

Dr. Stocum's Great Tonic and Disease Destroyer

PSYCHINE

(PRONOUNCED SI-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, Anemia,

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. Stocum, 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 my duty 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. Stocum, Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto.

TROTTED IN BANKRUPTCY

By C. B. Lewis

Copyright, 1900, by Ruby Douglas

After the death of her former husband the widow Allen moved into the village of Fergus. Her husband had left her a snug property and a goodly sum of life insurance, and at fifty years she became a money lender.

She had no friends as a girl, she had few as a wife, and as a widow and a capitalist people did not speak in her favor. She drove hard bargains and had no pity. If her capital or interest was not forthcoming on the day and date she invoked the aid of the law and accepted no excuses. She had always been a woman of stingy disposition, sure to avenge what she deemed a slight, and when she came to know the general opinion of the villagers she ground her teeth together and made up her mind to get even.

The village of Fergus boasted of only three general stores. That was more than was needed to supply the wants of the people. There would not have been a fourth had not one of the merchants had a business transaction with

the widow Allen and been obliged to go to law over it. She was beaten in the suit, and to get even she planned to start another store. Not being an educated woman and afraid to try the idea by herself, she lent a sum of money to young George French, who had for several years been a clerk in the store of the merchant she wished particularly to ruin. He was bound hard and fast. The widow wanted revenge, but she didn't propose to lose any money over it. She was near fifty years old and the new merchant not yet twenty-six, but she let it be known that when a marriage took place between them the firm name of "George French & Co." might be shortened to "George French."

There was a rush of customers to the new store. To keep expenses down and make an innovation young French employed a girl bookkeeper and another girl as clerk.

As the widow insisted on his boarding with her so that they could talk business and he be under her watch, she did not become jealous for a time. The day came, however, when she announced that he must get rid of both girls and replace them with men. He refused to heed her in this, pointing out the saving and other good reasons. One of the reasons that he did not give was that he admired the fatherless girl, Jennie Warder, the bookkeeper, who was supporting a widowed mother by her efforts, and to whom he had been attracted from the first day. His admiration must have been patent to her in a hundred ways, and yet he had spoken no word. The new store was an experiment; if it was a success he might avow himself. If a failure he would have no right to ask her to share his lot.

The widow Allen concealed her chagrin and did not press her point. The young merchant was hustling and making things gloomy for her victim. At the proper time he would offer an alternative.

Nine months of liberal advertising, low prices and attention to business on the part of the new storekeeper brought bankruptcy to two of the other merchants, but they brought no such profits to French as he had hoped for. He had bound himself to sell at certain prices, and he dared not depart from them. He had bound himself to repay a certain amount of the capital invested at the end of the first twelve months, and figure as he would he could not see his way clear to do so. The widow was waiting for him to speak, and then she laughed and hinted at matrimony. When her hints were turned aside she said quietly:

"At the end of the year you must pay me as agreed. If not the law will put me in possession and you will be out of employment."

"But you are not pressed for money. You can give me time," he protested. "I have worked like a slave to make the store a success. I put in a thousand dollars of my own money. You would not drive me into bankruptcy?"

"If we are not married on the day your notes are due I shall demand my money. If you go into bankruptcy I shall buy in the stock and put some one else in your place."

Her declaration lost her her boarder, but when he walked out of the house he knew that he was ruined in business. He could not pay her the half of what he owed her, and a call at the lawyer's brought him no comfort. She had spoken of marriage, but he turned away in disgust at the thought. She had said she would ruin him, and she was a woman to keep her word.

There is always a way out for the merchant who finds bankruptcy staring him in the face, and few take it who cannot excuse themselves to their own consciences. The merchant went over the ground time and time again, but he always came back to the one

Infants too young to take medicine may be cured of croup, whooping cough and colds by using Vapo-Cresolene—they breathe it.

thing. If his store was burned out before the year was up the insurance money would pay the widow Allen and leave him something to start anew. Men recoil from this idea at first, but if the situation is pressing a large proportion grasp it in the end.

Young French looked around his store and saw the favorable situation of things. All he need do was to leave a lighted candle among the litter under the stairway when he went home at night. By midnight or an hour later the whole building would be in flames, with no possibility of anything being saved. The widow Allen alone might suspect him, but she would have no proofs.

The merchant debated the idea with himself for two weeks before he adopted it. In the store he gave no sign that he was troubled, but the bookkeeper was not deceived. She knew what the profits were, and she knew who had a clutch on him. She even interpreted the glances he cast around the store, and when she saw him adding to the litter in the closet she could have told him his purpose.

