

**Preacher's Opinions**

Rev. P. K. McRae, Forks Baddeck, C. B.: "I always count it a pleasure to recommend the Dr. Slocum Remedies to my parishioners. I believe there is nothing better for throat and lung troubles or weakness or run-down system. For speaker's sore throat I have found Psychine very beneficial."

Rev. W. H. Stevens, Paisley, Ont.: "Psychine seemed just the stimulant my system needed. I shall add my testimony as to its efficacy at every opportunity."

Rev. R. M. Browne, Amherst Head, N.S.: "I have often recommended Psychine since taking it myself, for it is a cure for the troubles you specify."

Rev. Chas. Stirling, Bath, N.B.: "I have used Psychine in my family; the results were marvelous. I have visited people who state that they never used its equal. I strongly recommend it."

Rev. J. S. I. Wilson, Markdale, Ont.: "I have taken two bottles of Psychine and am pleased to say that I am greatly improved in health. I was troubled with my throat, but now I find it about restored to its normal condition. I find my work very much less taxing. I believe Psychine is all claimed for it."

These are earnest preachers of the gospel of Psychine. They know whereof they speak. Psychine cures all throat, lung and stomach troubles. It is a great voice strengthener, acting directly on the vocal, respiratory and digestive organs, thus specially adapted to public speakers. At all druggists, 50c and \$1.00, or Dr. T. A. Slocum, Ltd., Toronto.

**HER TITIAN RIVAL.**

By M. C. SANFORD.

"Wanted: A talented and vivacious young woman, fond of children and of art, to accompany mother and son abroad. Must have red hair."

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Zephine Holiday, "what a funny advertisement, and if it doesn't hit me off to a T."

She read it over again as if to convince herself that it was really not an optical illusion. Then she settled down to think it over.

A large half-packed trunk stood open before her and about her, on table, chairs and floor, were piled all her worldly accessories. For Zephine was to start the next day for everything from elementary arithmetic, which she despised to the history of art, which she loved, but had no particular desire to try to make a lot of giggling young girls love with an equal ardor.

Still, there seemed nothing else to do, now that the college course was over and there were no surplus funds in the family exchequer.

"I'll answer that 'ad' in person," Zephine announced to the trunk, whose expansive yawn indicated expressively its amazement. "A kindergarten of one somehow sounds more attractive than a board school full of scatter-brained girls, especially when it has a trip to Europe thrown in."

When Zephine rang the Maxwell bell that afternoon at the address given in the advertisement, she looked captivating enough to adorn any European party, no matter how fastidious its constituents. Her smart little autumn hat and her trig tailor costume all toned in harmoniously with the gold-bronze of her hair which blew about coquettishly in the stirring breeze.

After sending up her card, Zephine with a half-conscious sigh of appreciation, sank down into the cushioned depths of a luxurious easy chair to await the presence of the mysterious mother. When the latter entered the drawing room, Zephine gazed upon her with frank admiration. She was stately and beautiful and, above all, undeniably motherly.

"You came in answer to my advertisement in the morning paper?" she asked. Her sweet naturalness quite banished all Zephine's embarrassment.

"Yes. I—I thought I would like to know more about it," the girl answered cautiously.

"You are fond of art, Miss Holiday—do you paint?"

"I'm not an artist, if that is what you mean, but I am very fond of pictures and paint a little for my own amusement. Do you wish me to teach your son how to paint, Mrs. Maxwell? I'm afraid—"

"Oh, no indeed, just help him out a bit now and then with a suggestion. He likes to have his own way about doing things, only he needs some one who is in sympathy with his little fads and fancies. You like children do you not, Miss Holiday? Of course, that is essential."

"I can't live without them," Zephine replied with glowing enthusiasm. (And how could she? If it were not for children her chances of earning a livelihood would be small indeed.)

"If you are vivacious, I do not need to ask," commented Mrs. Maxwell, glancing at Zephine with genuine approval. "I like to have lively companionship. He's so stirring himself. He leads me altogether too merry a chase."

"But why is red hair essential?" Zephine finally plucked up sufficient courage to inquire, at the same time blushing bewitchingly.

Mrs. Maxwell laughed softly. "Oh, that's just to satisfy one of Ralph's whims. He's so cranky since he got over his long illness, poor boy, that we do all we can to please him, in every little way. And he simply dotes on red hair. Why, he always paints women with red hair, and last Christmas, when we were selecting a doll for a little girl friend of his, he insisted on her having red hair!"

Zephine joined in the laugh and almost forgot her misgivings over the prospect of her handling this "cranky" and evidently spoiled son of an over-fond mother, who frankly acknowledged that she couldn't handle him herself.

When arrangements were finally concluded, Zephine walked home in a daze. She brought herself back to reality long enough, however, to send a telegram to the distant boarding-school, which she would never enlighten with her funds of knowledge after all.

"Well," she announced to the hospitable trunk, which still gasped in astonishment when she returned, "it's lucky my clothes are all in order. Think of it, we start for Europe, old trunk, day after tomorrow, you and I—and Ralph and Ralph's mother," she added in a subdued anti-climax. "I wish I'd seen the kid. I know he's incorrigible."

