

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.

When Day is Done.

By W. F. Bryan.

Somewhere at the other end of the room, a gong clanged out its harsh, brazen note, and soon the hum of industry and the clatter of machinery gave way to the chatter of tongues as the operatives shut off the power from their machines.

As they gathered about the inspection desk to turn in their days work, the great shafts overhead ceased their whirring and the sharp tune they had sung all day ended in a descending scale as the momentum died out. The days work was done.

Now the girls were hurrying toward the washroom, a screened compartment, supplied with an iron sink, cakes of yellow soap cut to convenient size, and a few roller towels of coarse cotton cloth. There was room for but a dozen at the sink, and urged by the waiting line, the girls cut the ablutions scant and perfunctory.

When they had changed their working clothes for cheap and garish street finery, they descended in the elevator to the street where the men employees were waiting for the favored few.

Ida Clarke hurriedly rinsed her hands and slipped on her worn, dark skirt and frayed jacket. It was growing too warm for a coat but she could not afford a new waist just now, and there were patches in the elbows of the old one. The jacket was at least whole, save on the edges which now defied further binding.

For more than a year she had followed the regular factory routine, yet she had never become accustomed to this rush and turmoil of the streets when the mountainous buildings suddenly disgorged their hordes of workers into the narrow canyons below.

The hurrying armies, fighting their way east, west, north and south, terrified her, and as she found herself caught in the tide bound for her home, she gave a little sigh of relief.

It would be all right until the corner was reached, when the cross-current of humanity again would be encountered. She still dreaded the impact of the human tide. She thought of the quiet country lanes of home, and how the sun was now slanting across the fields, just turning green under the warming sun.

Here has been great hopes when she had left the country for the city. She had planned to study shorthand and typewriting while she supported herself at lighter clerical work. But there had been no office vacancies, and her fast vanishing funds had forced her to have recourse to the factory, where her back was soon wrenched and strained and her fingers twisted and tired from handling the heavy material she forced through the speeding machines.

It was vastly different from the machine sewing at home, for the factory exacted the utmost work from each machine, human or iron, while a sharp-eyed foreman prowled up and down the aisle ready to pounce upon any one who faltered.

Ida's hands were too stiff to hold a pencil after the day's work was done and the dreams of advancement had to be forgotten in the necessity of the moment. But though her muscles ached and her eyes seemed to burn in their sockets, she would not give up. She would not go back to Carsonville and confess failure.

She blushed as she thought of what going back meant. She had come to the city because Jack Deering had scoffed at the idea of her earning her own way.

Some unfortunate twist of his words had given Ida the belief that he offered himself not only because she was left alone in the

world, but because of pity for her condition. She was too proud to admit her love when he did not confess his own affection.

Deering, looking only on the practical side of the matter, had never dreamed that he had been refused because of her belief that he did not love her. He had supposed that, of course, she knew how dearly he cared for her and he had not thought it necessary to tell the oft-told tale. So he had allowed her to go.

Ida had not lost her fresh coloring, in spite of her hardships, and, to the fear of the great masses of men and women home-bound, was added the dread of an encounter with one of the human brutes who presume their attentions will be welcome to factory girls because they dress well.

More than once she had felt a hand placed familiarly upon her arm or had hurried on to escape the running fire of talk from a man who had dropped into step beside her and had persisted until a policeman came in sight.

Tonight Ida was frankly homesick. There was something in the breath of spring, tainted though it was by the reek of pavements and the noisome smoke of the city.

Back in the old days, when home was a home and not a hole in the wall, when she trod green earth and not the hard stones of the pavement, this was the hour she liked the best, when the day was done and the evening shadows changed into the purple light.

It was not often that Ida let herself get homesick, for those who would work by day must not cry all the night, but with this subtle suggestion of home in the air and in the sky she tears welled into her eyes.

The dreaded crossing, with its roar of traffic and its rush of humanity, was passed successfully, and Ida did not notice that a man tuned out of the counter-current and hurried after her as rapidly as he was able.

Not until a hand closed upon her arm did she realize that she had been followed. She wrenched herself loose and hurried ahead, but a second time the hand fell upon her arm and she turned with a little cry.

