

HIS VOICE.

BY HAROLD HARMER.

Cornwall, England, and Wales are very similar in one respect—the inhabitants of both are very fond and very proud of their singing. In Cornwall they call it a "gift." It is supposed to run in families. That was really how the idea that he could sing got so firmly implanted in Bob's head.

He took his place in the choir of the little Wesleyan chapel, and no one liked to hurt his feelings or minded till Hilda Trevena, who had been away teaching in London, came home to look after her widowed father. Quite naturally she took command of the whole tiny fishing village as well as her father and incidentally became organist of the unpretentious choir.

Now, Hilda Trevena was a very fine, lovable maid of twenty-two, and Bob Pengelly was a fine youth of much the same age. It was only to be expected, therefore, that on Summer evenings they should fall into the habit of strolling along the cliffs. It was only to be expected also that one night Bob should find himself tongue tied and yet madly anxious to speak and should finally blurt out:

"Hilda, I love'ee!"

Two nights later, as they sat silent for a minute or two after a couple of hours of lover talk, Hilda, from the best of motives, blundered.

"Bob," she said, now we are engaged we can speak plainly to each other. Would you mind not singing in the choir any more?"

"Why what do 'ee mean?" he exclaimed in astonishment. "Not sing in the choir when I've sung there since I were ten?"

"You see, dear, I want to make our choir a special one. I don't want any but really good voices in it."

"Every one'll tell 'ee as I've always had as fine a voice as any hereabouts," he protested.

"It have been good once, Bob," she said gently, "but it's certainly not good now." He took his arm from around her waist and sat up stiffly.

"I certainly never expected to hear from you, Hilda, that I can't sing!" he said. "Don't be angry," she pleaded.

The end of it was a quarrel—a real, hot, Cornish quarrel, in which each said twice as much as either meant, in as hasty a way as possible.

Hilda's father was undoubtedly the leading man of Polpenny, since he was the owner of the fish factory.

The news that his daughter's engagement to Bob Pengelly had been suddenly broken off came at a time when he was too much perturbed to give it much attention. A certain fishing company, owning a large steam fleet, having a glut of pilchards, had telegraphed him an offer of a cargo at an extremely low price. He had wired back his acceptance, and the steamer was due to arrive from Plymouth about half past 10. And during breakfast, while Hilda was telling her news and trying to pretend to him and herself that she did not care, his thoughts were mainly occupied with wondering what the fisherman of Polpenny would say and do when the steamer appeared.

They were all drift net fishers at Polpenny and the Pilchard catch was their principal means of livelihood. A bad season meant a hard winter—pinched cheeks for the mothers, tightened belts for the fathers and no boots for the children.

The fish factory was their only market. All their fish were sold for his customers elsewhere at a lower price, what was to become of the Polpenny fishermen?

As John Trevena drank his coffee that morning he regretted that he had accepted the steam company's offer. When the steamer hove in sight, a group of highly indignant fishermen were waiting on the quay of the little harbor to welcome it.

"What's to do, lads?" asked one, "Will 'ee stand quiet and see the bread taken out o' our children's mouths?"

"Remember the winter that's coming," said another, and let's pitch his fish over the side dreckly he comes into harbor!"

"Nay; let's prevent him landin' at all," suggested a third. "Let's out w' the boom, so's he can't get in!"

The entrance to Polpenny harbor was a passage between two rocky cliffs, at the outside twenty-five feet wide, and the boom was a heavy beam which was placed across this entrance on stormy nights to serve the double purpose of breaking the force of the waves and preventing any of the boats being washed out to sea.

The village policeman, who had been listening with interest, entered an official protest.

"Look here, mates," he said, "I don't say as I don't sympathize w' 'ee, but the law's the law, and I've got to do my duty. Any one as illegally prevents a ship from entering will ha' to be arrested."

"All right, Ned!" exclaimed Bob Pengelly. "Us won't do anything illegal!"

"Illegal or not, us have got to keep that chap hanging about outside with his cargo till it's gone bad!" said an old fisherman surlily.

"He's took up w' Trevena's daughter,"

jeered another, "so o' course he stands up for the old skinflint!"

"It's all off with Trevena's daughter," declared Bob hotly, "and I be going to teach Trevena a legal lesson all by myself!"

He jumped into a big, clumsy, leaky old rowing boat, such as you may see rotting in any harbor. She was already half full, and he made no attempt to bail her out, but pushed off, standing in water up to his knees.

