

Dr. Slocum's Great Tonic and Disease Destroyer

PSYCHINE

(PRONOUNCED SIK-KEEN)
Used in Thousands of Homes in Canada

THOSE WHO don't know what Psychine is and what it does are asking about it. THOSE WHO do know what Psychine is and what it does are using it. They regard it as their best physician and friend.

THOSE WHO use it are being quickly and permanently cured of all forms of throat, chest, lung and stomach troubles. It is a scientific preparation, destroying all disease germs in the blood and system. It is a wonderful tonic and system building remedy, and is a certain cure for

COUGHS, LA GRIPPE, COLDS, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Weak Voice, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Malaria, Anaemia,

Bronchial Coughs, Chills and Fever, Difficult Breathing, General Weakness, Female Troubles, Fickle Appetite, Hemorrhages, Night Sweats, Consumption, Catarrh of the Stomach.

All these diseases are serious in themselves, and if not promptly cured in the early stages are the certain forerunners of Consumption in its most terrible forms. Psychine conquers and cures Consumption, but it is much easier and safer to prevent its development by using Psychine. Here is a sample of thousands of voluntary and unsolicited statements from all over Canada:

Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited:
Gentlemen—I feel it my duty to advise you of the remarkable cure effected by your Psychine and Oxomulsion, which have come under my personal observation. Three men, well known to me, Albert Townsend, Hazel Hipson and John McKay, all of Shelburne County, were pronounced by the best medical men to have Consumption, and to be incurable and beyond the reach of medical aid. They used Psychine and Oxomulsion and they are now in good health. I feel it a duty to owe to suffering humanity to state these facts for the benefit of other sufferers from this terrible disease.

Yours very truly,
LEANDER MCKENZIE, J.P.
Green Harbor, N.S.

Psychine, pronounced Si-keen, is for sale at all up-to-date dealers. If your druggist or general store cannot supply you, write Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto.

Hints on Lawn Sowing.

Get the very best grade of lawn mixture for seeding, and use it liberally. I believe in thick sowing. This way you are not obliged to wait a year for a good sward. Sow the seed on a very still day if you want an even "catch." I would advise sowing from one side and then cross-sowing. It is a good plan to sow just before a rain, if possible, as this will tubed the seed in the soil and prevent it from being blown away. If the season is a dry one, it is well to roll or beat down the soil after sowing to make it compact enough to retain moisture until germination can take place.—From *Outing Magazine*.

Work at the Tunnel.

The work at the tunnel which is now being carried on is progressing very rapidly, and the contractors are nearly a month ahead of their contract. The cable is now being pulled through the duct, which was recently put through the tunnel. About fifty men are now working on the whole job and the first part of July the forces will be doubled and the work rushed to completion.

7 Burn to Death in Wreck at Chapleau

Fort William, April 10.—No. 1 passenger train, westbound, jumped the track two miles east of Chapleau to-night. One tourist car and another coach caught fire and were destroyed. Seven people were burned to death. There is nothing to identify who they were, as everything was burned up. The tourist car was direct from Montreal.

MARTYR DAYS ARE NOT YET PASSED!

GREAT ARMIES OF MEN AND WOMEN GO UP AND DOWN THE EARTH IN BONDS MORE IRKSOME, IN SUFFERINGS MORE INTENSE, IN SHACKLES MORE SECURE THAN WERE THE IRON MANACLES OF SLAVERY DAYS, AND YET THE "LINCOLN OF EMANCIPATION" FINDS IN THESE LATER DAYS HIS COUNTERPART IN

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder

whose mission it is and which mission it fills in freeing thousands from the bondage of dreaded, disgusting, discouraging, distracting catarrh, that cruel, relentless master that is no respecter of persons. How do you know you are in its thrall? Note the symptoms—headache, watery eyes, pains over the eyes, deafness, buzzing in the head, drooping in the throat, offensive breath, dryness in the nostrils—any or all of these symptoms are forerunners of catarrh, and catarrh in the headache stage can be relieved in 10 minutes by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and the sufferer may be saved the suffering that comes with the chronic stage and the distress and maybe fatal results when catarrh takes hold on the lung tissues.

Take catarrh in time with this wonderful cure, which, as thousands have said and thousands more could say, "works like magic," and you will have struck the chord that is the keynote to health and happiness.

ALL DRUGGISTS AND MEDICINE DEALERS SELL IT.

DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART gives relief in thirty minutes. DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT relieves eczema, scrofula and all skin eruptions with first application—35 cents.

SOLD BY T. B. TAYLOR & SONS.

The Meaning of a "Homestead."

An Irishman, wishing to take a "homestead" and not knowing just how to go about it sought information from a friend.

