

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."

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 public speakers. At all druggists, 50c and \$1.00, or Dr. T. A. Slocum, Ltd., Toronto.

The Miracle of the Pelargonium

(BY INA WRIGHT HANSON.)

We were at the Big Tree grove, little eastern bred Muriel, with pelargoniums at her slender waist, and I, a western writer. We had wandered through the inner grove where the most mighty monarchs are—the 'Giant,' 'General Sherman,' 'Jumbo,' 'The Sisters,' and others. We had revelled at the contrasts between trees three hundred feet high and the creamcups and other sweet spring flowers nestling at their feet. Then we had gone through the gates into the outer forest, and were sitting at the river's edge, at the end of the swinging bridge. The rest of the party stayed away. We were to have this little good-by hour apart.

"The Giant is sixty-five feet in circumference, three hundred and six feet high, and is estimated to be three thousand years old," chanted Muriel, in the words of the guide. "Or was it five thousand? Three thousand or five thousand? O dear! Must I always refer to my notebook? Can I tell nothing without always referring to my notebook?"

I took the notebook from her. "Your lips were not made for facts, dry as dust. They were made for—"

I had intended to say for poetry and romance. I truly had; but chancing to look at those lips, so red, so daintily curved, so wondrously alluring, I said "kisses," and I proved my assertion. No man could have helped it.

Of course she was very angry. I suppose I would not have had her otherwise; but she did not spring to her feet and run from me. "I will not apologize, for you know I want you so, Muriel," I pleaded.

She regarded me scornfully. "As I have told you before, I will not mate with a dreamer. Why do you not go into the world and do some mighty work? Everybody—"

"Everybody works but father?" I interrupted politely. Even with my heart sore I could never help laughing at Muriel and her fine talk of workers. Little dainty wisp of a creature, born to be worshipped and cared for, but taking so serious a view of life.

"Would you have me a hod carrier?" I asked. "As it is, I dream, and my dream makes a book, and the book brings some dollars, and the dollars make several things possible. If I were a hod carrier it would mean simply dollars, though perhaps fewer of them; so the result is approximately the same—and you have no idea how much pleasanter it is to dream than to carry bricks."

"You are a trifle," she declared. "You ought to write a book which will make the world better."

"I am quite sure my books never hurt anybody's morals or manners," I insisted gently.

"Only a negative virtue," she responded. "The man I marry must be positive. He must look—"

She hesitated, gazing down at her Lady Washington flowers, which she had taken from her belt.

"How?" I asked with some interest.

"I don't deny that I should be willing that he should look like you," she admitted, a fine color coming into her cheeks. "If only you would do something to make the world better."

My mood had changed. I would plead no longer with this child. My mind went to the packet of letters I counted as among my treasures. They had come from different parts of the country after my first book had been launched. According to these, my

mission was not a failure—my book though a simple one, had made better at least a part of the world; but I would not tell Muriel this. I would not try to influence her in the least. I arose, and held out my hand. In the distance the train was whistling.

"One thing remember, dear child," I said gravely. "And that is, that love blazes its own paths, and cuts its own channels. If it be written that you are for me, you will marry me in good time. Love brooks no interference in his realm."

Her cheeks stormed into color as I helped her to her feet.

"Do you see this Lady Washington," she demanded, holding the pelargonium before me. "See, I lay it in the hollow of this little Big Tree. There is dirt in the hollow, and the pelargonium may grow. Coming again, I may find that it has taken place. So may I become your wife. The one is as possible as the other."

So Muriel went back to her East with her schemes of philanthropy, and I stayed in my West to dream, and then to write; but I found that dreaming had grown to be a weary task, when the most beautiful one of them all was a forbidden one, for I had lost faith in my own brave avowal of love's omnipotence.

Nearly a year had gone before I visited the Big Tree grove again. I went alone and took my solitary way to the river where I had said good-bye to my Dream of Dreams. A furious storm had wrought some havoc there. Two or three of the lesser trees had fallen, and the swinging bridge had been twisted and broken, and thrown upon the bank, while the swollen river raged angrily by it.

At last I turned away from my sad retrospection. My eyes caught a glimpse of blue in the distance, and somehow I thought of Muriel's dress as it looked on that other day when she had not been kind; but just then I was joined by the guide, who was quite a friend of mine. He had discovered a new plant, and was naturally quite enthusiastic over it; so I went into the inner grove to view the discovery. After I had left him I still had a half hour before train time so I went back to the broken bridge.

Again were my eyes caught by the glimpse of blue, and I saw that a woman was kneeling before one of the little Big Trees.

"Each to her oak the bashful dryads shrink," I murmured. "If oaks could have dryads, why not red-woods?" I asked myself. But when she turned her head and looked at me, I started toward her.

"Muriel!" I cried, yet still half-believing that it was a beautiful vision.

But she sprang to her feet, her white face growing pink, and her tear wet eyes holding a sweetness I had never seen there before. She pointed toward the hollow of the tree.

"Look, Arnaud, the miracle of the pelargonium."

There in the little sifting of dirt grew the Lady Washington, not very sturdily, but still it had rooted and was alive. Her words came back to me.

"I might leave this flower here, and coming again, find that it had taken root; so might I become your wife. The one is as possible as the other!"

I held out my arms. She hesitated, and her color deepened.

"Don't think me bold, Arnaud. I didn't come seeking you. My mother is not well and I came with her. I came—"

"You came because the love-god sent you, sweetheart," I finished for her. "Now, come the rest of the way to the arms which may never let you go again."