By the time he had polled the boat across the basin she was in imminent danger of sinking, but he managed to keep her afloat till the fairway was reached and then let her sink as nearly as possible in the middle and swam back to his mates on the quay.

"There!" he laughed to the constable. "I couldn't help having an accident and getting sunk right in the harbor mouth, could I?"

With her deeper draft no steamer could enter that shallow little harbor now, however high the tide, but the light, handy little fisher boats could go in and out as usual.

"He's done me," said John Trevena to his daughter. "By sundown they'll have to throw the lot overboard, and I shall have to pay just the same."

"It was too bad of you, father, to buy them at all," Hilda answered. "You ought to have thought of the fishermen."

"Hold your tongue!" he said angrily. "Can't I make a bargain when it's offered me?"

He stood there thinking.

"That fish could be landed in the steamer's boats as sure as my name's John!" he announced. He took down his fowling piece and deliberately loaded it.

"Oh, father!" Hilda exclaimed, aghast.

"Be quiet!" he snapped and stalked out to the group on the quay.

"Those pilchards are coming ashore now, my lads," he said determinedly.

Cowed, each afraid that if John Trevena fired he would be hit, they stayed and watched in sullen silence till the last boat had been into the factory.

Fearing that the factory would be broken into in the night and the fish destroyed, John Trevena insisted upon keeping watch there with his fowling piece.

Hilda, alone in the house, tossed unhappily in her bed. She was utterly miserable and could not sleep.

Suddenly she jumped out of bed and ran to the window, frightened by an unnatural glare in the sky. The fish factory was on fire. Some ungovernable spirits among the fishermen had chosen that was of revenging themselves.

Hastily throwing on some clothes, she rushed out, making her way through the crowd of onlookers straight to Bob Pengelly, their quarrel forgotten, her instinct urging her to turn to the man she loved.

"Where's my father?" she cried, laying a trembling hand upon his arm.

"Isn't he at home in bed?" Bob queried anxiously.

"No," she moaned. "He would spend the night in the factory on guard. Oh, save him, Bob!" she pleaded. "He didn't really mean any harm! Don't let him be burned to death!"

"I'll save him, dear," Bob answered shortly. "This be none of my work!"

And without more ado he plunged into the flames.

The acrid smoke which arose from the coarse pilchard oil as it burned and the hot air he had perforce to breathe scorched his lungs, but he groped about until he found the body of John Trevena lying on the floor. Each breath was like a red-hot iron, and he dare not open his eyes. Blindly, desperately, he dragged the unconscious man along until his head swam and his legs gave away beneath him. Struggling up again by a superhuman effort, he managed to regain the open air with his burden and fell in a dead faint at Hilda's feet.

An hour later he lay in a bed in John Trevena's house, with Hilda and the doctor standing over him.

"Now I am allowed to speak again," said Bob Pengelly in a thin, husky whisper, "I should like to tell you how grateful I am and how much I love you!"

"It is I who should be grateful to you for saving my father's life," said Hilda, leaning down so that her face was close to his.

He raised his head and kissed her full upon the lips.

"There, dear!" he whispered in the same wheezy, asthmatical voice. "Us'll never quarrel again. And you'll try, sweetheart, to learn to like my singing, won't you?"

"Your—your voice will always be like this now," she faltered. "You'll never be able to sing any more!"

"Never be able to sing any more!" he echoed, his face falling at the thought of being thus forced to give up the only hobby of his life.

"Don't look so unhappy," Hilda begged. "You lost your voice doing a brave deed, and—and you'll have me, you know!"

"Yes," he responded more cheerfully, "I shall have you, and I shall also have the memory of how I could sing once to look back upon!"

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

WE ALL USE PE-RU-NA IN OUR HOME



MRS. ANNIE TESCH.

Now Eats and Sleeps Well.

Mrs. Annie Tesch, 337 23rd Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis., writes: "When I wrote to you for advice, my health was a total wreck. I could not sleep and thought I would die, as there seemed to be no help for me. But I followed your advice and took Peruna and Manalin.

"I am now cured. I can eat and sleep well, and enjoy life. 'I never will be without Peruna, should any of us be sick.'"

Catarrh of Worst Form.

Mrs. Amanda Long, 7237 Seeley Avenue, Chicago, Ill., writes:

"I believe that I am cured of catarrh of the worst form and of long standing.

