

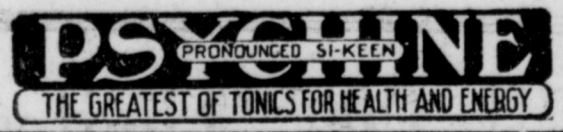


Voice Gave Out.

Thomas P. Macdonald, a prominent singer of Teeswater, says: "Six years ago I became a victim to La Grippe and had it in its worst form. The attack was unusually severe, and left me in a terribly bad shape. I was utterly prostrated; weak, and run down entirely. My voice also completely gave out, and my lungs seemed to be seriously affected. People who knew me thought I was not long for this world."

"One day I saw in the paper what PSYCHINE had done for others and thought I would give it a trial, so I sent for a sample bottle. This gave me such immediate relief, and helped me so, that I determined to keep on with it at all costs, and in spite of what the doctor had said. In an incredibly short space of time I was completely restored, and my voice was soon in grand shape again. They used to tell me that a breath of wind would blow me away, I had got so thin, but PSYCHINE built me up in no time; I am a pretty solid specimen of humanity to-day, having gained in weight and put on flesh all the time."

STOP THAT COLD OR THE RESULTS WILL BE SERIOUS. You can do this by toning up the system with Psychine. All druggists and dealers sell it. 50c. and \$1.00. FREE TRIAL sent on application to DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Toronto.



THE SACRIFICE.

By MABEL L. STUART.

Out on the lonely prairie the Storm King was holding high carnival. Furious gusts shook the tiny shack, threatening each moment to tear it from its foundation. But the inmate, seated by a roaring wood fire, was oblivious to driving sleet and howling blizzard.

He sat with chair tilted back, smoking a long black pipe—a picture of bachelor comfort, yet his face was set in lines of deepest gloom. All that long, desolate winter evening his thoughts had been in the busy eastern city. The gay university life, his jovial, warm-hearted friends, all the comforts now denied him had risen, the ghosts of a buried past, to torment him. A great sickness of soul was upon him; not that he had been unsuccessful—far from it, but the loneliness of it all appalled him.

"And I had the cheek to write to her," he muttered, swaying slowly to and fro, "and ask her to come out here thro' all these storms to this hideous shack with all its discomforts. Small wonder she has deigned no reply. Silent contempt was all it deserved—and still I thought enough to give me a decent refusal," and into the land of dreams he drifted once more to view with poignant misery the long picture gallery of the past whose exquisite masterpiece was a winsome, oval face framed in a halo of bright brown hair.

In the conservatory softly shaded lights cast a silver glow through the lace network of flowers and foliage. In a dim recess behind a dense screen of palms a brown-haired girl was seated, chin on hands, staring moodily into space. Amid the crash of the orchestra she had heard her name spoken a dozen times; her deserted partners were looking for her. She was—in college phraseology—"sloping her dances."

The flood of melody jarred upon her, the glare of lights, the heavy, scented air and the aimless chatter of her friends. Her thoughts were not with the brilliant company, but with a crumpled letter lying in her writing desk—crumpled because of the violent temper into which it had thrown its recipient.

The letter was a month old now. The calming influence of time had soothed her ruffled spirit, and given her a clearer insight into the impulse of despair that had impelled the writer. Every eager phrase of passionate entreaty had burned itself into her soul. Night and day it haunted her—a vivid word picture of loneliness and longing.

She could see him as he sat in the dreary shack through the long winter evenings or battled with the storm on the wide prairies. And she, his so-called friend, had been so heartless as to let a month go by without the civility of an answer. "I must go! I must," she cried, half rising from her chair, then sinking back in despair as she thought of her sacrifice swept over her face. Her beautiful home, her friends, all the gaieties of the city weighed in the balance against her half-forgotten love. "I can't do it! How could I leave it all!" she sobbed, and the battle began anew.

It was some time before she realized that an expectant hush had come over the ball-room. The orchestra was silent, the dancers leaning forward to catch a glimpse of a radiant figure at the farther end of the room. Slowly over the dreamer's half-consciousness flowed a flood of golden melody—the liquid notes of a famous prima donna.

As the vibrant tones trembled on the air the girl in the alcove sprang to her feet, her hands clasped, her eyes ablaze. "The old song!" she cried; "his song" and stood listening entranced.

