

**A Mother's Breakdown**

**Her Health so Shattered Her Children were taken from Her.**

It is a sad story, one that is not often heard nowadays, that is told in the following letter by Mrs. Marion R. Charlotte, written from her home in Pittsburg: "For about five years I suffered from a complication of disorders, the origin of which my doctor was unable to discover. It was undoubtedly owing to imperfect action of the liver and stomach. I am sure of this, because there was a continual weight and painful fullness in my right side, and scarcely anything I ate was digested. I also suffered agony with hemorrhoids. A succession of sleepless nights, cruel pains in my side and back, combined with the terrible state of my nerves, made me wish for death. "I could do no housework, my sisters took my small children, and I despaired of ever getting on my feet again.

"One memorable day a neighbor brought me a box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which had cured her of troubles similar to mine. To my astonishment, I felt better next day. Gradually, all my pains disappeared, I put on flesh, looked healthy, had lots of spirit, and a desire to work. Dr. Hamilton's Pills cured me, and I know they will work marvels for every woman that uses them."

The one safe, dependable medicine for men and women in poor health is Dr. Hamilton's Pills—refuse any substitute. At all dealers, 25c per box, or five boxes for \$1. By mail from the Catarrhzone Company, Kingston, Ont.

**How To Wash Blankets.**

Allow a large tablespoonful of borax (ump is as good as the powders) to every two gallons of soft, warm water. Soak the blankets in this over night, white ones in separate tubs from colored ones. There should be enough water to cover them as they lie loosely in the tub. In the morning, squeeze up and down a few times, wring out with the wringer, rinse in clear, warm, soft water; wring, and hang on the line. If blankets are rather short, hang across the line; if narrow, hang along the line, as their weight will cause them to stretch either way. Pin evenly and closely. If badly soiled, use two "borax waters." The color of the water tells if the dirt is in the water or the blankets. Shake them well before putting into the water. Blankets washed in this way will not shrink or "full," but will remain soft and fleecy like new until worn out. Take direct from the line when dry, fold, put in tight, new grain-bags, or good pillow cases and no moth preventive will be required.

The wholesome, harmless green leaves and tender stems of a lung healing mountainous shrub, give to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy its curative properties. Tickling or dry bronchial coughs quickly and safely yield to this highly effective Cough medicine. Dr. Shoop assures mothers that they can with safety give it to even very young babes. No opium, no chloroform—absolutely nothing harsh or harmful. It calms the distressing cough, and heals the sensitive membranes. Accept no other. Demand Dr. Shoop's. Sold by all dealers.

**Telling Time by the Palm.**

(Lewiston Journal.)

A year or so ago Walter Mason, who lives in the town of Newport, Me., became aware that he possessed the remarkable ability of telling the accurate time of day by simply looking at his palm, just as some one else would take out his watch and look at the figures on the dial. Mr. Mason does not know, and no one else who has witnessed this unusual proceeding has been able to tell him the cause of this. But from the time he discovered his ability to do so he has never been known to make a mistake when telling the time of day by looking at his palm. Considerable doubt was expressed at first at his being able to do what his townspeople considered little short of miraculous.

So, obtaining a watch that could be depended upon, he first would look at his palm and tell the time, after which he would consult the watch, and thus far his first statement has not deviated from the watch.

Mr. Mason says he first sees a picture of what he tells, in his own mind, but so far as explaining the reason for this or being able to teach anyone else his method, he is unable to do; and by their own observations the people in the town are convinced of the fact that he does indeed possess a strange gift, one hitherto unheard of, but one that can be depended upon, nevertheless.

**Colour Time.**

Autumn like a day new born,  
Floods across the sleeping land,  
Ripening the fields of corn,  
Till yellow throngs are nodding hand in hand.  
Sowly through the world of mist,  
Golden red the sun moves down,  
Till the wooded hill-tops kissed  
Are smoking crimson like a plundered town.  
France may sing of coloured lands,  
Vineyards purple in the fall,  
Emerald waters on white sands,  
A yellow grove behind a gray-faced wall.  
Chalk-white roads through painted bloom,  
Crooked hills of crooked trees  
Slashed with lavender and bloom,  
And scarlet sails against the vivid seas.  
But I know a woodland lane,  
Where when autumn drifts and fills,  
Colours burn as rich again,  
And overflowing flood the silent hills.  
—Douglas Roberts, in the Canadian Magazine for October.

**When You Have Found Your Place**

"Orison Sweet Marden in Success Magazine."  
You will be happy in it—contented, joyous, cheerful, energetic.  
The days will be all too short for you. Dinner time and closing time will come before you realize it.  
All your faculties will give their consent to your work; will say "Amen" to your occupation. There will be no protest anywhere in your nature.

You will not feel humiliated because you are a farmer, or a blacksmith, or a shoemaker, because, whatever your occupation or profession, you will be an artist instead of an artisan.

You will not apologize because you are not this or that, because you will have found your place and will be satisfied.

