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Fourteen County Scholarships of \$60 each. An Asa Dow Scholarship (\$96) for First Class male Teachers. Other Prizes for Scholarships.

Well arranged Courses in Arts and Applied Science. Science Courses include Civil Engineering, Electrical Engineering and Forestry. Thorough and Complete.

Write for Calendar.
C. C. JONES, LL. D.
Chancellor.

Mount Allison Academy Sackville, N. B.

First Term of the Year 1909-10 will open September 9th

General, Special and Matriculation Courses leading to Colleges of Arts, Engineering, Medicine, etc., are provided. Additional rooms have been prepared for the accommodation of the increasing numbers seeking the advantages of this well known educational institution.

Large Staff. Charges Moderate. Write for Free Calendar giving full information.

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WHITE FOR FREE CALENDAR

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SACKVILLE, N. B.

56th Year
Commencing
September 9

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With Faculty of Ten Members, and equipped with Pipe Organs and over 50 Pianos.

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Course leading to M. L. A. Degree. Scholarships for worthy people.

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Affiliated with Emerson College of Oratory, Boston.—Graduates from this department at Mount Allison, may enter the Senior year at Emerson.

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In charge of John Hammond, R.C.A., and equipped with Pictures, Casts, etc., to the value of \$75,000. Courses in Designing, Etching, Wood Carving and Leather Tooling have been arranged.

Write for Calendar.

REV. B. C. BORDEN, D.D., Principal.

ACADIA UNIVERSITY.

Wolfville, N. S.

The next College year will begin October 6, 1909.
The Institution offers a course of four years leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts; a course of four years, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science; an Engineering course of two or three years, qualifying for entrance to the third year of the large Technical Schools; a course of four years, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Theology, and Special Courses for those desiring only selected studies.

The New Carnegie Science Building.

beautiful and finely equipped will add materially to the facilities afforded future students.

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Educational Review, for February, 1909.

The new Catalogue for 1909-1910, giving in detail full information, concerning, COURSES OFFERED, TEACHERS, BUILDINGS, EQUIPMENT and the UNSURPASSED ADVANTAGES only possible at this school can be had by applying to the Principal. Re-opens September 8, 1909.

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For further information apply to the Principal,

E. ROBINSON, B. A.

Wolfville, N. S.

Subscribe for the Sentinel

Our Weekly Story

THE LOVE OF PHYLLIS.

(By Herbert Jamieson)

I have little to offer, Phyllis, but all that I have is yours, if you will be my wife."

Sadly the girl shook her head.

"Gerald, out here, where women are scarce, some men seem to choose their wives for strange reasons."

"You know my reason—my only reason. I love you with all my heart and soul. There is no other woman in the world for me."

She laid her hand on the lapel of his coat and spoke very earnestly.

"If I could say the same, Gerald, I would be your wife to-morrow. I like you, I respect you, but love—that is such a different thing. I cannot say that there is no other man in the world for me. I have tried to keep my ideal of marriage high. You would not have me lower it, would you?"

"No," he confessed, without hesitation. "But is there somebody else?"

"There is nobody else."

"And I may still hope?"

"I think you may. I shall be always hoping myself—hoping that what is best for your happiness may take place."

She held out her hand. It was the sign that their talk was finished.

It was a year later, a wild night in February, with torrents of rain and a lashing wind.

Phillip Atkinson had looked in on his friend Comber for a chat and a smoke. Gerald passed him his tobacco pouch.

"I heard one piece of news to-day," said Atkinson, after filling his pipe. "I don't think old Mr. Newman can last much longer."

Gerald started.

"Why?"

"He's been getting thinner, and you've probably noticed, and complaining a bit lately. Last night Dr. Sprague made an examination and found out that he has cancer."

"Good heavens!" I'm terribly sorry. I had no idea. His poor daughter—"

"Yes, it's hard on her—the nicest girl for miles around. At least my wife says that of her, and a remark like that about one woman by another is a pretty strong recommendation. I think, though, Miss Phyllis—Did you hear a distant crash then?"

"No."

"I thought I did. Never remember a stiffer wind. Well, I was going to say I reckon Miss Phyllis will soon be married."

Gerald, who was in the act of lighting his pipe, burnt his finger.