"Robin Adair," that sweetest of old Scotch ballads, the favorite of by-gone college days, the song they had sung together a hundred times—it tingled through every fibre of her being, and melted her half-formed resolves—"Who made the Assembly shine? Robin Adair."

What made the Ball so fine? Robin was there!" sang the wonderful voice with touching pathos. The girl buried her face in her hands. "I didn't know I cared like that," she murmured. "Why, it means everything!"

In the shack on the prairie a square-jawed young man was disconsolately washing his breakfast dishes when a thundering knock brought him to the door with a bound.

"Howdy, Professor," called a jovial voice. "Telegram fer yez. Come on Christmas Day; been waitin' all this time for the blizzard to let up. Hope it isn't too late."

The young tore open the yellow missive. "Meet me in Winnipeg, New Year's Eve, without fail—Margaret," he read.

A crimson flush overspread his bronzed face. "She's coming, Bill," he cried. "The mountain is coming to Mohammed."

"O, come off; she ain't that big," protested Bill. "Why, yer face is like the sunrise," he added in astonishment. "But if y' want to meet her, you'd better make tracks."

Ordinary Lion and "Man-Eater."

There is a distinction in Africa between ordinary lions and "man-eaters." The ordinary lion does not wilfully attack man. The presence of lions roaming at night on the veldt is not disturbing to any native nor to whites who have come to understand the beast. Persons returning to their camps after nightfall do not notice the roaring of lions, or the cries of leopards and hyenas. It is seldom that people bent upon domestic errands carry weapons in the darkness, although at night the veldt of British East Africa is alive with roaring beasts, which may be heard from the verandas of the houses. Lions give the passing man a wide berth, day or night, when it is apparent that he means no mischief. An ordinary lion, even when wounded, will try flight before fight. When its escape is disputed, it will, especially if wounded, try to maul its enemy with teeth and claws. A lion hunt is usually a chase in which the hunters goad the game into combat. Once a lion has tasted human blood, however, it is no more afraid of man, but learns that he is the weakest of animals and the choicest of meat. Such a lion is known as a man-eater because now he hunts man.—[McClure's Magazine.]

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists Toledo, O. 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.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Got Them Mixed.

A young lady presented her intended with a beautifully-worked pair of slippers, and he acknowledged the present by sending her his picture encased in a handsome frame. He wrote a note to send with it, and at the same time replied angrily to an oft-repeated dun for an unpaid-for suit of cloths. He engaged a boy to deliver the package and notes. The young lady received a note in her adored one's handwriting, and flew to her room to devour its contents. She opened the missive with eager fingers and read:

"I am getting tired of your everlasting attentions. The suit is about worn out already. It never amounted to much anyway. Please go to thunder!"

And the tailor was struck utterly dumb when he opened a parcel and discovered a portrait of his delinquent customer, with a note that said:

"When you gaze upon my features, think how much I owe you."

When the unfortunate young man called that evening to receive the happy acknowledgment of his sweetheart, he was very quickly shown off the doorstep by the young lady's father.

Croup positively stopped in 20 minutes, with Dr. Shoop's Croup Remedy. One test alone will surely prove this truth. No vomiting, no distress. A safe and pleasing syrup—50c. Sold by All Dealers.

By Royal Command.

(M. A. P.)

During the life of the late Duke of Devonshire, King Edward VII, paid occasional visits to Chatsworth, the Derbyshire country seat of the duke. On one of these visits the king suffered from a slight cold, and the local physician, a man of excellent reputation and considerable skill, was called in. It was the pleasure of the king that the doctor should dine with him every evening during his visit. Sometimes full-dress trousers were worn by the king's party and sometimes knee breeches, so each afternoon, before dressing, the doctor telephoned to Chatsworth to inquire the proper dress for the coming evening—trousers or knee-breeches. One afternoon the reply from Chatsworth was to the effect that the form of dress for that evening was uncertain, but that immediate inquiry would be made and the doctor promptly advised. Time went on and no telephone message. The doctor grew somewhat uneasy, but prepared himself as far as he could until his toilet was complete with the exception of his trousers. At this critical juncture the telephone rang, and the maid was requested to answer the call. A moment later there was a tap at his door.

"If you please, sir, you'd better go to the telephone."

"Why, what is it, Mary?"

"If you please, sir, I—I—I'd rather not tell you, sir."

"Come, come, Mary, don't be stupid; I'm in a hurry; you must tell me at once."

"Well, sir, if you must know, the party a the hother heud said, 'No trousers this evening!'"