The day for sailing was ideally fair. Mrs. Maxwell met Zephine at the steamer and accompanied her to her stateroom, establishing herself comfortably there with much motherly kindness.

"After the farewells are over, you and Ralph must get acquainted," she said, hastening back to the deck.

Zephine herself had a few good-bys to wave. Indeed, she was a central figure of attraction, as she stood at the rail of the steamer waving her handkerchief gayly—all unconscious of her picturesqueness, as the sun crept under the brim of her hat and made a bright glory of her hair.

"By George, isn't she a stunner!" Zephine could not help hear a young man near her exclaim.

"Let me introduce my son Ralph," Mrs. Maxwell said, proudly, laying her hand on the arm of the young man who had just complimented Zephine so spontaneously. "I expect you two to get on famously together."

Ralph extended his hand with willing cordiality, but Zephine stood transfixed with astonishment. At last she looked at Mrs. Maxwell appealingly.

"I thought he was a little boy," she gasped helplessly.

The explanations that follow were chaotic, at best. Mrs. Maxwell supposed, of course, that Zephine knew of her son, Ralph Maxwell, the artist, the popular portrait painter of children and modern madonnas. Why, had she not mentioned especially how he painted all women with red hair? That is why she had thought it would give him particular pleasure to have the third member of their party possess this distinctive mark of beauty.

And for Ralph—why, he himself had been entirely ignorant of the whole plot until that very morning, when his mother had revealed it to him, telling him with boundless enthusiasms that she had asked Miss Holliday, a charming young woman, to accompany them on their trip, so that he would have some one to share his art enthusiasm with and to join him in his tireless jaunts in search of picturesque children to pose for him.

While this rapid fire of elucidation was going on, Zephine looked from one to the other in her effort to comprehend the situation. Finally, she burst out laughing—a trifle hysterical, perhaps—but still it was the vivacious Zephine coming to her rescue.

Mrs. Maxwell sighed and smiled all at once.

"Oh, I'm so glad we all understand each other now. And I know we're going to be the best of friends."

With this optimistic assertion she turned to greet an old acquaintance.

"And so you thought I was a kid," laughed Ralph looking at Zephine with undisguised admiration. "Well, I am pretty much of one. You'll have to take me in hand just the same, I may not mind properly sometimes, but that will be because I'm oblivious to everything save the glory of your hair."

"It's dyed, I did it to get the job," replied Zephine icily, as she turned and left the young man staring blankly after her.

On the last day out, Zephine sat curled up comfortably in her steamer chair, pretending to read. Ralph sat now far off, sketching her, as she very well knew.

"When we get settled in the studio, I shall make a portrait of you Miss Holiday. That is, if you are willing."

"Then I shall be both a dyed and painted lady," she laughed teasingly. An irresistible combination."

Ralph made no reply but gazed at her so steadily that at last Zephine was compelled to raise her eyes.

"I could love you in spite of either," was the unexpected declaration that he made in response to her questioning glance, "but, fortunately, I'm not put to the test. All the dyes in the world couldn't produce the brightness and beauty of your hair, dear. Why did you try to deceive me, Zephine?"

**Health and Energy**

for you are to be found in a bottle of Bovril.

"Bovril" contains all that is good in beef. It not only feeds you but it enables you to get the full value out of your ordinary diet.

Sold by your druggist and grocer in bottles containing 2oz., 4oz., 8oz, and 16oz.

BOVRIL LTD., 27 S. Peter St., Montreal.

"Were you deceived?"  
 "For a day or two, because you shocked me into it. You haven't told me why yet."  
 "Oh, because you annoyed me that very first day by making love to my hair. Everybody does. It's my rival, and I—I wanted you to make love to me."  
 "And didn't I do it the very next day?"  
 Zephine looked at him quite indulgently.  
 "Yes, and everyday since. You're every bit the incorrigible boy I imagined you."  
 "Only this incorrigible boy is in love with his teacher," answered Ralph, stealing hold of her warm little hand beneath the steamer rug.

**Simple Home Recipe.**

Get from any prescription pharmacist the following:  
 Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce;  
 Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces.  
 Shake well in a bottle and take a teaspoonful dose after each meal and at bedtime.

The above is considered by an eminent authority, who writes in a New York daily paper, as the finest prescription ever written to relieve Backache, Kidney Trouble, Weak Bladder and all forms of Urinary difficulties. This mixture acts promptly on the eliminative tissues of the Kidneys, enabling them to filter and strain the uric acid and other waste matter from the blood which causes Rheumatism.

Some persons who suffer with these afflictions may not feel inclined to place much confidence in this simple mixture, yet those who have tried it say the results are simply surprising, the relief being effected without the slightest injury to the stomach or other organs.

Mix some and give it a trial. It certainly comes highly recommended. It is the prescription of an eminent authority, whose entire reputation, it is said, was established by it.

A druggist here at home when asked stated that he could either supply the ingredients or mix the prescription for our readers, also recommends it as harmless.