One windy, rainy night, when there was excuse for shutting up early, and when only thirty days remained between French and business ruin, he made a pretext to be the last one out and the candle was placed and lighted. The young merchant went to his boarding house and to his room, and all he had to do was wait.

The wind rose and the rain fell more heavily, and he was rejoiced at the thought that none of the villagers would be on the street in such a storm. Between midnight and 1 o'clock the flames would start. When the alarm was given people could only turn out and look on with folded arms. French went to bed at the usual hour. He left nothing to chance. He lay there hour after hour thinking, scheming and planning. It was close upon midnight when his other self came to the rescue. The two personalities debated and argued and fought. The one self contended and the other protested.

After a quarter of an hour the merchant arose and hurriedly began to dress. He was pale faced and trembling and frightened. He felt himself a criminal and branded before the world. Bankruptcy might come, he might be forced to most menial employment, the widow Allen might triumph and he might lose the one he had learned to love, but he would save the store.

The wind was blowing a gale and the rain coming in sheets when he stepped from the door and ran through the mud and storm to the store. Not even a dog was in sight. As he ran he prayed that he might not be too late. With shaking hands he inserted the key in the door and pushed it open. There was no smell of smoke. Striking a match, he made his way to the closet. The candle had been blown out hours ago. It had not burned half an inch. With a new fear at his heart the man turned away and lighted a lamp and leaned on the counter to think. He heard the rustle of garments and light footsteps, and Miss Warder came out of the darkness and stood before him and said:

"Mr. French, I blew the candle out a long, long time ago."

"You—you found and blew it out!" he gasped.

"Yes, and I have been waiting for you to come."

"I was going to burn the store for the insurance," he said, after a long silence.

"Yes."

"To pay the notes due that woman in thirty days and save myself from bankruptcy."

"I know."

"But I couldn't do it. I thought I could—I meant to—but I came here to blow out the candle and save the store. I am a ruined man, but I am not a criminal except in intent."

"I knew you would come," said the girl, with tears in her voice. "It is hard to face ruin, but it is harder to face conscience. Yesterday a lawyer came to see mother. He told her she was one of the heirs to a large estate. He brought papers for her to sign, and within a month she will have \$20,000."

"Well?" queried French, as he wiped his brow and looked around the store.

"I—thought—thought—"

"You want to give me notice and leave your place at the end of the week. You will go, of course, but I hope you will remember that I came back to save the store. I wanted the insurance money, but my conscience wouldn't let me be a criminal."

"I thought that if you wanted to take in a partner—"

"But where can I find one?"

"If you—you wanted to take in a partner and pay up the notes and be clear of that woman mother would give me the money, and—"

He saw her to her home through the storm and darkness, and he did not realize that the wind blew or the rain fell or that he had to pick his steps. He realized only that he held her hand and that he had been saved from his other self. His sign reads "George French," but there is a silent partner with him and behind him and daily adding to his happiness.

BILIOUS?

A writer has stated there are only two really bad things on earth—sin and bile. Misdirected action is sin. Misdirected bile is biliousness. When you are bilious every thought of food may be nauseous. Every time the room gets warm you may feel sick. If you think of food—same result. If you hurry or move quickly—same wretched feeling! Headache, turning off with vomiting spells are also marked symptoms. All this arises from misdirected bile, imperfect liver action, and Bileans cure these symptoms as surely as the day follows night!

Mrs. Tong, of Hull, says:—"I suffered from biliousness for years. Sometimes I was so bad I positively could not stand! Scores of remedies proved altogether unequal to a case so bad as mine. Bileans, however, to my delight effected a complete cure, and what is better still, I have never had any bilious attack since!"

A FAMOUS MUSICIAN CURED.

Mr. J. Wright, of Weber Street, Berlin, Ont., a prominent musician, formerly a member of the famous Kilty's Band, gives his testimony to Bileans.

He says:—"I suffered for years with Biliousness and Headache and spent hundreds of dollars on Doctors and so-called remedies. From this expenditure, however, I got no benefit and had about given up in despair when a friend advised me to try Bileans. I did so, and the first box seemed to do me some good; so I persevered with this remedy, and three boxes were sufficient to cure me completely. This testimonial is entirely unsolicited, and you have my permission to use it in any way which would benefit fellow sufferers. If you are one

TRY BILEANS

Bileans are obtainable from all druggists at 50c. a box. They are a certain cure for indigestion, biliousness, headache, blood impurities, face and skin rashes, constipation, piles, debility, female ailments and irregularities, rheumatism, anemia, liver and kidney complaint and all ailments arising from imperfect bile secretion and assimilation. Post free from the Bilean Co., Toronto, upon receipt of price, or 6 boxes for \$2.50.