Mark Twain On Lawyers.

(Washington Star.)

"Times are changed," said Mark Twain, speaking of Washington. "I doubt if nowadays a man of Washington's unanswering intergy would be able to get on."

"A rich lawyer, after dinner the other night, went into his den for a smoke. He took down from his pipe-rack a superb meerscham, a birthday present from his wife; but, alas! as he started to fill the pipe it came apart in his hands. The bowl had been broken in two and then carelessly stuck together.

"With loud growls of rage the lawyer rushed from his den and demanded to know who had broken his new meerscham. His only son, a boy of eleven, spoke up bravely: 'Father,' he said, 'I cannot tell a lie, I did it.'"

"The lawyer praised the lad's Washingtonian veracity, but that night on his pillow he groaned and went on terribly about and incident.

"'Heaven help me,' he said, bursting into tears, 'it has been my life's dearest wish to rear my son to my own profession, but now alas—alas—'"

Millinery.

This must naturally vary with the type of face and size of head, but the rule is, never exaggerate the size of the head. The short woman must wear lengthy trimmings, such as quills, high bows, and upright ostrich plumes; while attention must be given to the brim of a hat, for, if too wide, it will apparently shorten one. If using a buckle, have it on the slant rather than straight across, and flowers are best when mounted higher than their width. The lines of the hat, also dressing of the hair should be such as to bring into prominence the best lines of the face. For instance, when the face is too short, all trimmings that show at the side of the head must be tabooed, as such would only broaden and shorten the face.

The hat for this type should be trimmed so as to give perpendicular lines, by means of wings, stiff long bows, high flower mounts, etc.

Ladies and Gents.

When I was younger kids were kids in Kansas or in Cadiz. Now all the boys are gentlemen and all the girls are ladies. Where are the kids who climbed the trees, the tousled young carousers who got their faces black with dirt and tore their little trousers? Where are the lads who scrapped by rounds while other lads kept tallies, the maids who made their piles of mud and danced in dirty alleys? They're making, calf love somewhere now, exchanging cards and kisses. They're all fixed up in Sunday togs, and they are sirs and misses. Real kids have vanished from the world, which fact is surely hades, and all the boys are gentlemen, and all the girls are ladies.—Wait Mason in Emporia Gazette.

Meeting His Waterloo.

Napoleon was hurrying back towards Paris from the field of Waterloo.

"Well," he remarked to an aide, "I have met it good and hard at last, but nobody can say it was my Whiskyloo."

Which shows that whiskey is a good thing when properly applied.—W. J. Lampton.

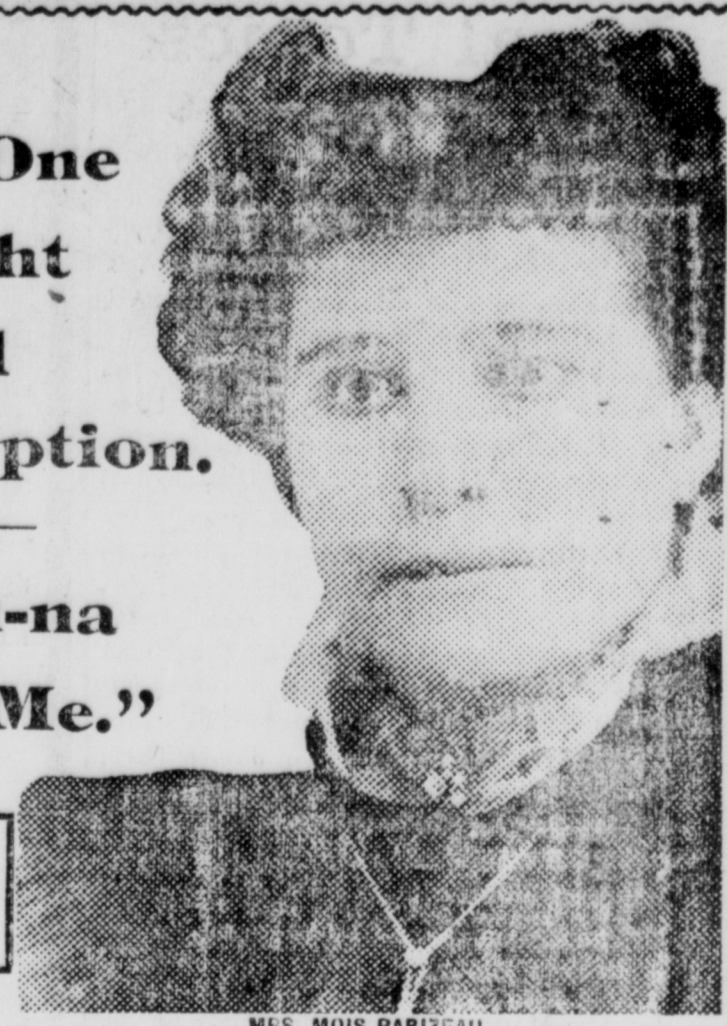
REPEAT IT:—"Shiloh's" Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