Shy in her love, pulsing with life, glowing with happiness, she came to me. My dream came true.

"The East and the West are met together," I said. "Now I think I can write the book which will make the world better."

"Don't begin it just yet," she whispered, with her soft cheek against mine. "Let the world wait till you have loved me awhile."

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.

Spots on Wall Paper.

The spots that find themselves on wall paper more frequently in summer than at any other time, can be quickly and easily removed by making a stiff dough of graham flour and water. Knead the dough thoroughly and break into small pieces.

As each piece is used it should be doubled in on itself so there is a clean surface at each rub. When one piece is soiled throw it away and take a fresh one.

Always rub the paper in one direction and do not go over the same surface twice.

SORE ACHING BLISTERED FEET



Farmers, farmers' wives, store girls, clerks, bricklayers, policemen and postmen—all who have to be on their feet all day, and suffer from sore feet, chafing, or blistering will find relief in Zam-Buk.

Mr. Wm. Ashley, 527 Seigneurs St., Montreal, says:—"I suffered cruelly from sore feet, which became raw and blistered. Some days I was hardly able to walk home from work, and others I had to leave off about 3 o'clock. Powders, salves and ointments of all kinds I tried in vain, sometimes actually working with them in my boots. I was advised to try Zam-Buk, and in a few hours it reduced the smarting and soreness. I kept on with it, putting a little on each night. In a few days the soreness was all gone."

Of all stores and medicine vendors at sec. a box, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. Cures eczema, prairie itch, salt rheum, insect stings, sunburns, cuts, burns, and all skin injuries and diseases.

ZAM-BUK
GIVES INSTANT EASE

Csught Lots of Salmon.

Mr. F. R. Marshall, of Hamlin, Nickerson and Marshall, bankers, of State street, Boston, Mass., arrived at the Queen Hotel today accompanied by Mrs. Marshall, formerly Miss Hamilton, of Woodstock, from a salmon fishing trip. Mr. Marshall caught about fifteen salmon on the Metapedia, having exclusive right to Mr. Mowatt's waters; the fish weighed all the way from 25 pounds down to 12 pounds and Mr. Marshall was delighted with his trip.—Fredericton Gleaner, Aug. 3rd.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Spoiling The Trip.

(Woman's Home Companion.)

A certain Kentucky justice of the peace was called upon to marry a runaway couple who drove up to his house. When the final words were said the bridegroom fumbled in his pockets and finally fished out a silver dollar.

"Jedge," said he, "this here's all the cash I've got in the world. If you want it you kin have it; but I don't mind tellin' you that I set it aside for honeymoon expenses."

A Clubbing Offer.

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

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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.

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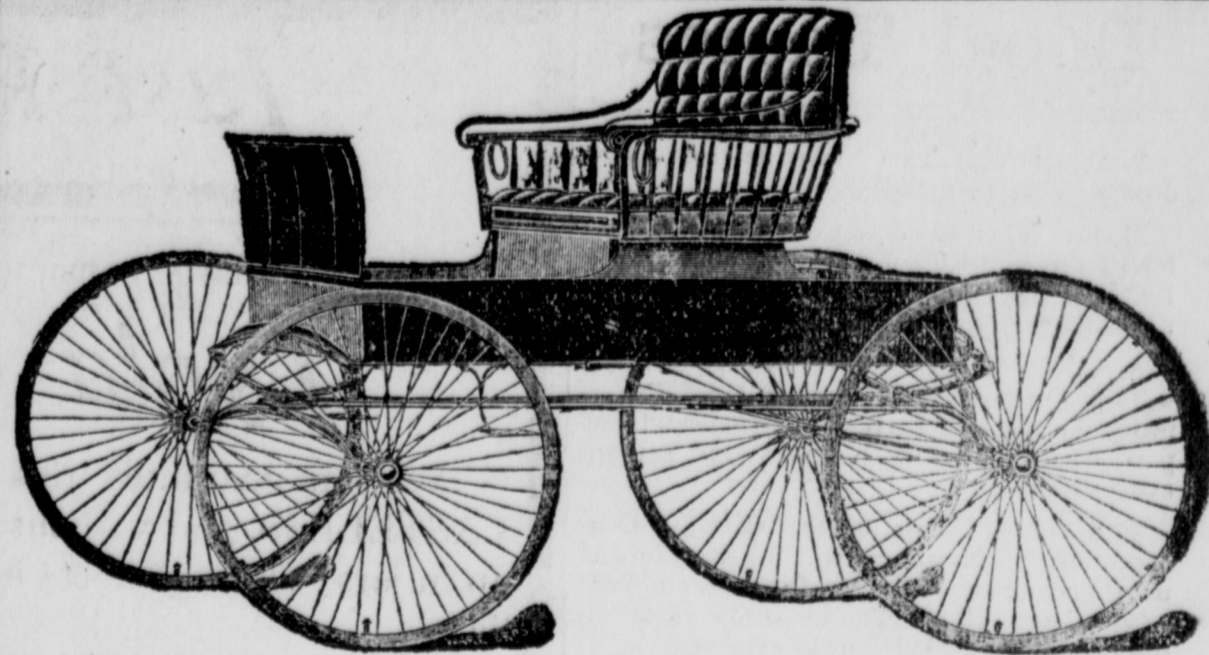
Orders left at Fewer Bros.' Plumbing shop King street.

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 Vince, 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



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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.

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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

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