You will feel yourself growing in your work, and your life broadening and deepening.

Your work will be a perpetual tonic to you. There will be no drudgery in it.

You will go to your task with delight and leave it with regret.

Life will be a glory, not a grind.

A pain prescription is printed on each 25c. box of Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets. Ask your Doctor or Druggist if this formula is not complete. Head pains, womanly pains, pains anywhere get instant relief from a Pink Pain Tablet.

A Lancashire lad was very fond of dogs, and took all the stray dogs he found to his home, but with the same result—they were all turned away. One day he took one home, and he says to his father:

"This is a good one."

"Ah, lad, it is," says his father. "I don't mind going thee shares at that."

"All right, father," and the two discussed the different points and qualities of the dog till the lad's bed time.

Next morning the lad was up first, whistling, but no dog answered him.

"Father, have you seen anything of the dog?"

"Ah, we were going shares, weren't we?"

"Yes, father, we were."

"Well, I kicked my half out, and I think thine's gone with it."

**The King Leaving Marienbad.**

(London Times, Sept. 10.)

Just before leaving Marienbad the King was bidding good-bye to a few personal friends when a child of about four, also anxious to say good-bye to the King, broke away from the crowd which had gathered, toddled up to his majesty, presented him with a red rose, and then beat a hasty retreat while the King laughing said, "Ich danke schon."

The King sent specially for Dr. Ott and thanked him for his professional services and presented him with an autographed photograph. His majesty, continuing, said: "I invite you to stay with me for a few days next November at my home at Sandringham, where I live the life of an English country gentleman, where my personal friends foregather, where I do not live such an official life as at Windsor."

The King then authorized Dr. Ott to make the following statement:

"After a thorough examination of the King which I made yesterday I am very happy to state that the King enjoys perfect health. In every respect his strength is similar to that of a sound man ten years his junior, and having known the King for ten years I have no hesitation in saying that he astonishes a medical man by his robust constitution and vigor. The cure, in every direction, was a great success."

**The Delineator for November.**

Every college student in the United States should read "My Ideal of the True University," by President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton University in THE DELINEATOR for November. Dr. Wilson's view of education in its highest and largest meaning is inspiring. Another article of education and interest is "If the Japanese Should Rear Your Children," by Adachi Kinnoeuke, who gives the

**SPRAINED WRIST AND ANKLE**

After Being Laid Up With Great Pain for Ten Days, Relief Was Gained Instantly by Applying

**NERVILINE**

One of the most soul-distressing accidents that can befall one is a bad ankle or wrist sprain. "If I had only known of 'Nerviline' earlier, I could have saved myself an enormous amount of pain, and many agonizing nights of sleeplessness." Thus writes P. P. Quinn, a young farmer living near Brockville. "I tumbled from a hay

loft to the barn floor and sprained my right ankle and left wrist. They swelled rapidly and caused excruciating pains. It was not convenient to go to the city and the liniment in the house was useless. When I got Nerviline relief came quickly. It took down the swelling, relieved the pain, and gave me wonderful comfort.

"I can recommend Nerviline for strains, bruises, swellings, muscular pains, and sore back. I have proved it a sure cure in such cases."

Think what it might some day mean to you to have right in your home, ready for an accident or emergent sickness, a bottle or two of Nerviline. Get it to-day, 25c. or five for \$1.00, all dealers, or The Catarrhzone Co., Kingston, Ont.

people of our Occidental civilization much to think about. "Kentucky's Fight for an Education," Mabel Potter Daggett, is a remarkable social study. It tells what Southern woman can do when they concentrate their efforts on a public movement. In this November number the Rev. Edward Tall made Root discuses "The Alleged Decline in church attendance" and supplies statistics that are not altogether discouraging to American church-goers.

Rudyard Kipling's short story, "The Wrong Thing," the third in the remarkable series written for THE DELINEATOR, is fascinating; it will be read not once but many times. There two other unusual short stories, "The Clearing Bridal," by Edward Lucas White and "The Race," by Alice Brown. Grace MacGowan Cook's serial, "The Power and the Glory," is continued.

The fashions for the month are reviewed and charmingly illustrated and there are many clever suggestions for Thanksgiving dinners and Thanksgiving entertainments.

**CURE THAT OBSTINATE SORE**

where Ordinary Salves fail Zam-Buk Succeeds.

Chronic sores, which cause trouble by "breaking open," may be cured by Zam-Buk, as well as recent injuries and diseases. If you suffer from some old sore—hidden, perhaps, but none the less painful for that—don't dally, apply Nature's healing essences as provided in Zam-Buk. Mrs. I. E. Ashton, 111, Vickers Street, Fort William, tells how valuable Zam-Buk is as a family balm. She says:—"We first used Zam-Buk for cuts and bruises, etc., and found it so satisfactory that my husband started using it for a chronic sore. For a long time he had been bothered with an old sore on his leg, and had used various preparations, yet nothing had permanently cured it. He began applying Zam-Buk balm, and was very soon agreeably surprised to notice a great improvement."

