

Preacher's Opinions

Rev. P. K. McRae, Forks Baddeck, 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."

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NAN'S EXPERIMENT.

BY CECILY ALLEN.

"The foundations of our social system are rotten to the core!" announced Nan, leaning forward in the great wicker chair to watch the progress of the little Italian across the velvety lawn.

Her brother Bob sank even more deeply into his own cushioned chair and studied the smoke curling upward from the tip of his very good cigar.

"I told Uncle Henry this would be the inevitable result of sending you to a western co-ed college. The social system here is quite good enough for me."

Nan's broad forehead was puckered in a thoughtful frown.

"Now, take that young Italian foreman of yours, for instance! What puts him in a different class from you? The fact that his father had not enough money to feed his big family and your father had too much money for the good of his two children."

"Really," remarked Bob, with eyes dancing, "I never noticed any complaints from you about superfluity of cash."

"Give that man a Fifth Avenue tailor, a valet and a motor car and he would pass muster in our set shoulder to shoulder with you."

"I don't know about that," pursued Bob. "He might eat with his knife."

"Not after he had been told it was wrong," said Nan, with conviction. "Suppose he were wearing shirt sleeves on a tennis court or the links instead of in your employ. He would be a gentleman, one of your equals. He would look not a whit different from what he does today, but we would accept him socially where today we regard him as our inferior."

Bob cast amused glances at the corner in the porch roof where two birds were busy building a nest among the vines. "And this is the modern woman—the effect of the higher education," he murmured.

It might have been the birds, crooning and contented, or it might have been just the love of mischief which some men never outgrow even when, like Robert Darnton, they can count iron gray hairs by the score above each temple. At any rate, he sat up very suddenly and determinedly and regarded his sister quite seriously.

"Have you the courage of your convictions? Are you willing to put your theory to the test? Will you let me invite my foreman here as an equal, provided, of course, that I secure the stipulated Fifth Avenue tailoring, the 'man' and the motor?"

"Good gracious, Bob, you move so suddenly!" suggested Nan.

"No time like the present, and I insist that any one who attacks our social system should prove its rottenness when she has the opportunity. I will invite my foreman here as a guest. I will agree that he is properly coached for his part (it would not be fair to turn him loose on our unsuspecting guests without some training), and then I wager you a diamond sunburst against a crocheted tie that you ask me to put him out of the house before the week is up."

Nan's glance travelled once more across the expanse of green lawn. The little figure of the Italian was just disappearing behind a clump of shrubbery. Well, in appearance, at least, he could do the house of Darnton no discredit. Anyhow, why should a girl who was planning settlement work for the fall shrink at the thought of having one "case" in her home for a few days? She would have to live among them—in the fall!

"Well?" inquired Bob, watching her

lovely, changeable expression with appreciative eyes.

"Let him come!" she exclaimed, with assumed nonchalance and—there was no denying it—something of pleasure that she was to meet again the glance of the Italian's wondrous brown eyes. Standing on the lower step of the porch, he had looked a veritable young god. "Only you are not to tell him that the idea, the theory, is mine."

So did Vincenzo Pantozzi join the innermost circle of the social set graced by the Darntons—came also a rakish yellow racer of foreign make, a man versed in all the mysteries of the tailoring world, and a wardrobe which was a credit at least to Bob Darnton's generosity.

On one point Vincenzo stood firm. He must be permitted to leave the house every morning in time to join his workmen who were building the marvelous Italian garden at the lower end of the estate. If the fair chatelaine often shared his early breakfast, her zeal as a sociological student was to her command.

Barring a few times when Vincenzo gripped the wrong table utensil in his nervousness or dropped his spoon or fork, he did very well at table, and there was no need of dread on the part of his hostess when the elaborate week end dinner was scheduled.

"It is marvelous what imitative creatures we all are," she observed mentally one morning. She had ordered the early breakfast served on the side porch, and the scent of honeysuckle was all over.

