

Heard Her Death Sentence

To obtain temporary relief when suffering is a great boon, but to be permanently cured and restored to health after being assured that one has not a year to live, is an experience that cannot fail to bring joy to any heart. Yet this is what Mrs. A. E. Ternan, of Norwich, Ont., says PSYCHINE accomplished in her case.

Writing on August 11th, 1908, she says: "It is ten years since I took PSYCHINE, and I have not taken ten dollars' worth of medicine since. I should not have lived out the year had it not been for PSYCHINE. I am now in excellent health." Can any testimony be stronger than this?

If you are feeling worn out and run down, try PSYCHINE. You will be surprised at the result. PSYCHINE thoroughly builds up the system, and imparts new life and vigor.

The greatest of tonics, PSYCHINE, restores the throat, lungs, heart, stomach, digestive and blood-making organs to perform their proper functions. The only specific known that will cure chronic weakness, catarrh and decline. Sold at all druggists and stores. 50c. and \$1. Send for a free sample to Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Patty's Business Experience.

By MAUD HUMPHREYS.

"Is it as bad as that?" asked Mrs. Constance Wilson in dismay.

"Every bit as bad," responded Patty, with a brave attempt at cheerfulness. "When it is all over I will have perhaps \$500 and the furniture."

"Dear me," thought Mrs. Wilson, "and every one thought Mr. Norris was such a fine business man." But she did not express the thought. She knew the girl's loyalty to her dead father.

"Patty," she finally exclaimed in triumph, "there are the Van Allen girls going abroad. Their father is a widower. He wants a companion for them. You know the continent like a guidebook, and you'd be useful. They are new to this sort of thing, you know."

Patricia Norris drew herself up very straight.

"Connie, don't suggest impossible things. I positively refuse to take a position that savors of charity. I'm going straight into the business world and work—really work."

Mrs. Wilson affected a cheerful acquiescence which she did not feel.

"I'm going home now, my dear, and think this over. You'll hear from me tomorrow. And of course you'll succeed, whatever you undertake."

Mrs. Wilson had been Patty's governess in the days when such a thing as financial uncertainty seemed far removed from the Norris mansion. Now she was manuscript reader for a big publishing concern. When she reached her dimly lighted bedroom, third story, back, in a noisy boarding house, she drew forth a small bank book and studied it carefully. As a result of long reflection she dispatched the following note to Patty:

My Dear Girl—Before we do anything else we must find a home. I am sick unto death of boarding. Shall we have a little flat together, a cunning apartment, with what you want of your dear old furnishings? Then we'll find you the position. But first a home, for your sake and mine. Save me from the fate of a hall bedroom, my dear. It is the chance I have dreamed of for years.

HUMAN MISERY



IN THE HOME

A vast amount of human misery is endured by thousands of men and women, who are never really well. Headache, sickness, nervous depression, dislike of food, sinking sensations, with distressing dizziness and weakness, make life a daily misery to such sufferers. And the cause is indigestion—a stomach that cannot digest sufficient food to keep it well, and leaves the mind weak, irritable, depressed. To such unhappy ones Mother Seigel's Syrup brings a message of hope, brings the ready help to health, brings the quiet, strong sense of confidence which only health can give—health re-made and regained, through sound digestion. Take it daily after meals.

Price 50c. a bottle. Sold everywhere. A. J. White & Co. Ltd., Montreal.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Three weeks later Mrs. Wilson caught Patty frowning at her across a dinner table that was home like and dainty.

"Connie, there's absolutely nothing left for me to do. The tins are hung straight in the kitchen, and I've tried the bricy-bracy in every conceivable position. I'm not to be put off any longer. I want a job."

There was mirth in the tone, but it rang false. "Job" from the lips of Patricia Norris! Nevertheless that same evening they faced the situation together. Mrs. Wilson had seen this coming and was prepared.

"There is absolutely nothing open in our offices, as I had hoped, Patty, and the only schools where I would have influence are supplied with teachers that never marry or die." She surveyed the girl through a veil of unshed tears. "You're a regular Gibson figure, dear, and such lovely fluffy hair!" She broke disconnectedly. Patty laughed.

"Connie, do stick to the text. Shall I go forth as an artist's model?"

Mrs. Wilson clasped her hands tightly.

"Not exactly that, but I heard of something today, Patty, that you could do—so well."

"Name it," responded Patty, but with an odd sinking sensation in her heart.

"At Schermerhorn's they want—a—a model to show off their imported suits, and you've the very—Oh, Patty, don't look at me like that. I've tried so hard to get something better!"

In a second the girl's soft arms were round her neck.

"Connie, behave yourself! Of course I shall take it and be properly grateful. How much?"

"Only \$12.50 a week, but you wouldn't have got that much only that I told the head of the department what a—a beauty you were."