"Oh; who is the man?"

Oliver Marshmount. A straight young fellow. I like him. I'd be glad if he got the girl."

Gerald was silent. He was too truthful to echo the wish. This was stupendous news for him.

"Why do you suppose that he is the man?"

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Worn Out-Tired.
Headaches, Dizziness.

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Proof of Cure.

"People in ordinary circumstances find sickness the greatest burden of all," writes Mrs. W. S. Scholes, the wife of a well known citizen in Russell. But the mother with young children must keep going whether sick or well. This was my plight just before my third child was weaned.

I became weak and pale, and at night I was so weary that I ached all over. I slept poorly, suffered with indigestion and headaches that almost blinded me.

"At last, when thin, wrinkled and hollow-cheeked, I was urged to use Ferrozone. For the first time in years I enjoyed freedom from headaches, my appetite picked up, I grew stronger, felt better and slept soundly. You can't imagine my joy in seeing my strength, color and spirits returning. Week by week I improved, gained eleven pounds and have been robust ever since."

Because Ferrozone invigorates—braces—builds up—because it will give you comfort, energy, sound, lasting health, these are a few of the reasons why you should use Ferrozone. Sold by all dealers, 50c. per box or six boxes for \$2.50. Try Ferrozone. Do it to-day.

WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me, I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman."

"I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JOHN G. MOLDAN, 2115 Second St., North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

"I've met them walking together several times lately, and my wife says she knows it to be all but an accomplished fact. Seems that she heard something or other from the Newman's servant. Well, Marshmount has been doing well here, and I guess, if the old man dies, the girl will be alright in his hands. What do you think?"

Gerald had risen to his feet.

"There's someone rapping furiously at the outside door. Something's wrong."

Atkinson followed him into the passage. When the door was unfastened, a boy whom Gerald employed filled the aperture. He was so excited and out of breath that he could scarcely speak.

"Oh Mr. Comber, sir, the dam's burst."

"Good heavens!"

"And the river's been tearing down like a blind fury. Did you hear that smash just now? That was the railway bridge gone. I guessed what it was, but rushed along and looked for myself. There's only a pillar or so standing."

The two men looked at one another in consternation. Then Gerald jerked a waterproof and cap from a peg in the hall.

"I'm going right down at once. Atkinson. Will you come with me?"

"Certainly." Atkinson crammed his pipe into his pocket and reached for his overcoat. "Jove! what an awful affair! What about your lands, old man? They'll all be under flood; and one can't estimate the damage done to all your live stock."

"Are you ready? I'm not thinking about live stock. What about the evening train? It will be here in little over half an hour. Do the railway people know that the bridge has fallen?"

"I never thought of that. Let's be off."

They talked as they ran.

"The wires are sure to be down, too, Atkinson. How can we let the other side know what has taken place?"

"I don't know. There'll be several of the fellows in that train, returning from Harrington market. Marshmount is one, I know."

"Marshmount?" repeated Gerald.

"We must save them somehow."

His thoughts kept pace with his flying feet. If the man that Phyllis Newman was said to love was amongst those in danger, the impending catastrophe must at all costs be averted.

The two men reached the river's brink. The first mad rush of the water had subsided, but it had carried away in its resistless embrace the once stout bridge. A couple of the concrete supports, a few dangling telegraph wires, a heap of wreckage, which the river had not yet had time to engulf, alone marked the spot where it had stood. In the darkness the scene looked wholly strange and unfamiliar.

"There's only one way that I can see, Atkinson. You and I must row across. The tide's not running so strongly now, though we may have rather a stiff pull."

They ran to the place where two boats used for ferrying purposes—for the bridge only carried the railway lines—were always moored.

One boat had been carried clean away by the force of the water, and was nowhere visible: the other was lying with a big rent in its side.

They stared at one another aghast.

"We can do nothing," said Atkinson in despair.

"I must. You can't swim, I know, Atkinson, but I can."

"Not across this river with the current running."

"I mean to try."

"Stop, man? You're mad to risk your life in this way."

But the other had whipped off waterproof coat, and waistcoat, Atkinson laid a restraining hand on his shoulder. Gerald shook it off.