CRESOLENE ANTISEPTIC TABLETS

A simple and effective remedy for SORE THROATS AND COUGHS

They combine the germicidal value of Cresolene with the soothing properties of slippery elm and licorice. Your druggist or from us, 50c. in stamps. LEAUME, MINAS CO., Limited, Agents, Montreal, etc.

Rachel as Phedre.

So I saw Rachel. It was one of the most overpowering impressions of my life. The play was Racine's "Phedre." When Rachel stepped upon the scene, not with the customary stage stride, but with a dignity and majestic grace all her own, there was first a spell of intense astonishment and then a burst of applause. She stood still for a moment, in the folds of her classic robe an antique statue fresh from the hand of Phidias. The mere sight sent a thrill through the audience; her face a long oval, her forehead, shadowed by black wavy hair, not high, but broad and strong; under her dark arched eyebrows a pair of wondrous eyes that glowed and blazed in their deep sockets like two black suns; a finely chiseled nose, with open, quivering nostrils; above an energetic chin a mouth severe in its lines, with slightly lowered corners, such as we may imagine the mouth of the tragic muse; her stature, sometimes seeming tall, sometimes little, very slender, but the attitude betraying elastic strength; a hand with fine tapering fingers of rare beauty; the whole apparition existing in the beholder a sensation of astonishment and intense expectancy.—Carl Schurz in McClure's.

Headache Causes and a Cure

Blood pressure or congestion—a rushing of blood to the frontal region is the direct cause for all Headaches. To cure instantly and positively, this pressure must be relieved and the blood sent to its proper channels. Dr. Shoop's Twenty Minute Headache Cure never fails—it puts into circulation congested blood which presses and irritates the nerves. In handy tablet form—pleasant to take. Suited for all temperaments. For sale and recommended by

WANTED.

For Fall and Winter Months.

A Reliable Party as Agent

In Lambton County or Vicinity.

This agency is a valuable one and offers good inducements to anyone desiring to make extra money.

We Pay Cash Weekly

AND SUPPLY OUTFIT FREE.

Our agents have over

600 ACRES

of choice Nursery Stock to draw upon, and the assurance that they will be paid CASH for the orders they take.

Write Us for Full Particulars Now.

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n2-t5 **TORONTO**

THROUGH THE HEART!

WHEN THE NERVES BECOME A WRECK AND VITALITY RUNS LOW BECAUSE THE HEART FAILS TO DO ITS WORK—THROUGH THE SELFSAME HEART—IF CURE COMES—MUST IT COME

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart

Cures the nerves through the heart. Experience of the highest medical authorities has conclusively proven that the quickest way to cure diseases of the nerves is to fortify the heart with "food" that is natural to it, and that enriches the blood; and it has been proven also, beyond the shadow of a doubt, by this same high medical authority, that Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is the most potent nerve nourisher and heart strengthener that has been "gathered in" from nature's lap to assuage sufferings, stop pain and heal the heart; and when you know that with the heart, the main spring, the balance wheel of life, out of order, the future looks out on nothing but darkness and suffering, why postpone applying the remedy? Why delay taking hold of the healing hand that will lift you back to health? Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart will relieve any and every form of heart disease in 30 minutes.

Margaret Smith, of Brussels, Ontario, says: "Many a time my suffering was so great that I would have hailed death with a welcome, but four bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the heart wrought a wonderful cure in me."

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND MEDICINE DEALERS.

DR. AGNEW'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Indigestion and Constipation—they never gripe—40 for 10c.

DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER relieves in 10 minutes.

SOLD BY T. B. TAYLOR & SONS.



Most people know that if they have been sick they need *Scott's Emulsion* to bring back health and strength.

But the strongest point about *Scott's Emulsion* is that you don't have to be sick to get results from it.

It keeps up the athlete's strength, puts fat on thin people, makes a fretful baby happy, brings color to a pale girl's cheeks, and prevents coughs, colds and consumption.

Food in concentrated form for sick and well, young and old, rich and poor.

And it contains no drugs and no alcohol.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.