"It was only a matter of a short time before Zam-Buk had thoroughly cleansed the sore of all foul matter and healing commenced. It is now some months since the sore was completely closed, and there is no likelihood of its breaking out again."

"Since then my baby, eighteen months old, has been cured of eczema on the scalp by Zam-Buk. This eczema came in red pimples, and if rubbed or scratched, formed into sores. The child was very fretful from the irritation of the scalp, but whenever Zam-Buk was applied it seemed to bring the greatest relief. Frequent applications were effective in clearing all traces of the disease from the baby's scalp in a short space of time. I feel it my duty to give the credit where due, and I cheerfully recommend Zam-Buk to all sufferers from chronic sores, bad leg, or eczema."

Zam-Buk is Nature's own healing balm, being composed of pure-herbal essences. It is a sure cure for eczema, ringworm, ulcers, cuts, burns, bruises, poisoned sores, chronic wounds, bad leg, piles, festering sores, chapped hands, cold-sores, frost bite, and all skin injuries and diseases. Druggists and stores everywhere sell at 50c. a box, or post free for price from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto; 3 boxes \$1.25. You are warned against harmful imitations represented to be "just as good."

**Breaking the News.**

Patrick arrived home much the worse for wear. One eye was closed, his nose was broken and his face looked as though he had been stung by bees.

"Glory be!" exclaimed his wife.

"That Dutchman Schwartzheimer—'twas him, explained Patrick.

"Shame on ye!" exploded his wife with out sympathy. "A big shpalpeen the loikes of you to get bate up by a little omadhoun of a Dutchman the size of him! Why—

"Whist, Nora," said Patrick, "don't spake disrespectfully of the dead!"—Every-body Magazine.

**FOX BROS.**

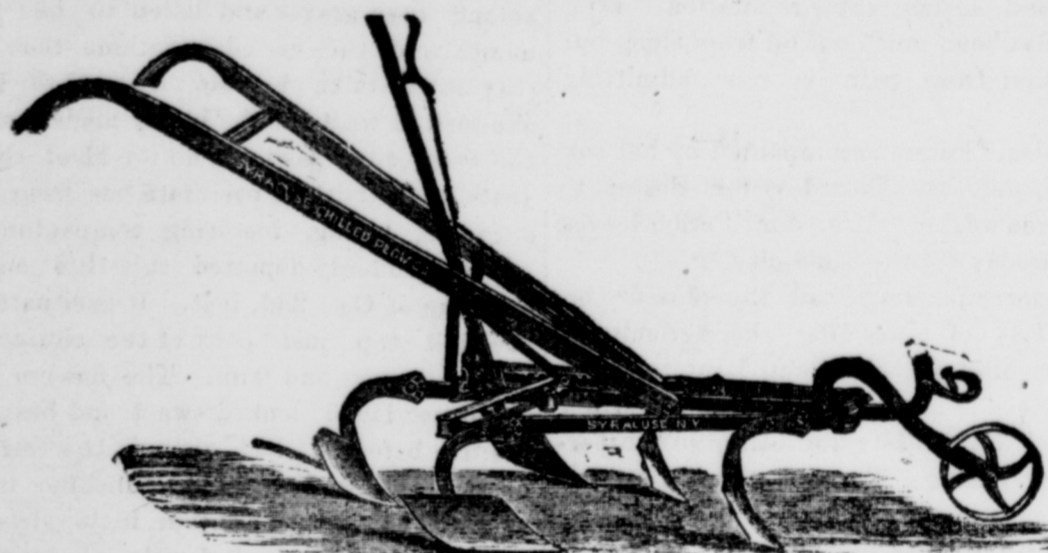
**The Consideration Paramount in Buying**

is, first of all, RELIABILITY. Dutchess Trousers are made of the best cloths, carefully selected from the most reliable mills. They are made in a large, sanitary factory by expert operatives. The thoroughness of the manufacturing system enables the makers to offer the unusual warranty of

**10 Cents a Button; \$1.00 a Rip.**

**FOX BROS'**

Aroostook's Greatest Clothiers, Hatters and Furnishers, HOULTON, MAINE.



**PLOWS and PLOW POINTS, Etc.**

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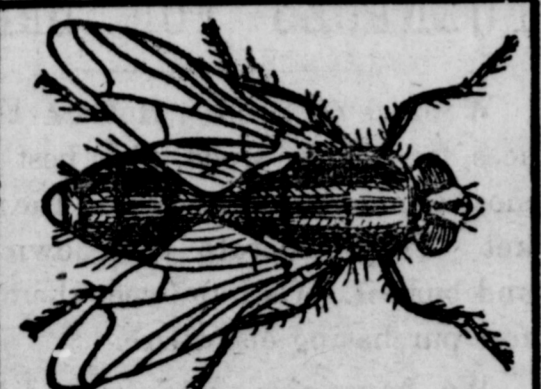
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