"Flatterer!" answered Patty, with a laugh that sounded more like a sob.

So did Patricia Norris make her entry into the business world. It was not hard work, and she never wearied of handling the beautiful wraps and frocks. Her statuesque beauty set them off to perfection, and the head of the department approved of her because she "never got gay" nor wasted the time of other employees by chatting with them, as her predecessor had done. In fact, she held herself aloof from the other girls in the shop. It was an odd, unreasoning pride that they could not understand. If the girls who thought her proud had known how she envied them they might have felt differently. They worked with their hands, and she—just posed. It was not brain that earned her salary, but a mere bauble of physical perfection.

And she resented most of all the quiet, searching glances of a young fellow who seemed to be in the cashier's department. Once when she went to draw her salary he stood near the window and handed forth the envelope without even asking her name. She flushed slightly, and after that his compelling glance called forth a stiff little bow when they came face to face.

One noon when she was threading her way through a stream of cars and drays she was almost run down, and the gray eyed young man from the cashier's department reached her before the policeman. Two nights later when she and Mrs. Wilson indulged in the extravagance of tickets for a fashionable playhouse, they emerged upon a sudden rain-storm.

"Oh," wailed Mrs. Wilson, "my new bonnet!"

Just then some one arrayed in a long coat and balancing a comforting umbrella reached their side. It was the young man from Schermerhorn's.

"Come back into the lobby. Miss Norris, while I call a hansom for you."

"A hansom, Patty! He said a hansom!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilson almost tearfully. "What will it cost?"

"I don't know," snapped Patty nervously, "not as much as a new bonnet."

A few moments later he escorted them to the waiting hansom. raised his hat gravely, looked just once into Patty's brown eyes, and away they whirled into the blackness of the night.

At their apartment Mrs. Wilson, covering her beloved confection of chiffon and roses with a handkerchief, rushed into the hall, leaving Patty to settle the bill. The latter was strangely silent until they were brushing their hair, when she suddenly burst forth in wrath:

"It is bad enough, Connie, to rail in public over a ruined hat, but to bewail the price of a hansom is unforgivable."

"Why—why?" gasped Mrs. Wilson.

"He paid the hackman, that's all," groaned Patty, and she threw herself face downward in her pillows, murmuring, "He needn't think that just because he saved my life he can pay my hack fare."

And yet inconsistently she took a strange pleasure in recalling the look in his dark eyes when he leaned forward.

A month later Mrs. Wilson came home radiant.

"There's an opening, Patty, dear, in our office, and you must take it quick. There are dozens of applications, but I have the

promise!"

And the next day Patty handed in her resignation to Schermerhorn & Co., to take effect on Saturday. With the last day came word that Mr. Frawley would like to see Miss Norris before she left. For once she relaxed the rule and asked one of the girls who Mr. Frawley was.

Oh, he's the company," responded the girl carelessly.

After drawing her last pay envelope Patty crossed to the main office and was ushered into a smaller room. The ubiquitous young man of the gray eyes rose to receive her.

"Mr. Frawley has sent for me," she began, with just the suggestion of a flush in her cheeks.

"I am Mr. Frawley," replied he, and the gray eyes danced at her confusion. "I wanted to tell, Miss Norris, that, while we regret to lose your valuable services, we are glad to know you are securing a position better suited to—er—your tastes and abilities. I trust you will not forget—us."

The gray eyes were looking most pleadingly into hers. The flush crept closer and closer to the soft brown hair.

"I am afraid I've been very rude sometimes, Mr. Frawley," she murmured in a low voice. "But you know it was all so new to me, and I felt—oh, I can't tell you just how I did feel!"

"I think I understand, Miss Norris. I—I hope I shall see you again. May I?"

"We live at the Jerome apartments, Mrs. Wilson and I, and we are always home Tuesday evenings."

The gray eyes thanked her eloquently, and she walked rapidly from the office.

That night at the dinner table Mrs. Wilson rambled on happily: "I really don't think it has hurt you, dear. You had to gain business experience somehow—and—"

"No," replied Patty absently. "It has done no harm." But she was thinking not of the experience, but of the glad light in the gray eyes when she had told him he might call.

WATER GAUGE BURST

C. P. R. Fireman Badly Scalded.

C. P. R. fireman, Geo. H. Duffus, who lives in Robertson Street, Fort William, while on his engine near Westford thumped with an accident. The water gauge of the locomotive burst and scalded the whole of the left side of his face and head terribly.