"Please let me go," she said, while the tears blinded her eyes.

"Not much," was the triumphant answer. "I've spent too much time looking for you to let you go now that I have found you."

With a quick movement of her hand, Ida dashed the tears from her eyes and looked up into the laughing face. It was not a handsome face; the sun had burned the skin to a deep brown and the brow was wrinkled by lines of care, while the high cheek bones and the hollows of the cheeks gave to the face a ruggedness redeemed only by the kindly smile of the sensitive month and the twinkle in the clear gray eyes, but to Ida it was the face in all the world she most desired to see.

"Is it really you, Jack?" she asked, wonderingly. "Or is it some dream?"

"I guess it's me—unless I've been changed in the last half hour," declared Deering as he smiled down into the upturned face, and his eyes filled with pity, as he noted the signs of care that marked it. "I've been looking all over for you. You never wrote back home and I just couldn't stand it any longer. I left Jethro to do the plowing and planting and I came down to look for you. It was a hard job, but I found you."

"And now that you've seen me, I suppose that you'll be content and go back to the planting," suggested Ida.

"If you'll come with me," agreed Deering. "If you won't, I'll settle down here, for I love you too much, dear, to let you run away from me again."

"You love me?" she asked wonderingly.

"Of course," was the prompt response. "There isn't a man, woman or child in Carsonville that don't know that."

"You never told me," she reminded.

"You wanted to marry me because I needed some one to take care of me."

"Did I have to tell you that?" he asked in astonishment. "I supposed you knew."

"A woman likes to be told," explained Ida. "The next time you ask a woman to marry you, begin by telling that you love her; not by explaining that you want to keep her out of the poor house."

"I love you," said Deering promptly. "Now will you marry me? We can be married tonight and start for home by the midnight train. That will get us in tomorrow just as the day is done."

"As the day is done?" signed Ida happily.

For her the nightmare day of privation was done and a purple twilight of peace was at hand. The spring breeze was still tainted with the reek of foul pavements, but for her it was blowing across the apple blossoms of the orchards at home.

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If you think of buying a FARM and want a GOOD ONE, I am now in a position to give you the BEST VALUE for your money that has ever been offered before in Carleton Co. If you have the SLIGHTEST IDEA of buying a farm in the near future, DONT MISS this CHANGE. BEST LOCALITY, UP-TO-DATE BUILDINGS, LAND IN GOOD CONDITION, NEAR TO MARKET, NEAR TO SCHOOL, NEAR TO CHURCH. —See me or write me early as this Farm must be sold.

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Woodstock, N. B.

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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.

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Large Organs, Long Life.

Every person, according to a medical writer, bears physical indication of his prospects of a long or short life, says the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times. "The primary condition of longevity is the heart, lungs and digestive organs as well as the brain, should be large. If these organs are large, the trunk will be long and the limbs comparatively short. The person will appear tall in sitting and short in standing."

"The hand will have a long and somewhat heavy palm and short fingers. The blue or brown hazel eye, as showing an intermission of temperament, is a favorable indication. The nostrils, if large, open and free, indicate large lungs. A pinched and half-closed nostril indicates small or weak lungs."

Get my "Book No. 4 For Women." It will give weak women many valuable suggestions of relief—and with strictly confidential medical advice is entirely free. Simply write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. The book No. 4 tells all about Dr. Shoop's Night Cure and how these soothing, healing, antiseptic suppositories can be successfully applied to correct these weaknesses. Write for the book. The Night Cure is sold by All Dealers.

Coloring Canvas Shoes.

The "matching" idea is so strong just now that girls may like to know that white canvas shoes may be colored to match any costume. The process of dyeing will shrink the shoes, but they may be successfully painted with good water-color paint.

Mount the shoes on trees. If you do not own shoe trees, stuff the shoes evenly and fully with crumpled tissue paper. Then apply the paint with a good-sized bristle or a sponge.

Care should be taken to prepare sufficient paint before commencing the painting; the canvas being very absorbent, you will need a generous amount. As an event that depends upon expeditious work, you can readily see the disadvantage of having to stop in the midst of the operation to mix more paint.