ButterPaper for sale at this office.

"Every One Thought I Had Consumption."

Pe-ru-na Saved Me."

"I THANK DR. HARTMAN FOR PE-RU-NA."



MRS. MOIS PARIZEAU.

"I hardly know how to thank you for the good Peruna has done me.

"I suffered five years with pain in the stomach. About a year ago it became so bad I could hardly bear it. I coughed day and night and grew weaker and weaker. The pain extended through my body and I also had difficulty in breathing, which made me cough. Everyone thought I had consumption.

"My husband heard of Peruna and bought five bottles. This treatment virtually cured me and now I recommend Peruna to every one who is suffering.

"I thank Dr. Hartman for this excellent remedy."

Ste. Julie de Vercheres, P. Q., Canada.

---Mrs. Mois Parizeau.

A NEGLICTED cold is generally the first cause of catarrh.

Women are especially liable to colds. These colds occur more frequently during the wet, sloppy weather of winter and spring than any other time of the year. Often they are not considered serious and are allowed to run on, or they are treated in such a way as to only palliate the symptoms, while the cold becomes more deep-seated and the patient finally awakens to the fact that she has a well-developed case of catarrh.

By reason of their delicate structure, the lungs are frequently the seat of a cold, especially if there is the slightest weakness of these organs. The treatment of catarrh of the lungs is also more difficult and discouraging than catarrh of any other organ of the body.

It would be wise therefore, to guard against the every precaution possible.

Peruna has been found the most reliable of all remedies for coughs, colds and catarrh, by reason of the fact that it goes at once to the very seat of the trouble.

It searches out every crevice, every duct of the body. It quickens and equalizes the circulation of the blood, thus relieving the congested mucous membranes. It exercises a healing and soothing effect upon the mucous membranes, no matter whether they are the more exposed membranes of the head and throat, or whether they line the remotest cells of the lungs.

Mrs. Jasehob, 1631 Hicks St., Toledo, Ohio, writes:

"When I wrote to you for advice, I had been sick for three years. I had trouble with my throat. Often I could not breathe through my nose. I also had pains in my chest and a cough. I took Peruna according to directions and it has cured me."

WOMEN SHOULD BEWARE OF CATCHING COLD.

PE-RU-NA THE REMEDY FOR CATARRH OF THE LUNGS.

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 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.

For Sale by W. F. DIBBLEE & SON.

Mrs. F. L. MOOERS

has the newest things in

Embroideries and Laces

for the Spring Whitewear trade.

Just Received:

Nets for Waists, in White and Colors. Latest Styles in Veilings

Nothing but the Best Goods and Prices Right.

MRS. F. L. MOOERS,

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

Mahogany Furniture.

I am prepared to restore old pieces of Mahogany Furniture, no matter how badly broken up. These old pieces when repaired are quite valuable and far superior to anything of modern make. Being a Cabinet Maker and "French Polisher" of many years experience in the city of St. John, I think I understand my business. Also general repairing. Write to

G. N. A. BURNHAM, Upper Woodstock, N.B.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made at the next session of the Legislature of the Province of New Brunswick for an act to incorporate a Railway Company with authority to build and operate a line of Railway from the City of St. John in said Province along the Valley of the St. John River to Centreville in the County of Carleton or to some point at or near Grand Falls or Edmundston with authority to use electric power.

Dated at Fredericton this 12th day of February. A. D., 1909.

J. J. F. WINSLOW, Solicitor for Applicants.

HAS RETURNED.

Dr. Manzer, who has been taking a Post Graduate Course in Surgery and Dentistry, has returned. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

GIRL WANTED.

Girl capable of doing housework in a small family good wages. Apply to Mrs. Norman Louisa Broadway, or Mrs. J. Loane and Co.