And then Vincenzo, looking up, caught something—he did not know just what—in her calm gray eyes and promptly proceeded to upset a squat pitcher of cream.

Every night Vincenzo came in from the embryonic Italian gardens to be shaved and dressed by the stolid Englishman provided by his host.

If there were no guests for the evening Bob went a-calling on his neighbors and the fair chatelaine found herself spinning in the moonlight beside the pseudo owner of the rakish yellow car, who was taking to luxury and the social career as a duck takes to water.

To be sure, Bob suggested rather heartlessly that the week end party had best be postponed. It is one thing to conduct a social experiment, he remarked, and another to explain it, when the experimenter was a charming young woman. And the experimented one—well, there was no use talking! Vincenzo had proved no slouch!

And on the evening of the sixth day Bob came home from the city late. Dinner had been served. The porch was deserted.

No, Miss Darnton and Mr. Pantozzi were not out motoring. The gentleman (what nice shades of a mean a stolid faced servant can put into a simple phrase) had gone away in his car alone and Miss Darnton was in her room, quite ill with a headache.

Headache notwithstanding, she burst into her brother's study directly the servant had gone back to the rear of the house. Her face was quite pale. Her eyes shone with unnatural brilliancy from the centre of dark circles.

"I've come to acknowledge my defeat, Bob," she said bitterly. "I'll start your tie in the morning, and I wish you would see that Vin—Mr. Pantozzi leaves the house before I start the tie."

"Whew!" gasped Bob. "What has he done? Eaten peas with a spoon or demanded macaroni uncured?"

Nan leaned wearily against a chair and her mouth dropped.

"It has been a dreadful mistake, Bob. Don't joke about it, dear. Vincenzo—to-night—he has fallen in love with me!"

Bob leaned back in his chair and laughed heartlessly.

"Which goes to show," he gasped between paroxysms, "that your theory is entirely correct. He fell right into our life, our ways. He is one of us. I don't know a heart free man in our crowd who would not fall in love with you—if he had the opportunities of seeing you in your most charming, womanly moods, as poor Pantozzi has. Don't blame him for that! It's a bad theorist who won't accept the results of her own experiments."

"I didn't think you would take it like this, Bob. I thought the honor of the family!"

Bob bit his lip.

"Did he say anything that reflected on the Darnton honor?"

"No-o. He was lovely, but a bit hysterical. He said—well, you know what they all say—that I was the one woman—that he was unworthy of me—that he would not have placed me in such a false position—but he should love me always—and then he jumped into his car—your car, I mean—and went down the drive like mad."

"He didn't happen to say that he thought it a shame for a pretty girl to lose by trickery the best sunburst Tiffany could put up, did he?"

"Bob," gasped his sister, leaning heavily against the table, "did he know?"

"Everything, my dear! Vincenzo is a chap I met in Paris, the younger son of an old Roman family who had nothing but chapels and marbles and paintings which the estate will not permit them to sell, and Vin-

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MR. EMILE MAROIS, 1879 Ontario street, Montreal, Canada, writes:

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"I have recommended this remedy to a large number of my friends afflicted with the same trouble, and they have verified my good opinion of this valuable remedy."

cence was studying architecture with the laudable intention of earning a fortune to keep the confounded chapels and relies in the family. I gave him his first commission, and he has retaliated by demanding the hand of my only sister. That's gratitude for you! I'll send him packing in the morning," said Bob, with assumed firmness. Then suddenly a figure all in white nestled against his broad shoulder; a slim arm crept around his neck.

"I'd—I'd rather you wouldn't Bob, I need a new sunburst worse than anything else in the world, except—"

"A glimpse of Pantozzi's face at this minute—and there's his car!"

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.

Rest After Meals.

New York Tribune: Are we, as a German scientist asserts, forgetting the graceful and necessary art of reclining?