"Mike," he said, "you've taken a homestead, an' I thought maybe ye could tell me th' law concernin' how to go about it."

"Well, Dennis, I don't remember the exact wordin' av th' law, but I can give you th' measin' av it. Th' measin' av it is this—Th' Government is willin' t' bet ye 160 acres of land agin \$14 that ye can't live on it five years widout starvin' t' death."

Port Huron Man Charged with Attempted Murder.

Port Huron, Mich., April 11.—Frank Scarlatta, aged 22, a former Detroit barber, was arrested here this afternoon on a charge of attempted murder, made by Lewis Vaudedel, age 42, of this city. Both men are Italians.

Vaudedel says that Scarlatta entered his home this afternoon while he was shaving and after an argument over an \$18 debt due from Scarlatta, the latter grabbed the razor and cut his throat. Vaudedel is hardly able to talk from the effects of the wound, but will recover. Scarlatta was on a Rapid car bound for Detroit when taken into custody by Deputy Sheriff James Reynolds.

Soon after being lodged in jail he became insane through fear thinking that he had killed Vaudedel. Scarlatta was arrested in Port Huron several months ago, and was taken to Detroit and charged with larceny. He was later released the charge being withdrawn, and has resided in Port Huron until the present time.

Profit of One Dollar a Hen.

In a lecture at Gravenhurst, A. G. Gilbert, of the Ottawa Experimental Farm, summed up the profit on a hen as follows, says the Gravenhurst Herald:—

"He took the work of one hen for a year. He counted a hen which would not lay 100 eggs per year, a very poor hen, and one only fit for the soup pot. The average hen should lay from 110 to 120 eggs per year; but for the purposes of his argument, he assumed that she would lay 100 which at 12 cents per dozen would bring \$1.00 in income. She would hatch eight chickens, which he stated was the average hatch, and it was customary to assume the price of a newly hatched chicken at 1 cent, being a total of 80 cents on the flock. He assumed that at the end of a year, the hen herself was worth 25 cents, being a total of \$2.05 or for easy calculation \$2 being the gross revenue for the year. It was customary to count 75 cents the cost of feeding a hen for one year but in this case he was willing to assume that it would cost \$1 to feed the hen, thereby leaving a clear profit of \$1 per hen per year.

Now if we could only get hens to take their holidays in summer when eggs are as low as 20 cents a dozen and work full time in winter when eggs are 40 cents a dozen as they are now, a 120 egg-a-year hen would increase her earnings on eggs alone by \$2 a year.

Six Brothers Renew Acquaintance After Separation of Fifty Years.

Windsor, April 12.—An unique gathering was held here last night at the residence of W. C. Donaldson, when six brothers were united after a separation of fifty years, it having been the first time the six were together since they left their home in young manhood. Their ages range from 80 to 65, an average of 75 each. Mr. Donaldson, of this city, being the "baby," 65 years of age.

Woman is Sentenced for Attempt to Kill

Woodstock, April 11.—At the assize court to-day, Mrs. William Bates, an elderly woman, employed as a laundress about the city, received her trial on the charge of assaulting, with intent to kill, her daughter, Hattie, aged 25 years and her son, under 20.

The evidence went to show that the woman arose in the night while the two victims were sleeping and attacked them with a hatchet.

No defence was offered, and the woman was sentenced to two years in Kingston Penitentiary.

The Governor's Daughter

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay
Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Parcells

She stood on the porch of the great colonial house, the wind ruffling her light hair, one hand toying with her riding whip. Around a corner of the driveway she caught a glimpse of the stable boy bringing her saddle horse, but it was not at him that she looked. Her gaze was concentrated on a tall figure coming up the drive, a young man in a dark suit very much the worse for wear. Neatness could not hide the fact that his coat was much worn at the edges. Nevertheless he carried himself with a certain assurance, which the sight of Juliet Arlington, standing erect and expectant by the door, did not in the least diminish. He mounted the steps. Juliet stopped



"A CALLER TO SEE YOU, FATHER."

playing with her riding whip and looked at him inquiringly. He raised his hat.

"Governor Arlington is at home, is he not?" he queried. His tones, like his eyes, were very direct.

"I really don't know," said Juliet, with polite indifference.

Nothing daunted, the young man reached forward a thin, determined brown hand and rang the bell.

Juliet gave him a sidelong glance. "He looks," she thought, "as if he would stride up to the house of fate itself, knock on the door and demand if opportunity were within."

She turned suddenly. "I beg your pardon," she said, "but I believe I made a mistake just now. My father went for a short ride before breakfast. Yet I remember that he came back by a side entrance. I think he is in his study. Do you wish to see him?"