"It so happened," said Duffus to our representative, "that I had a box of Zam-Buk in my pocket, which I used for a sore on my lip, and when I had recovered from the first shock of the accident, I produced the balm and had it applied freely to the scalded parts. At the time I applied it I was suffering acute agony, but within a wonderfully short time Zam-Buk gave me ease. I was able to continue my journey, and upon reaching home I obtained more Zam-Buk and continued the treatment. It acted wonderfully well, and in a few days had the wound nicely healing. I don't know anything so fine as a healer of burns, scalds, cuts, and similar injuries which workers are so liable to; and in my opinion a box of Zam-Buk should be kept handy in every workers home."

There is something different and superior about Zam-Buk. Time and again workers in all branches of trade have proved its vast superiority over the advertised ointments and salves of the day. No doubt the fact that Zam-Buk is made entirely from herbal essences and extracts, while ordinary ointments contain more or less animal fats and oils, goes a long way to explain Zam-Buk's superiority. However this may be, the fact remains that in four continents to which it has been introduced within ten years it has become the leading household balm!

For burns, cuts, scalds, bruises, eczema, piles, ulcers, ring-worm, itch, salt-rheum, bad leg, festering sores, chapped places, cold-sores, frost-bites, and all skin injuries and diseases, Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, will mail a box, post free, upon receipt of price, to any of our readers who may have difficulty in obtaining a supply of the genuine Zam-Buk from their local stores.

What are Your Boys and Girls Reading?

They are bound to read something. They will read trash unless you give them something better that is equally interesting. Try THE YOUTH'S COMPANION. There is plenty of adventure in the stories, and the heroes and heroines are of the real kind, finding in the line of duty opportunity for courage and unselfishness. More than 250 such stories will be published in the 52 issues of the new volume for 1909. There will be fully as many articles, sketches and reminiscences to impart useful information in the most agreeable way, familiarizing THE COMPANION's readers with the best that is known and thought in the world.

Full illustrated description of THE COMPANION for 1909 will be sent to any address free with sample copies of the paper.

The new subscriber who at once sends \$1.75 for a year's subscription, Canadian subscription \$2.00, will receive free THE COMPANION's Calendar for 1909, entitled "In Grandmother's Garden," lithographed in 13 colors.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 144 Berkeley Street, BOSTON, MASS.

PILES

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for hemorrhoids and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. 50c. at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

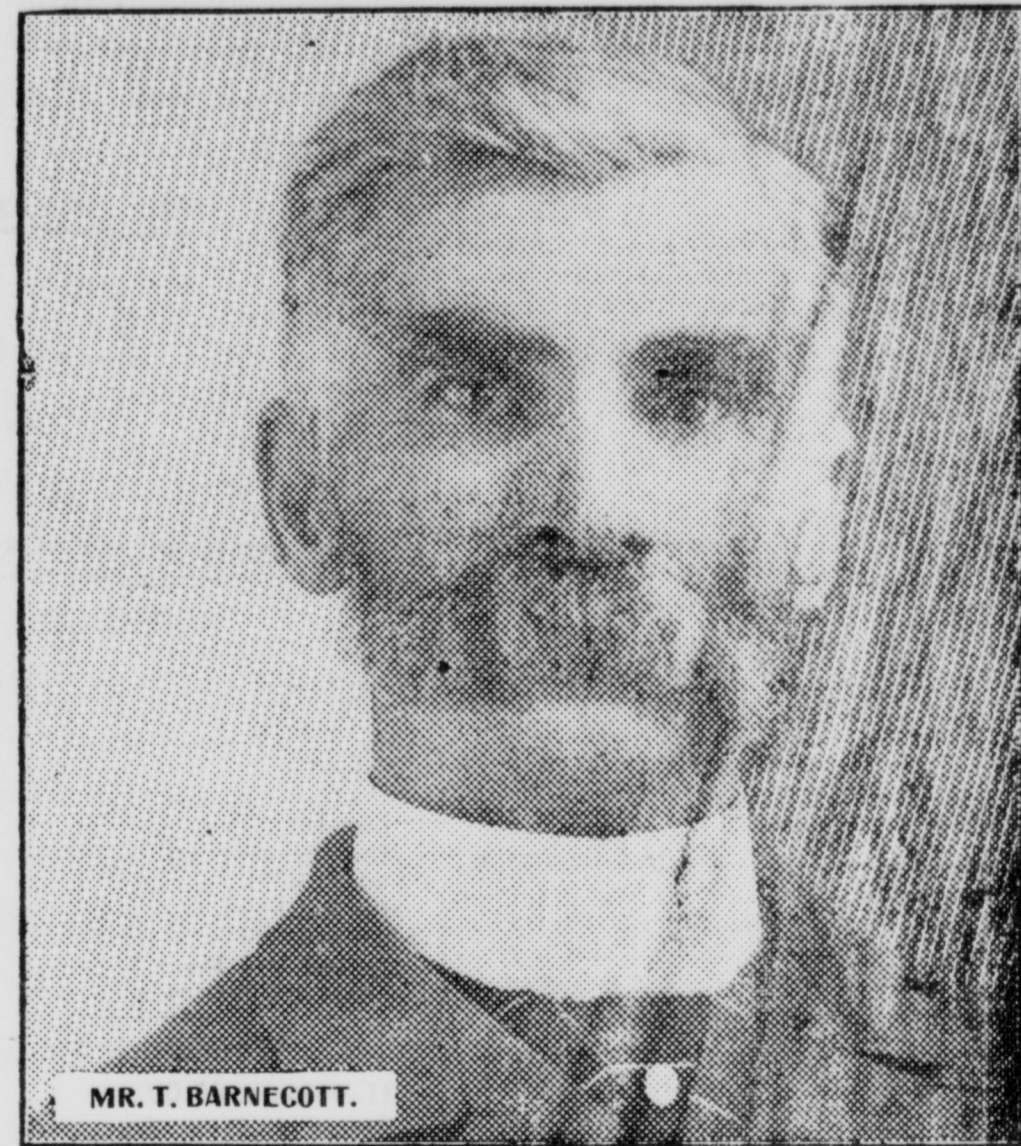
Pe-ru-na Promptly Relieves Severe Cold and La Grippe.

