VELL KNOWN IN JARVIS, ONT.

Baldimand County Councillor tells how Psychine cured his Lung Troubles

"I contracted a series of colds from the banging weather," says Mr. Bryce Allen, a well-known resident of Jarvis, Ont., and member of Haldimand County Council for his district, "and gradually my lungs became affected. I tried medicine and doctors prescribed for me, but got I no relief. With lungs and stomach diseased, nervous, weak and wasted, I began to use Psychine. With two months' treatment I regained my health. To-day I am as sound as a bell, and give all the credit to Psychine."

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Larry's Wedding

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay Copyright, 1906, by P. C. Eastment

When Larry Donovan was promoted from footman to coachman and moved from a room over the stables to a trim cottage with a fine view of the Hemstead's lawn he felt as if the summit of his ambition had been reached. If genius is a capacity for hard work Larey could well lay claim to it, for he toiled early and late with a pertinacity which set him high in the estimation of his employer and enabled him to put by a snug sum by the time he had been in America three years.

There was only one thing wanting to make Larry's happiness complete, and that was the presence of Ellen O'Meara, who was already on her way from the old country. A month ago Larry had sent the money for her transportation.

Ellen was the belle of Ballymoran and his winning her was to be viewed in the light of a great triumph. For awhile it had been nip and tuck as to whether she would marry him or Tim Kearny. But Ellen had chosen Larry, and in the letters she wrote him from time to time there was no mention of Tim Kearny.

"Shure, her heart's all mine," said Larry to himself, and as the day of Effen's landing approached his joy be-came more and more apparent.

Indeed, the whole Hemstead house-hold took an interest in Ellen's home coming. The servants knew her age to a dot, that her eyes were as blue as the lakes of Killarney and her hair like burnished copper.

The morning of his wedding dawned clearly and Larry was in jubilant spir-its as he took the Long Island train for New York. How Ellen would delight their little cottage and exult in the curprise that her husband was not a groom, but a full fledged coachman.

Larry boarded the immigrant ferry boat, and it was not till he had reached the immigration building on Ellis is-land that he found that the Cedric, the steamer on which Ellen was coming, was a day late.

A whole twenty-four hours to spend without Ellen! Larry wandered dis-consolately through the long bare halls of the building, stopping to look at the newly landed immigrants in their cage Ore compartments and thinking of the time when he had been like them. In one of the halls a girl was talking to a bine coated official and biting her lips to keep from crying. She was young and slender, with deep gray eyes.

Dear Mother

"I'm sorry," the official was saying kindly, "but we haven't been able to get any word of the aunt who was to meet you, and you're too young a girl to work alone in the city. It's against the law. If your aunt doesn't come for you, you'll have to go back to Ireland to your own people."
"But they're all dead," said the girl.

"Shure, there's no one belonging to me at all except this aunt in New York whom I've niver seen. An' if she doesn't come for me"— The girl broke off with a sudden sob, so childish, so piteous, that Larry, in spite of his hap-piness, felt his heart ache for her.

"It's a shame, it is," he said to him-self. "A poor young bit of a thing like that! Faith, if my Ellen was only here we might think of something to do for the girl." And on his way back to New York Larry determined to speak to Ellen about the matter. Women's wits were much better than men's in such

Next morning he was early at the island and instead of waiting in the immigration building tramped up and down outside that he might catch the first glimpse of the boat that was bringing Ellen to him. Presently he descried it, and his blood raced at the

He stood as near as he could to the gangplank and anxiously scanned the faces of the immigrants crowded on the deck, but Ellen's was not among them. Larry was filled with an anguish of apprehension. Then his heart leaped. He had seen the glint of Ellen's red gold hair. For an instant she faced him, their eyes met, and then she turned and spoke to a man beside her. He laughed and pushed back his cap. As he did so Larry recognized him. It was Tim Kearny. They were coming down the gangplank now, and Ellen, to steady herself, put a bare red hand on the railing. On her fourth finger gleamed a plain gold wedding ring. Larry was too stunned to speak

Dazed, he turned toward the immigration building. He knew not what to do or where to go. The mockery of it all swept over him-the fruitless years of planning and working, the little house that he had meant to be so happy in. Worse than all, the shame of returning alone smote him to the quick. But as he stumbled on there flashed through his mind the memory of the gray eyed girl he had seen the day before. She had been so helpless, yet so lovely in her grief. Somehow the recollection of her loneliness seemed to draw him toward her as if by an invisible bond.

"Shure, misery loves company," he said to himself, "and if the girl could only learn to care for me 'tis joy and not sorrow might be in store for us."

He quickened his steps, fumbling in his pocket for the letters with which Mr. Hemstead had invested him in case he had trouble in proving his right to Ellen. They certified as to Larry's character and errand beyond a doubt and satisfied the middle aged official who ran his eye across them. "Well?" he said.