She waved aside the servant who had come in answer to the bell and led the way herself, her trim heels tapping now on the bare polished floor, now sinking into rugs so soft that they made no sound. At the door on the right of the hall she paused, touched it lightly with her knuckles and in response to the deep voice within inquired, "What is it, Juliet?" answered, "A caller to see you, father," and flung wide the door. The young man thanked her and entered.

When she returned at luncheon, eyes and cheeks glowing brightly from exercise, she found her father in a very happy mood.

"You look," said Juliet, bending over him, "as if you had found a gold mine."

"Better than that," he replied. "I've found just the young man I want for my private secretary."

Juliet laughed. "Don't you mean," she said, slipping into her chair, "that the young man found you?"

The governor chuckled. "I guess you're right," he answered, "and he did it without a mite of pull." He looked past his daughter through the windows, where a stretch of woodland could be seen, mellowing toward autumn.

"Most people find you that way, father, dear," said Juliet, with an appreciative glance.

"The best ones do," he mused, a light on his rugged New England face. The Arlingtons, father and son, had been governors of that state, whose granite hills are not more firm than the hearts of its people. And the wives of the governors had been women of tact and breeding, who lived quietly and frugally in the great colonial house, but who rose to state occasions with a hospitality that was as lavish as it was brilliant.

"And you're very like them, Juliet," the governor was fond of saying. "If your mother was alive, she would be proud of the resemblance. The way

you rule this house and preside over it shows you have a steady heart and head, and your discernment of character is really wonderful in a girl of twenty-two."

"What is the young man's name, father?" went on Juliet, breaking in on his reverie.

"Eh? Oh, you mean my private secretary's? Faxon's his name—John Faxon. Comes of a good family, but very poor. Worked his way through college, and now he's ready for a job."

"I see," said the girl slowly.

The house was very gay that winter with guests coming and going, and Juliet came to rely on John Faxon almost as much as her father did. He

was always ready to smooth away obstacles, to make the most of difficult situations. He was courteous, clever and reserved.

The governor's daughter was surrounded by suitors. She was the belle of every dance and dinner and driving party; but though rumor engaged her first to this one and then to that, she made no sign.

"When do you intend to give away that cool young heart of yours?" her father questioned. "And to whom?"

"To the right man at the right time," answered Juliet serenely and tripped away to see the floral decorations of the dinner table, for she was entertaining a large house party, and it was not her custom to leave the details to servants. She was the last to retire that evening, and as she stood in the great hall at the foot of the wide staircase John Faxon lit her candle for her. Then he lingered, watching her as she went up the stairs, the candle's glow making a soft halo for the pale gold of her hair and the delicate beauty of her face. Halfway up she paused and looked over the balusters. Her lips were smiling, her eyes dazzlingly tender.

"Good night," said Faxon, half beneath his breath, still watching her.

"John Faxon," she said quietly, "haven't you anything else to say to me?"

His face showed a battle between pride and love, and pride assumed the mastery. He shook his head.

"Nothing else," he answered coldly, but the look of adoration that he gave her haunted her dreams that night and for many nights after.

Outwardly their life went on exactly the same. Faxon neither sought nor avoided her. Both went quietly about their duties. The incident that had so stirred them seemed utterly forgotten.

Winter melted into spring, and late one evening Juliet came in from a long ramble in her garden. The essence of the flowers seemed still to cling to her, dewy and fresh and ineffable. Moonlight streamed in the windows of the great hall as she entered it. She went to the quaint mahogany table for her silver candlestick and was aware of John Faxon standing in the shadow. Mutely she held out the candle toward him, and he essayed to light it for her. His hand trembled, and three matches went out before he could accomplish it. He was very pale, but the governor's daughter was quite cool and undismayed.

"Thank you," she said as he handed it to her. She looked adorable in the half light.

"Good night," said John Faxon, bowing.

Juliet paused.

"Have you nothing else to say to me?" she asked him.

"Nothing else," John answered. He spoke with difficulty.

Juliet dimpled bewitchingly, set down the candlestick and leaned toward him.

"Don't you think it's time you had?" she queried, laughing.

"Juliet," he cried, "you know that I worship you—that I adore you! And you know, too, what has held me silent all this time. I have nothing on earth to offer you but a poor man's love."

"Is love so cheap a thing that you speak of it bitterly?" said Juliet Arlington. "And as for poverty—your life is not lived yet. John Faxon. My grandfather was a governor, my father is a governor, and unless I am the first Arlington woman to be mistaken in a man my husband will some day be a governor too."

"With your help, Juliet," laughed Faxon brokenly. She was in his arms now, her head against his breast.

"Bless me, what's this?" cried her father, entering and peering through the gloom.

"It means," flashed Juliet before Faxon could speak—"it means that a candidate for my heart has been elected after a most exciting campaign."

