

Indigestion Cured

This disease from which so many suffer gives the average physician a great deal of trouble. The best medical men have endorsed PSYCHINE, and recommended it in scores of the most obstinate cases. It has never failed in a single instance to give prompt relief. When directions have been followed, a few doses will remove that tightness and weight on the stomach. Taken regularly it positively cures General Distress, Flatulency, Nervousness, Coated Tongue, Heart Burn and Palpitation. If you have never used PSYCHINE, don't hesitate a moment longer. Try PSYCHINE to-day.

PROOF

Mr. Arthur Tennison, 88 London Street, Toronto, says: "For six or seven years I was troubled with indigestion and dyspepsia. Too much acidity of the stomach the doctors said, originated the troubles. I tried scores of remedies without avail. Eventually I used PSYCHINE and this brought immediate relief and cure."

NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT PSYCHINE

It prevents the children taking cold, wards off that terrible malady, La Grippe, and completely fortifies them against disease. It should always be used for colds, weariness, loss of appetite, bronchitis and weak lungs.

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Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited
TORONTO

PSYCHINE

GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

The Tug That Stood By.

Two vessels collided just outside the capes. One was a powerful liner on her way to port, the other a wooden freighter, bound Heaven knows where.

The steel bow of the liner tore a great hole in the other's side, and there was no chance of saving her. The commander of the liner, in immaculate uniform and brass buttons, very gallant and grave, gave orders that the crew of the miserable freighter should be transferred at once to his own vessel, to be taken to port in safety.

Only the captain of the little tramp freighter remained with the doomed craft. That grim tradition of the sea which demands that the captain shall remain until the ship is about to go down held him there, stern-faced and immovable.

"Lively now," shouted the commander of the liner. "No use staying there, man. It's only a matter of an hour or two. Come aboard quick if you're coming at all."

The captain of the freighter turned but a second toward the other. "Go to thunder!" he shouted back.

The commander of the liner, grinning good-naturedly, told the ship news reporters of the incident, when he reached the dock next day. "Had his nerve with him," he said. "Knew he couldn't save the boat, but he stayed anyway. He's the right sort. I'd be sorry if he lost out. But he's safe, I guess. We had to get into port, but when we left him a tug stood by, ready to take him off before his boat went down."

In the great life-tragedy of the universal sea, while the night lasts, and later, when the first gray streaks of dawn appear, disclosing with terrible exactness the wreck that the night has wrought, I want to be the captain of the tug that stood by.

Perhaps my vigil shall be wasted. Perhaps some great ocean liner, sweeping majestically after her mate to port, will stop her giant screw and take off the captain of

the tramp freighter.

Perhaps when he reaches the deck he will turn and wave me farewell. More likely he will swoon with weariness and relief, and will not even see the face of the man on the tug that stood by. It matters not.

I do not want to be the commander of either of those great liners. Nor do I crave the pitiful glory of the man who was willing to go down with his ship. I want only to cast anchor again and disappear from the scene of the wreck, where no man knows and no man cares.

For I shall know—and none else need know—that through the night, his back to the mast and his burning eyes turned to the stars, the derelict knew I was there. Consciously or subconsciously, he knew I was waiting in the darkness for his call.

He did not call. He never learned my name. But when the sunlight of another day shall dispel the fearsome shadows of his night, he will remember. He will give thanks to the Master of the Waters for the tug that stood by—John Trevor Custis in February Lippincott's.

The King's Sunday.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra prefer to spend Sunday at Sandringham rather than anywhere else, but as a matter of fact, they are seldom able to do so, and it is indeed doubtful if Their Majesties are at Sandringham on more than a dozen Sundays in the year. Sunday at Sandringham is observed by Their Majesties as it is in many country homes, but perhaps the King and Queen spend the Sabbath more in accordance with traditional English ideas than others.

Among the Sunday guests at Sandringham is frequently some well known cleric who comes to preach at morning services in the quiet, homely, little chapel where so many crowned heads and other distinguished persons have worshipped. Their Majesties always make a point of joining their guests at breakfast on Sunday when at Sandringham, which on ordinary occasions is served to the Sovereign and his Consort in their private apartments.

A feature of Sunday at Sandringham is the assembly of the whole household party that takes place in the great hall a quarter of an hour before church time. Their Majesties join the gathering and chat with their guests, until it is time to set out for church. The King and Queen, with any other member of the Royal family who may be present, lead the way and are followed by the rest.

After church comes lunch, to which some of the residents near Sandringham are often bidden. It is a most unceremonious meal, and unless the party is a very large one, all sit at one long table, the Queen at the head and His Majesty at the foot. After lunch the Queen takes some of the guests to inspect the doves and other of her pets at Sandringham, whilst the King may go for a stroll round the home farm with a few of his friends, accompanied very often by Mr. Leck the agent for Sandringham estate, with whom His Majesty will sometimes take afternoon tea.

The hours between tea and dinner time are usually spent by the Queen in her private drawing room, where she writes letters to the immediate members of the Royal family. One of these is always to Prince Edward.

As far as possible, affairs of State are not allowed to interfere with the calm of Sunday at Sandringham; the dispatches for the King which are sent down to Sandringham twice

a day on Sunday, by a secretary but they are not dealt with or brought under the King's notice unless they are of an especially urgent character.

