearer and stared me in the face. My! but he was a sight!

"Well, not to make it too long, I had about concluded he liked my looks best as victim number one, when suddenly he sung out in as good English as I've been hearing about this table:

"Hello, Billy Deakin! How's everything at old Dartmouth?"

"If my bronco had spoken I couldn't have been more surprised. I hadn't laid eyes on a Dartmouth man since I left the East."

"What I want to know most is how the team's doing this fall," went on the big Indian, with a laugh that showed he enjoyed my mystification. 'Remember that time I stood you on your head, Billy, the day they put me on the scrub.'

"Then I came to; for if I do say it, there was only one man at college in my day able to do that stunt. 'Great jumping Jehoshaphat!' I cried. 'You're—no, it's impossible—Charley Wolfdog, the best line bucker that even wore a green jersey, the pride of the Glee Club, the Pitkin mathematical scholar.'

"That's just who," answered Charley, with a comical glance at his vermilion legs. "Who said, 'Clothes make the man?'"

"And there you were while Granger looked on, dumb with astonishment. Charley and I squatted right there in the sage bush, pulled out our pipes—where he carried his I don't know; but it was the same old briar he used to smoke at Hanover—and I talked and he listened; while his braves sank back out of sight, leaving us to our reminiscences. I say I did the talking; because it occurred to me that he might not wish to explain how a man who graduated near the top of his class at a New England college happened since. He was an Indian through and through; and yet—well, I'm telling you what he said and did. And one thing more:

"We had said farewell, and Granger and I had started to ride home, when I heard my name called, and Charley came running after us with something in his hand. 'Hold on,' he cried. 'I forgot something.' Here's the only thing that makes me wish I was going back east with you. When I sent for them I expected to be in Boston this month on business for the reservation; but now, as you see I can't very well leave. Maybe you can use them."

"And what do you think that Red Indian placed in my hand? Two tickets for the Harvard-Dartmouth game at the stadium; corking seats, too, right in the cheering section."

"Hope you can use 'em, old man," he said. 'I wish I could be there to help the old team win. Give a couple of extra yells for me now and then.'

"Then he turned and hurried after his men, who were streaking off toward the foothills. I haven't seen nor heard from him since; but you remember the results of that Ute demonstration: Not a person hurt nor a head of stock stolen, and the Government promised them every thing they went out for. If that wasn't the work of Charley Wolfdog and his college training, whose was it? They told me in Washington that he conducted negotiations like a trained diplomat."

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

An Uncrushable Toad.

An experiment was recently made in the clay testing department of a machinery company at Bucyrus, Ohio, in which a toad was placed in a twenty ton brick press and was four times subjected to a pressure of 11,000 pounds without injury.

The question at issue was whether such a pressure would kill the toad or whether its ability to compress itself was sufficient to allow it to come out of the ordeal alive. The toad was first placed in a lump of granular clay and the whole pressed into a brick. After the huge press had done its work the solid brick was lifted from the machine and the toad winked its eyes contentedly, then stretching its legs hopped away.

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Temple.

There is a temple on a grassy hill. Round which the summer breezes wall and sigh;

Its altar fires are long since cold and dead, The gardens bare and all untended lie. Its corridors, now cold, and dark, and damp, Once answered to the sandals' rhythmic tread As in the mystic circles of the dance, The white-robed priestesses sacred virgins led.

This tall fair altar hath seen sacrifice, When hot red blood dripped down on cold white stone. These domes that once held back the cymbals' crash

Are now but places for the wind to moan. Gone is the priestly pomp and pageantry, The easy worship of the fleshy gods, The hands that shaped these mighty stones are dust, But still the wind blows and a flower nods.

A Millennial Programme.

At a recent meeting of the Fifth District Federation, Miss Effie Loader of Clay Center read some stanzas, of which the following are a sample:

What woman wants
Is scrubbless floors,
Endless incomes,
Bakeless loaves,
Smokeless husbands,
Slamless doors,
Peekless curtains,
Scorchless stoves,
Washless dishes,
Poundless steaks,
Tuneless Rockers,
Darnless socks,
Sparkless children,
Spotless frocks,
Aid may be
Ere we cease to fret
We'll want a bathless
Baby yet.

—Kansas City Star.

ECZEMA AND PILES CURED. Magistrate and School Commissioner Healed By Zam-Buk.

Zam-Buk by its healing power has earned the praise of men and women in the highest stations of life. One of the latest prominent gentlemen to speak highly in Zam-Buk's favor is Mr. C. E. Sanford, of Weston, King's county, N. S. Mr. Weston is a Justice of the Peace for the county, and a member of the Board of School Commissioners. He is also deacon of the Baptist Church in Berwick. Indeed, throughout the county it would be difficult to find a man more widely known and more highly respected.