"The right man at the right time," quoted the governor softly, and held out his hands to them both.

Now or Later.

Jimmy—"Aw, no wonder yer kin lick me—yer two years older'n me." Mickey—"Well, come round when yer as old as me an' I'll lick yer den, too."

A Boy's View.

Mother—"What's the last name of that little boy you play with?" Tommy—"His name's Willie. Boys don't have any 'last' names."

Bacon Hog Sales.

In order to introduce a better class of bacon hogs, and also to encourage their greater production in Eastern Ontario, the Ontario government are holding several sales in Eastern Ontario. The first of these will be held at Brockville on Monday next. Others will be held at Morrisburg on Tuesday, Cornwall on Wednesday, Lancaster on Thursday, Alexandria on Friday and Vars on Saturday.

On Wednesday, April 24, a series of sales will begin on the C. P. R. line. The Berkshires and Yorkshires are the leading breeds being sold, and animals have been supplied from the leading Ontario breeders.

One of the greatest blessings to parents is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It effectively expels worms and gives health in a matvellous manner to the little one. m

\$350,000 For Evelyn.

Pittsburg, Pa., April 12.—Word has been received from New York that Mrs. William K. Thaw had settled \$350,000 on Evelyn Nesbit Thaw before the trial of her husband has been confirmed here.

This action, it was explained, was not necessary on the part of Thaw's mother to induce her son's wife to tell her story on the stand, nor was it arranged in any way to be affected by the outcome of the trial. Those who are informed on the subject say this act of the older Mrs. Thaw was merely in keeping with the confidence she placed in Evelyn Nesbit Thaw when she accepted the young woman as a daughter-in-law on the basis that both she and Harry intended to "turn over new leaves" and live quietly as husband and wife.

It is understood that Mrs. Thaw's settling \$250,000 on her daughter-in-law was in no way influenced by rumors of coldness between the two. The young woman needed money, and it was provided, not only for the present, but for the future.

Ottawa, April 12.—The Senate has once more killed Mr. Lancaster's bill limiting the speed of trains through thickly settled portions of cities, towns and villages. The bill came up in the Railway Committee of the Upper House, and after some discussion, was killed by a vote of 11 to 9.

Cornwall, April 12.—After being out forty-five minutes yesterday the jury in the case of Charles E. Masson, charged with manslaughter, brought in a verdict of acquittal. Masson the Ottawa Victoria hockey player was alleged to have struck and killed Owen McCourt at a game here last winter. Five witnesses swore that Masson struck McCourt and five swore that another player named Chamberlain struck him.

The new game law was amended by raising the license for shooting deer, to foreigners from \$25 to \$50. In the Legislature it was shown that other Provinces charged a higher fee than \$25, Manitoba charging \$100. It was suggested that Ontario charge \$100 for a license but Dr. Reaume said the jump would give outside sportsmen nervous prostration and the bill was reported fixing the fee at \$50. It was intimated that another increase may be made next year.

HON. DR. PRYNE, in reply to Mr. Auld as to the expenditure of \$5,000 for flags for public schools, said such flags would be raised at the discretion of the teacher. There were about 5,000 public schools in the Province, he said. The Premier stated that he did not care to see such professions of loyalty carried to the extent apparent in the United States. They did want the flag exposed on the inside walls of the schools where it could be explained by the teachers. Such legislation was not suggested in any jingo spirit, but out of respect for the institutions which the flag typified. Mr. Auld stated that in Essex and on the border they purchased 20 foot flags to show the Yankees that we are Canadians.

Desirable Town Residence and Two Lots For Sale.

THE undersigned offers for sale that desirable situated house and two lots, corner Huron and McGregor Sts., Watford. Two story brick residence, furnace, full basement, hard and soft water, every convenience. Fine variety of all kinds of fruit trees. Easy terms of payment. For particulars apply to G. H. WYKNE, Watford.

FOR SALE.

NINE acres of land, with east corner of Watford, good house and barn, good orchard, apples, pears, plums, cherries and all kinds of small fruits, 2 good wells, hot house, pig pen and dairy. Reason for selling, old age. T. H. CLARK, Watford.

Boar For Service.

THIS thoroughbred registered Yorkshire Boar, North Cot, Conqueror 7th, No. 1254, Canadian National Record, Dominion Swine Breeders' Association, bred by Geo. M. Smith, of Hayesville, one of the leading breeders of the Dominion, will be for service at DAVID HAYS, Lot 27, Con. 5, N. E. R., Warwick, m:29-54. Terms of service \$1.00.

OLD BOYS' REUNION ENVELOPES

AT The Guide-Advocate Office

CALL AND SEE THEM