Sometimes, however, a King's messenger arrives with a special despatch requiring immediate attention and then for perhaps half an hour or so, His Majesty has to devote himself to affairs of the State.

When the Court is at Buckingham palace the normal course of affairs is quite altered on Sundays and the number of ladies-in-waiting on the Queen and the queries in attendance on his Majesty is reduced usually by one-half. The non-resident members of the household, except on special occasions, such as when some foreign Royal guest is being entertained by Their Majesties, do not as a rule attend to Court on Sunday.

Divine service is held at 11.30 a.m., in the oratory chapel which the King and Queen always attend. The chapel is not open to the public, but members of the household are allowed to bring their friends to service on certain occasions. A very strict rule is that the whole congregation must be in their seats five minutes before the service begins, and this regulation is scrupulously observed by their Majesties.

After service the Royal party, which frequently includes the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children if they are in London, take a walk in the Palace grounds, before luncheon after which the Queen generally goes to Marlborough House, where she constantly does on Sundays.

Both the King and Queen dislike anything being done on Sunday that entails extra work on the servants of the establishment of which they may be guests says M. A. P., and in this connection a story is told of a mild reproof administered by the King to a certain peer with whom Their Majesties stayed for week end last.

Shortly before church time, three powerful motor cars came round to the hall door to convey the party to the peer's residence, by taking a short cut through the park the distance was lessened by more than half. When the King discovered this fact he determined to walk to church. "I really thought," said his Majesty to his host, "when I saw the motor cars that we were going to church in the next country." Needless to say the motor cars were promptly sent back to the garage.

Truth.

There's a hand on the rudder that will not flinch,

There's no fear in the pilots face
As he guides the world, like boats in a storm,

Through the rocking seas of space,
And whether they make harbour at last
Beyond the shoals and the swell,
Or sail forever a shoreless sea,
I know that all is well,
And I learn these things from the heart of the wood,
From the solemn soul of the sea,
For never a bird in a wire-bound cage,
Told these things to me.

And the soul of man is a sunward bird,
With wings that are made for flight,
To pierce the fount of the shining day,
And float through the depths of night,
And I read these things in that Bible of God,

Whose leaves are the spreading sky,
And the legible face of the dark green sea,
With the eye behind the eye.
For truth is not closed in the lids of a book,
For its chainless soul is free,
And never a bird in a wire-bound cage
Told these things to me.

For truth surges into the open heart,
And into the willing eye,
And stream from the breath of the streaming earth,
And drops from the bending sky;
'Tis not shut in a book, in a church, or a school,

Nor cramped in the chains of a creed,
But lives in the open air and light
For all men in their need!
But the fish that swims in a goldfish vase,
Knows not of the salted sea,
And never a bird in a wire-bound cage
Told these things to me.

'Tis the voice that comes from the gilded peaks,
From the toplest heights of a man's own dreams
This voice goes wandering by;
And who roam the earth with an open heart,
With an ear attuned to hear,
Will catch some broken chord of the sound
Whenever the voice comes near.

But not past the prison of custom or creed
Will the voice or the vision flee;
And never a bird in a wire-bound cage
Told these things to me.

How often do you eat this food?

A short time ago there appeared in the columns of one of the prominent magazines an article on building brain and muscle by the proper selection of the foods you eat.

A good many people were surprised to find oatmeal placed at the top of the list of foods recommended; but if the article had appeared in an English or Scotch paper every reader would have expected to see first place given to good oatmeal.

As a matter of fact Great Britain and Europe come to us for tremendous quantities of Quaker Oats because it represents to them perfect food, being the richest in flavor and best in cleanliness and purity, of all oatmeals.

Americans should eat more Quaker Oats; the results would soon show themselves in improved conditions of health and strength.

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Harry H. Frost

Union Blend one pound packets—the pound packets only—contain coupons that are worth money to you. But this is only an advertisement—the tea itself is worth the price, fully.

honestly know how UNION BLEND TEA could possibly be improved. And when Union Blend Tea comes to you, you get it with all the tea-ness in it—in a hermetically sealed packet that is proof against dampness and atmospheric changes. Look for my picture on the end of the packet—that is your guarantee of quality.

Make your own tea-cup convince you.

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Beware of Any Thick, Greasy Liniment That Contains Acids and Strong Ammonia.

No doctor would think of prescribing a greasy, thick, ammonia liniment—they can't penetrate, and in consequence are unable to reach the source of pain. The best liniment for general household use is "Nerviline," which is sold under positive guarantee to cure pain.

Nerviline is sure to cure pain because it is immensely stronger than other liniments, because it is more penetrating, because it relieves the congested condition that excites pain, because it restores circulation of the part. Now you understand why one person in three throughout the Dominion of Canada uses Nerviline. These people have tested it. They know how good it is, because in the hundred and one minor ailments that afflict us at odd times they found Nerviline always cured. Nerviline is an absolute antidote to pain, powerful, soothing, and certain in its action.

Nerviline is estimably the finest remedy for pain found in the world. Not an ache or pain anywhere that Nerviline does not cure.

Try Nerviline for neuralgia, headache, sciatica, lumbago, stiffness, rheumatism—wherever there is soreness, or pain, rub on Nerviline, and you'll be cured. Refuse anything offered you instead of Nerviline. Large 25c bottles, five for \$1. All dealers, or The Catarrh, Ozone Company, Kingston, Ont.