The situation was a difficult one, and it took Larry some moments to ex-

Finally the official threw back his head and laughed. "We've had a good many romances on the island," he cried, "but this beats all! Still, as far as I can see, there's nothing against your marrying the girl if she consents. At present she's expecting to be deported, for we've found that her aunt died some days after the girl sailed."

So Nora MacManus was called from the women's detention room and came with a look of wonder, a wonder which deepened as she saw Larry.

"They're telling me you're from the owld sod," said he, "and that your name's Nora MacManus. Is it of the Innishowan MacManuses ye are?"

"Yes," said Nora. Her voice was as soft as the run of a river.

"I was at Innishowan once myself," said Larry, and he went on to speak of the old people and the old times. "Faith, they're a great bond whin peo-ple are in a strange land," he said. Then Larry took both of Nora's hands at the same time.

"Nora, girl," he said, "listen to me." While he was speaking she kept her gray eyes fixed on his honest blue ones. He did not pause until he had told her the whole story. "I've lost faith in one woman," he declared, "but not in And the little house back there is the lonely and empty, and my heart—shure, the lonely and empty too. Will ye come and fill it, Nora, alana? Will ye trust me whin I tell ye that the longer I stand here speakin' with ye the more I love ye?"

It gives me a feelin' o' home to know

"It gives me a feelin' o' home to know they have the Blarney stone in America," said Nora, a gleam of humor appearing in her eye.

"I'm no worse than an aunt ye niver had seen," pleaded Larry, "and I may be some better. And the people where we're going—shure, they'll niver know but what you're the girl I came here to marry. There's such a thing as love at first sight, Nora, darlint, and that's what's the matter with me this minute. Ah, say ye'll marry me, though I know ye've niver set eyes on me be-

"Oh, but I havel" cried Nora. "Yesterday in the hall"— She stopped with

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a quick blush

"Ah," cried the delighted Larry, "then ye did notice me, my angel!
'Twas hardly a wink I got last night, for your face kept hauntin' me. I thought of what I'd heard ye say and how lonely and hard it was for ye, a girl in a strange land."

"Did ye, now?" said Nova. "There's few would have thought o' that!" A wonderful change passed over her face. Her eyes softened. "Bye think—if you're still shure"— She faltered, groping for a word.

"Ah, Nora, is it 'Yes' ye mean?" cried the ecstatic Larry.
And Nora nodded.

So Larry and Ellen were married, and the kindly official and the matron of the detention room were witnesses of the simple ceremony. And it chance ed that as he and his bride stood on the deck of the immigrant ferry they came face to face with Mr. and Mrs. Tim Kearny, also bound for New York.

"Nora, my dear," said Larry, "this is Mrs. Kearny. Mrs. Kearny, I'd loike to make you acquainted with my wife, Mrs. Lawrence Donovan." He shot a sharp look at Tim. "Is it on your weddin' thrip ye are?" he questioned and without waiting for an answer drew Nora toward the bow of the boat, so that in going down the gangplank they took precedence of Mr. and Mrs. Tim Kearny, who followed sullenly behind and were just in time to see Larry call a cab, hand Nora into it and, jumping in after her, close the door with a victorious slam.

"There are times," said Larry, "whin it pays to be exthravagant," and, leaning over, he squeezed Nora's hand.

London's Comic Paper, London Punch was concocted in the

back parlor of a public house behind Drury Lane theater. The first editor of Punch was the landlord of that tavern, and in that room assembled almost every night some of the most lively wits of the day-more noted, as Dion Boucicault tells, -for wit than The landlord made punch, and around the bowl those men would sit drinking, smoking and cracking jokes.

The landlord proposed that their jokes should not be wasted, that their wit should start a comic paper. A good idea, but what name to give it?

What name? The child should have its father's name. And the landlord pointed to the bowl of punch. And the paper was started. It struggled on about a year and then was sold for £100 to Bradbury & Evans, the firm that printed it. The best writers in England hastened to their standard It has the notoriety of being expelled from several kingdoms on the conti-nent of Europe.—Sunday Magazine.

The Sun Not Burned Out,

It has been stated by such authorities as Kelvin, Newcomb and Ball that the future of the sun's activity will be comparatively short-not more than 10,-000,000 years-and some have even sug gested that the sun's activity already shows signs of waning. So far is this from being the case that only onefourth of our supply of energy has been expended, and three-fourths are yet in store for the future life of the planetary system. This opens up to our contemplation a decidedly refreshing view of the future and will give renewed hope to all who believe that the end of mundane progress is not yet in sight. Not only should the future possibilities of scientific progress be vastly extend-ed, but there will in all probability be the most ample time for the further development of the races of beings inhabiting this planet. According to this view, the evolution of our earth is still in its infancy, with the zenith of its splendor far in the future.—T. J. J. See

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