According to Dr. Gelbke and Dr. Krueche of Munich, reclining does not imply a tendency to inertia and slothfulness, and, instead of proving a waste of time, it is really of assistance in conserving the vital forces of human beings. Incidentally it aids in developing a graceful form and is a foe to wrinkles in that it promotes digestion.

"Lie down after eating," admonish some American physicians, now and again, "and you will not suffer from indigestion and dyspepsia. Take a lesson from the lower animals, who invariably recline after eating," but do not like them to go to sleep."

Just who the medical men were who repeated this same injunction to human beings in an almost pre-historic age is not recorded. The busy American laughs at the admonition and puts in his time trying all sorts of remedies and patent foods prescribed for the great American disease—dyspepsia. We don't know how to recline, they say. The ancients followed the advice of their physicians to the extent of reclining not only after, but during their meals. Many primitive peoples to day prefer to recline while eating. It is possible that the comparative absence of dyspepsia among people of the South and southern countries is due to their habit of taking a siesta after the noonday meal—usually with them the heavy meal of the day. All of Cuba and the Caribbean Islands, Mexico, and South America seem lapped in slumber during these hours, when people north of Mason and Dixon's line are doing their most strenuous work. Muddled with the murmur of waters along the Gulf resounds a united snore when high noon is waning toward late afternoon, and even the shopkeepers, who are too American to close shop as the Cubans do, during the siesta, nap in their doorways and slumber upon their counters.

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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.

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THEIR HOPE,
THE PEOPLE

Muskoka's Brave Battle for Needy Consumptives.

It is poor consolation to needy consumptives to say that the Government should make provision for the thousands who suffer and die from tuberculosis in Canada every year.

The Government should do a great deal more than they have yet dreamed of doing. But they are not doing it, and in the meantime twelve thousand die annually in the Dominion, from this dread disease.

As the situation is to-day, what would be the fate of many consumptives in Canada were it not for the two Homes for Consumptives in Muskoka that during the past eleven years, against many odds, have cared for upwards of three thousand patients in the earlier stages of the disease, whilst in the two sister institutions, on the banks of the Humber, those in the more advanced stages are treated.

This work in Muskoka is one of pure philanthropy. From the day the first patient was admitted to the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives in April, 1902, not a single applicant has ever been refused admission because of his or her inability to pay.

The Government contribute \$150 per week per patient. The cost of maintenance is \$9.25 a week. The difference in the cost of maintenance of all needy patients has through these years been made up by private philanthropy.

The Secretary-Treasurer of the Association, Mr. J. S. Robertson, 347 King Street West, Toronto, writes us that, with the financial depression of the past year, the funds of the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives have suffered greatly. At the commencement of the winter season the Trustees have to face a heavily overdrawn bank account and have many obligations to meet.

Despite these financial worries every applicant is receiving careful consideration and patients are admitted as promptly as beds are made vacant.

All through these years the institution has been maintained, not by any rich endowment, for such does not exist, but by the generous contributions of the masses of the people—the small sums rather than the large ones.

We frankly say that we do not know, in our experience, of a more worthy and deserving charity, and our hope is that the readers of these lines will respond to the appeal that is now made for funds for the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives.

Contributions may be sent to Mr. W. J. Gage, 84 Spadina Ave., Chairman of the Executive Committee, or to J. S. Robertson, Secretary-Treasurer of the National Sanitarium Association, 347 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario.

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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; Vancouver, 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 M. Rock, and intermediate points.

12.10 A EXPRESS—For all points North: M. Presque Isle, Edmundston, Riviere du Loup and Quebec.

4.50 P. MIXED—For Fredericton, etc., via Gile's Mon Branch.

5.33 P. EXPRESS—For Houlton, St. Stephen, M. (St. Andrews after July 1st), Fredericton, St. John, and East; Vancouver, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West, and North, 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 Gile's Mon 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 Riviere du Loup.

10.05 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.

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