Some time back he had occasion to test Zam-Buk, and here is his opinion of this great balm. "He says: 'I had a patch of eczema on my ankle, which had been there for over twenty years! Sometimes also the disease would break out on my shoulders. I had taken solution of arsenic, had applied various ointments, and tried all sorts of things to obtain a cure, but in vain. Zam-Buk, unlike all else I tried, proved highly satisfactory, and cured the ailment.'

"I have also used Zam-Buk for itching piles, and it has cured them completely also. I take comfort in helping my brother man, and if the publication of my experience of Zam-Buk will lead other sufferers to try it, I should be glad. For the cure of piles or skin diseases, I know of nothing to equal Zam-Buk."

Zam-Buk also cures burns, cuts, ulcers, blood poisoning, ringworm, scalp sores, and all skin injuries and diseases. Rubbed well on to the chest in cases of cold it relieves the tightness and aching. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price, 3 boxes for \$1.25.

Maxims and Moralings.

The proper study of mankind is man.—Pope.

God helps them that help themselves.—Franklin.

Half the evils of the world come from inaccuracy.—Helps.

The best history has to give us is the enthusiasm it arouses.—Goethe.

Nothing astonishes men so much as common sense and plain dealing.—Emerson.

Marriage must be a relation of sympathy or of conquest.—George Eliot.

Woman ought to be studied like the weather: both afford a life-long interest to careful observers.—Lyndon.

Thoughtfulness for others, generosity, modesty, and self-respect are the qualities which make a real gentleman or a lady.—Huxley.

Tickling, tight Coughs, can be surely and quickly loosened with a prescription Druggists are dispensed everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And it is so very, very different than common cough medicines. No Opium, no Chloroform, absolutely nothing harsh or unsafe. The tender leaves of a harmless, lung healing mountainous shrub, gives the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. 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 even the youngest babes. Test it yourself! and see. Sold by all druggist.

Out Of His Line.

"Good morning, sir," says the lady, entering the studio of the famous portrait painter. "I wish to engage you to paint my portrait."

"I shall be delighted, madam."

"I want it painted with my new hat on."

"Pardon me, madam, but I am not a landscape artist."

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

PANDORA

RANGE

Train up a girl in the way she should bake, and when she is married she will not depart from it.

"My mother taught me how to bake, and told me why she always used a McClary Range."

"Now I have a 'Pandora', and, as with mother, my troubles are few. After fire is started, I simply bring thermometer to desired heat and leave the oven in charge of the baking. It's built for faithful service."

"While housewives with other ranges are poking fire and changing dampers, I sit and read the 'Joy of Living'."

McClary's



London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Hamilton, Calgary.

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Three times a week. Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Afternoons, 2 to 5. Nights, 7 to 10.

10cts. Admission. 10cts.

Mahogany Furniture.

I am prepared to restore old pieces of Mahogany Furniture, no matter how badly broken up. These old pieces when repaired are quite valuable and far superior to anything of modern make. Being a Cabinet Maker and "French Polisher" of many years experience in the city of St. John, I think I understand my business. Also general repairing. Write to

G. N. A. BURNHAM,
Upper Woodstock, N. B.

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

Canadian Pacific Railway

Effective October 11th, 1908.

(Trains daily, except Sunday, unless otherwise stated.)

DEPARTURES.
(QUEEN STREET STATION).

6.35 A MIXED—For Houlton, McAdam, Jct. St. John and points East; Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland and Boston etc.; Pullman Parlor Car McAdam Jct. to Boston. Palace Sleeper, McAdam Jct. to Halifax. Dining Car, McAdam Jct. to Truro.
10.55 P MIXED—For Perth, Junction Plaster Rock, and intermediate points.
12.10 A EXPRESS—For all points North: McPresque Isle, Edmundston, River du Loup and Quebec.
4.50 P MIXED—For Fredericton, etc., via Gib' Mon Branch.
5.33 P EXPRESS—For Houlton, St. Stephen, St. John and points East; Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, and all points West, and Northwest, and on Pacific Coast, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleepers, McAdam Junction to Montreal; Pullman Sleepers, McAdam to Boston; Pullman Parlor Car, McAdam to St. John.

ARRIVALS.

12.10 A. M.—EXPRESS—From St. John and East, St. Stephen, (St. Andrews after July 1st), Boston, Montreal and West.
12.40 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, etc. via Gibson Branch.
1.17 P. M.—MIXED—From Perth Junction and Plaster Rock.
5.33 P. M.—EXPRESS—From Fort Fairfield, Carleton Place, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston and River du Loup.
10.05 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.
W. M. STITT, G. P. A., Montreal.
W. B. HOWARD D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John

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