"I was almost a total wreck. I tried almost everything and doctored with a number of doctors, but they did me no good.

"I tried Peruna as a last resort, and by the time I had taken one bottle I could see that it was helping me, and so I continued taking it. I can say now that I have not felt the slightest symptoms for three months, and I think there is nothing like Peruna. I still keep it in the house, and think there is no medicine like it. I cannot praise it too highly, and bless the day that I learned of it."

Mrs. Judge J. F. Boyer, 1421 Sherman Avenue, Evanston, Ill., writes that several complications united in pulling her down, and she thanks Peruna for new life and strength.

Pain in the Stomach.

Mrs. Moie Parizeau, Ste. Julie de Vercheres, P. Q., Canada, writes that she suffered five years with pain in the stomach. The pains extended through her body, and she also had difficulty in breathing. Her husband heard of Peruna and bought five bottles. This treatment virtually cured her.

Who is best able to judge of the value of Pe-ru-na? The housewife who has used it in her home for years, or prejudiced, sensational writers who have never used Pe-ru-na in their lives? It will not take any fair-minded reader a minute to decide which is the best evidence. The mothers of the United States believe in Pe-ru-na. The half million women who praise Pe-ru-na receive no pay for doing so, and the half dozen editors who disparage Pe-ru-na get big pay for doing so. Which is the best evidence?

Sore Throat for Years.

Mrs. C. Dassel, 384 Irving Avenue, Chicago, Ill., Curator Natural History Society, writes:

"I am glad to be able to recommend Peruna for chronic sore throat. I had been troubled with sore throat for years, but could find nothing to help me. I had an awful gagging in the morning and was subject to dizzy spells. I could not draw a free breath and life had no pleasure for me. My throat was dry and parched.

"I supposed I was doomed to spend the rest of my days in this condition, when I heard what good Peruna had been to others, so I tried a bottle of it. After using it I was much better and six bottles of it cured me.

"I cannot say too much for Peruna, and I hope that some poor sufferer like myself will see this and give it a trial."



MRS. J. C. RUSSELL.

Acute Indigestion.

Mr. John C. Russell, 810 County Street, Portsmouth, Va., writes regarding his wife's case as follows:

"I thought it would be doing but justice to your great medicine to tell you what it has done for my wife.

"Two years ago the doctor called at our house, on an average, three times a week, in attendance upon my wife, who was suffering from acute indigestion. Her suffering was so great that nothing but morphine would give her relief.

"While on a visit to some friends in Norfolk she had an attack and I prepared to go for the doctor, when our friend proposed Peruna. I gave her a dose, repeating it

in a half hour, and her pains passed away. Since that time my wife has gained thirty pounds.

"We are never out of Peruna. When the children or I have a cold we take some of mamma's Peruna. I find it has cut my doctor bills down to almost nothing."

Gained Thirty Pounds.



MRS. C. DASSEL.

Pe-ru-na for Her Children.

Mrs. Alice Bogle, 803 Clinton St., Circleville, Ohio, writes:

"I want to inform you what Peruna has done for me.

"I have been afflicted with catarrh for several years. I have tried different medicines and none seemed to do me any good until I used Peruna. I have taken six bottles and can praise it very highly for the good it has done me. I also find it of great benefit to my children."

Misery in Stomach.

Why not start now—today, and forever rid yourself of Stomach trouble and Indigestion? A dieted stomach gets the blues and grumbles. Give it a good eat, then take Pape's Diapepsin to start the digestive juices working. There will be no dyspepsia or belching of Gas or eructations of undigested food; no feeling like a lump of lead in the stomach or heartburn, sick headache and Dizziness, and your food will not ferment and poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapepsin costs only 50 cents for a large case at any drug store here, and will relieve the most obstinate case of Indigestion and Upset Stomach in five minutes.

There is nothing else better to take Gas from Stomach and cleanse the stomach and intestines, and besides, one triangle will digest and prepare for assimilation into the blood all your food the same as a sound, healthy stomach would do it.

When Diapepsin works your stomach rests—gets itself in order, cleans up—and then you feel like eating when you come to the table, and what you eat will do you good.

Absolute relief from all Stomach Misery is waiting for you as soon as you decide to begin taking Diapepsin. Tell your doctor that you want Pape's Diapepsin, because you want to be thoroughly cared for. Indigestion.

Wanted to Know the Time.

From an eastern city comes a sad story of a pawnbroker. He was enjoying a heavy sleep, when a furious knocking at the street door brought him to the window with a jerk:

"What's the matter?" he shouted.