Mr. T. Barnecott, West Aylmer, Ontario, Can., writes:

"Last winter I was ill with pneumonia after having la grippe. I took Peruna for two months, when I became quite well, and I can say that any one can be cured by it in a reasonable time and at little expense. Every time I take a cold, I take some Peruna, which makes me well again."

"I also induced a young lady, who was all rundown and confined to the house, to take Peruna, and after taking Peruna for three months she is able to follow her trade of tailoring."

"I can recommend Peruna for all such who are ill and require a tonic."



MR. T. BARNECOTT.

EVERY year, during the inclement weather of winter, there is an epidemic of la grippe. The disease is really catarrhal in nature, but from the form it assumes, has been commonly termed the "grip."

Splendid Remedy for La Grippe.

Mr. Frank H. Fielder, 213 Pleasant Ave., Montgomery, Ala., formerly principal of Haynesville High School, writes:

"I can truthfully say that Peruna is a splendid remedy for la grippe and a good tonic for building up the system."

La grippe is very tenacious when it once gets a firm hold upon the system, and in addition to a thorough, systemic

catarrh remedy, a great deal of patience and persistence in the treatment are required to eradicate the disease.

Peruna, an internal catarrh remedy, is one of the best medicines ever devised to meet the exigencies of these cases. The large number of commendatory letters received by Dr. Hartman, the inventor of Peruna, in behalf of his remedy is proof sufficient of its value as a reliable medicine for the "grip."

Prompt Relief.

Mr. Frank Bauer, Minneapolis, Minn., writes: "I suffered with la grippe. My lungs felt as if knives were sticking in them. I took Peruna and in four days I was able to go out."

Hang Week's Wash in a Few Minutes on a

Hill Clothes Dryer



Clean Compact

Capacious Convenient

Why continue to fuss with unsightly, ungainly clothes lines and poles when you can get this neat, compact, convenient Hill Dryer.

Instead of being spread all over the yard and supported by numerous poles, every inch of every line on the Hill Dryer is within easy reach—so you can hang the whole wash without moving a step, without having to drag the heavy basket up and down the yard through snow or damp grass.

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 used 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.

For Sale by

W. F. DIBBLEE & SON.



A splendid stock from which to choose your CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. Call and see the fine assortment of

Collars, Ties, Belts, Furs, and Souvenir Goods.

You can buy to the best advantage.

MRS. F. L. MOOERS,

PAYSON BLOCK, Main St. opp. Queen. Woodstock.

G. H. HARRISON, Insurance Agent,

OFFICE IN

Young Building

OPPOSITE THE CARLISLE HOTEL.

Insurance in all forms will receive prompt attention.

Money to loan at lowest rates.

Builders Notice.

Sealed Tenders marked "Tender for Centerville School Building" will be received at the office of the Secretary of the School Trustees Centerville N. B., until Monday, the Eighth day of Feb., at noon, for building and completing ready to occupy, a School Building in Centerville according to plans and specifications to be seen at the School Secretary's office or at the office of the Architect H. H. Mott, St. John, N. B.

Each Tender must be accompanied by the names of two good and sufficient sureties worth at least \$5,000 each to enter into the contract with the party whose tender is accepted.

Address H. J. CLARK, Sec. to Trustees, Centerville, N. B. Centerville, N. B. Jan. 7, 1909-4.

WANTED

Teacher for District No. 18, Parish of Kent and Aberdeen, Beaufort, 2nd or 3rd, second preferred. Apply stating terms to R. J. LEE, Secretary.

Jan. 13 '9.