The World is Good.

All mortals have followed a beaten track since man was invented, a long time back; and folks were laughing or shedding tears away, away in the vanished years. The cave man worried because his club broke down when he batted another club; and people flew in a beastly rage, 'cause their stove-pipes smoked in the glacial age. The same old sorrow you have to-day, was old when Adam was baling hay; the worry that makes your bosom dark, was old when Noah was in the ark. The grim foreboding that makes you pale, was old when Jonah was in the whale. There is nothing new in this world, so wide, so do not worry, but let things slide. Your hopes and doubts, your dreams and fears, are but the dust of a million years.—[Emporia Gazette.]

A Clubbing Offer.

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

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 Vincent, 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:—

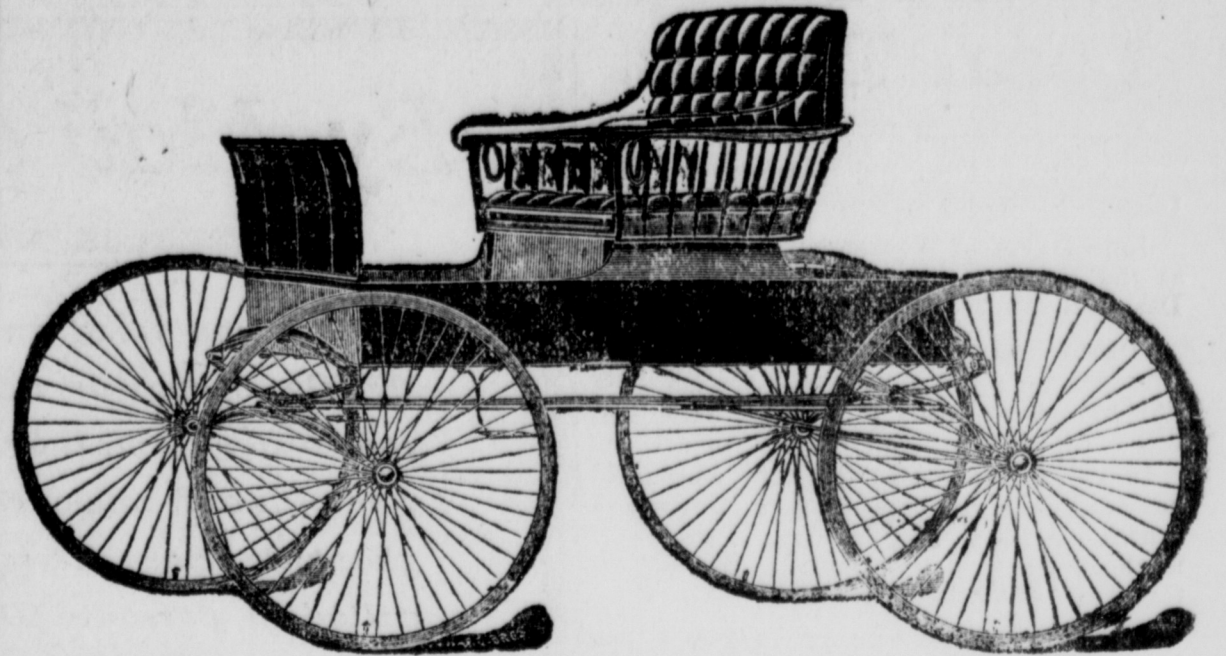
"All that certain tract of land situate in the said Parish of Richmond and bounded as follows, to wit:—On the north by land formerly owned by Samuel Hemphill; on the east by land formerly owned by Michael Hilley; on the south by the south half of lot number twelve in the Third Tier or Range from the 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 Deeds 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



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Presence of Mind.

General Funston, at a dinner in San Francisco, cited an example of great presence of mind.

"In the height of the disorder here," he said, "a mob was looting a big grocery when a band of soldiers arrived on the scene."

"One thief had seized two hams, and was about to make off with one under each arm, when he ran plump into an officer."

Placing the hams in the officer's arms, he said peremptorily:—

"Take care of these, my man, or, the first thing you know, they will be stolen."