"I'm not mad, old man. If I don't come back alive, you can tell the boys that I did it when perfectly sane."

"But why?"

"Why? Can you keep a secret, Atkinson? I'm doing this chiefly for Phyllis Newman's sake and that of the man she loves. Now, stand away!"

And as Gerald plunged into the chill water, Atkinson knew that he had read the heart of his friend.

The praise of Gerald Comber was on everybody's lips. He had saved that heavily freighted train. By an almost superhuman effort he had swam the swollen river, scaled, wet and dripping, the opposite bank, and stopped the train at the curve two hundred yards from the yawning gap.

But a chill, followed by pneumonia, had resulted from the exposure. He was only just convalescent after a very serious illness.

After a whispered conversation with someone at the door, the nurse came back into the room.

"A lady wants to see you, sir. I'm sure the doctor won't mind now."

He turned his eyes without interest, expecting to see some visitor deputed by the church. They fell on the face and form of Phyllis Newman.

She came up to the bedside and took the hand lying on the counterpane.

"I wanted to thank you for your brave deed and all the lives you saved."

"It was nothing."

"It was everything. I'm glad you're better now. I could not have borne it if—if—Oh why did you risk your life?"

Should he tell her? Why not? What heavenly satisfaction to watch the look of gratitude light up her whole face!

"I did it for your sake—for the sake of the man you love."

"The man—I love?"

"Yes! Wasn't Mr. Marshmount in that train, after all?"

He saw the strangest expression creep into her eyes. Her hand sensibly tightened on his.

"There has been a mistake," she looked round, and noticed that the nurse had left the room. "Mr. Marshmount is nothing to me. Someone else is—everything. I knew it—knew it for the first time when you went down to the gates of death and—Oh, my beloved, thank God that you are still here!" Her tears fell upon the bed.



MAGISTRATE'S SKIN DISEASE CURED

Magistrate F. Rasmussen, of 211, Marquette Street, Montreal, writes to the Zam-Buk Co. as follows:—

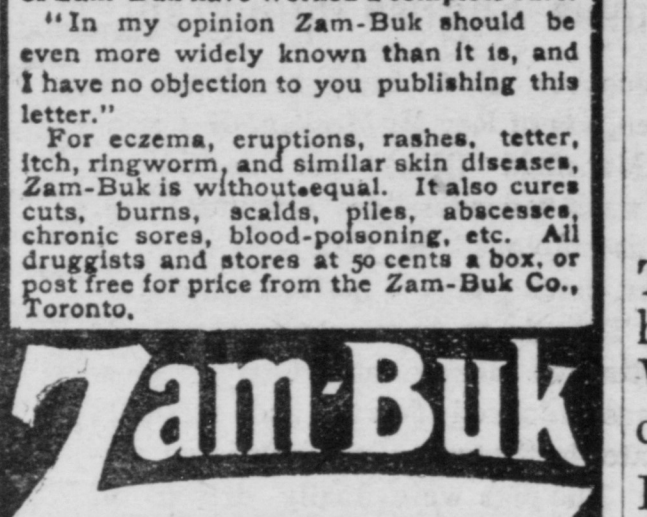
"Gentlemen,—For many years I was troubled with a serious eruption of the skin, which was not only unsightly, but at times very painful. I tried various household remedies, but all these proved altogether useless."

"I then took medical advice. Not one, but several doctors in turn were consulted, but I was unable to get any permanent relief. Some time back I noticed a report from a Justice of the Peace who had been cured of a chronic skin-disease by Zam-Buk, and I determined to give this balm a trial."

"After a thoroughly fair test, I can say I am delighted with it. I have the best reasons for this conclusion; because, while everything else I tried—salves, embrocations, washes, soaps, and doctors' preparations—failed absolutely to relieve my pain and rid me of my trouble, three boxes of Zam-Buk have worked a complete cure."

"In my opinion Zam-Buk should be known even more widely than it is, and I have no objection to your publishing this letter."

"For eczema, eruptions, rashes, tetter, itch, ringworm, and similar skin diseases, Zam-Buk is without equal. It also cures cuts, burns, scalds, piles, abscesses, chronic sores, blood-poisoning, etc. All druggists and stores at 50 cents a box, or post free for price from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto."



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