"Come down," demanded the knocker.

"But—"

"Come down!"

The man of many nephews hastened down stairs and peeped around the door.

"Now sit!" he demanded.

"I want to know the time," said the reveler.

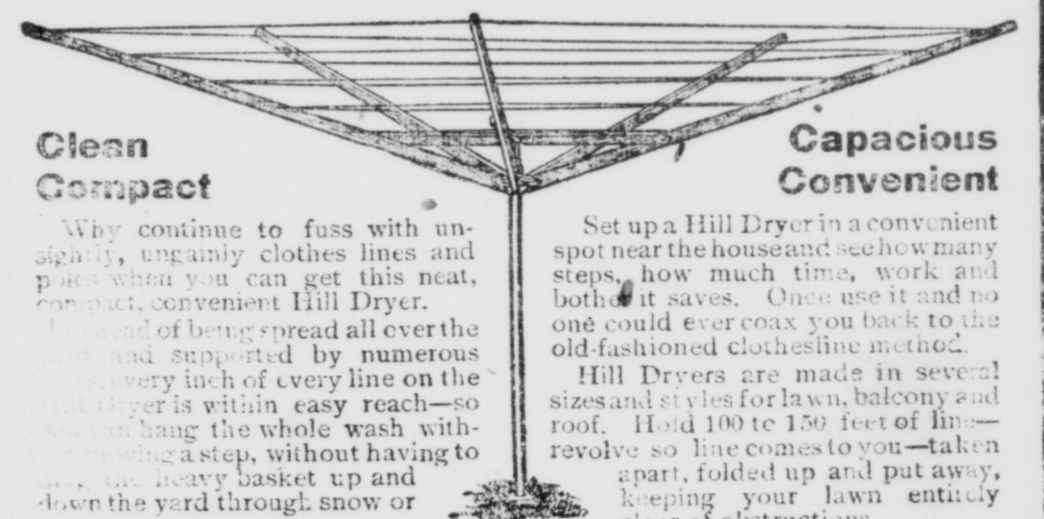
"Do you mean to say you woke me up for that? How dare you!"

The midnight visitor looked injured.

"Well, you've got my watch," he said.

How poor are they that have no patience! What would did ever heal but by degrees?—Shakespeare.

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 waiting a step, without having to carry a heavy basket up and down the yard through snow or grass.

Set up a Hill Dryer in a convenient spot near the house and see how many steps, how much time, work and both 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.

NOTICE.

The election of a TOWN COUNCILLOR for the Town of Woodstock to fill the vacancy in the Town Council caused by the failure of James W. Gallagher, who was elected a Town Councillor at the elections for Mayor and Town Councillors held in January last past, to take and file his oath of qualification and his refusal to serve as a Town Councillor, will be held on

MONDAY
The 1st Day of March next

At the following places:

Polling Places for District Number One

All ratepayers whose surnames commence with any letter of the alphabet from A. to L., both inclusive, who reside in District Number One, comprising Kings and Queens Wards, shall vote at or near the Council Chamber in the Town Hall (up stairs).

All ratepayers whose surnames commence with any letter of the alphabet from M. to Z., both inclusive, who reside in said District Number One, shall vote at or near the office of the Town Marshal in the Town Hall (down stairs).

Polling Places for District Number Two

All ratepayers whose surnames commence with any letter of the alphabet from A. to L., both inclusive, residing in District Number Two, which comprises Wellington Ward, shall vote at or near the Brunswick Hotel.

All ratepayers whose surnames commence with any letter of the alphabet from M. to Z., both inclusive, residing in said District Number Two, shall vote at or near William Karnes.

Nomination of Candidates for Councillor.

Nominations of candidates for Councillor shall be filed with the Town Clerk at the Council Chamber in the said Town of Woodstock, between the hours of ten of the clock in the forenoon and the hour of twelve of the clock noon, of THURSDAY the TWENTY-FIFTH day of FEBRUARY instant. Blank nomination papers can be had on application at the office of the Town Clerk.

Dated this Fourth day of February, A. D., 1909.

J. C. HARTLEY, Town Clerk.

MAN WANTED.

The subscriber wishes to hire a married man to live on a farm under a yearly contract. To do more or less team work in the winter and to work no the farm in the summer. Apply to

LOUIS E. YOUNG, Woodstock, N. B., No. 27th, '08.