**A Substitute For Concrete.**

A composition resembling concrete, now being considerably used in France, and known as lime beton, is described as being more generally used than concrete. It is a cheaper composition than cement beton, or concrete, easier to work, and if the initial load be not too great it is for nearly every purpose just as good. A good lime beton can be obtained by mixing mortar and stones, gravel, or cinders mortar and good-sized stones making the best composition. Probably one-half of the houses in Marseilles have been built of this material, and thousands of older buildings, many hundred years old, are held together by ordinary lime. Walls built of quick-lime beton must be laid up slowly, but with hydraulic lime beton they can be erected as fast as masons can work. The solidity of lime beton construction is shown by the sea walls and docks in Marseilles, where masonry of this kind may be seen to which building material can be subjected.

I wish that I might talk with all sick ones about the actual cause of Stomach, Heart, and Kidney ailments. To explain in person how weak Stomach nerves leads to Stomach weakness, I am sure would interest all. And it is the same with weak Hearts or weak Kidneys. This is why my prescription—Dr. Shoop's Restorative—so promptly reaches ailments of the Stomach, Heart, and Kidneys. It is wrong to drug the Stomach or stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. These weak internal nerves simply need more strength. My Restorative is the only prescription made expressly for these nerves. Next to seeing you personally, will be to mail you free, my new booklet entitled, "What To Do". I will also send samples of my Restorative as well. Write for the book today. It will surely interest you. Address Dr. Shoop, Box 8, Racine, Wis.—Sold by all dealers.

Auntie—Now, Tommy, take my bonnet upstairs for me, there's a good boy.  
 Tommy—Boo-hoo! I don't want to!  
 Auntie—Indeed! And why not, pray?  
 Tommy—"Cause mother told me you'd got a bee in it.—The Sketch.

**Gun-Flaker Looks for Japanese-American War.**

Hulson Maxim, the inventor, is the latest to declare that war between America and Japan is inevitable, and as usual his utterances are pointed and emphatic. He does not describe Japan, by the way, as a heathen incorrigible, thirsting for Christian blood, but declares that if hostilities occur we ourselves will be to blame, as "the treatment of the East by the West has been infamous." This view of Maxim's may be all wrong, and we believe it is, and his prediction of war between the two nations may prove baseless, but he calls attention to a few facts which it may be well to consider.

He reminds us that Japan has a veteran army of 750,000, while we have one of 75,000. He says that Japan recently bought of Sir William Armstrong, Whitmore & Co. the entire output of their torpedo works for two years; that the Krupp works at Essen are working on rush orders, turning out huge gun forgings for Japan, and that the Crucible Steel Works in Essen, N. J., have just completed an order for 2,000 tons of rifle barrels for the Japanese—enough for their entire army. He dwells upon the alleged superiority of Japan's torpedo flotilla, and refers to a report that a British firm is building for the Japanese a large and swift armor clad, capable of withstanding any amount of gun-fire without much damage, and adapted to carrying a large number of submarine torpedo boats into the midst of an enemy's fleet and launching them.

Mr. Maxim, being in a business that naturally suggests war, perhaps takes more than ordinary interest in such matters, and may exaggerate the danger of war. But there seems to be no doubt that Japan is fortifying itself with great care for probable or possible hostilities with somebody. It does not follow, however, that Japan desires or foresees trouble with the United States. The eyes of the Japanese may be on Asia alone. It may be directed toward India, or, as some would have it, the aim may be the conquest of China. It is important, in any event, that the United States increase its naval strength so as to be ready for any possible difficulty in which it may be involved, either directly or indirectly.

Stop that tickling Cough! Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure will surely stop it, and with perfect safety. It is so thoroughly harmless, that Dr. Shoop tells mother to use nothing else even with very young babies. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung healing mountainous shrub furnish the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It calms the cough, and heals the sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Demand Dr. Shoop's. Take no other. Sold by all dealer.

**Children Sashes.**

Wide sashes are being worn by children once more, and among the new sashes there are to be found many extremely pretty designs. Wide double faced satin ribbon edged with a silk fringe of the same shade is effective in white as well as in the more noticeable colors. Flowered and Dresden ribbons are also used, and when bordered with a deep silk fringe, introducing one of the most prominent shades in the design, are most attractive. Broad, many-colored Roman sashes are charming with the dainty lingerie frocks, especially when the hair ribbons and shoulder bows are of the same ribbon in a narrower width.

The information is given out that certain foreign liquor firms have men in Georgia who are acting as agents. The plan is for a customer desiring prompt delivery of liquor to go to the post office and purchase a money order in favor of the liquor house. This order is then shown to the agent, who at once telephones or telegraphs the firm, and the liquor is shipped in a few minutes after the receipt of the order and before the money is paid. In some instances the money order has been turned over to the agent.—(Atlanta Georgian).

WHEN  
**APPETITE FAILS**  
 It is because your food does not digest properly. Your stomach, liver and bowels need strengthening. Don't neglect the danger-signal  
**TAKE MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP** Sold Everywhere  
 Price 60 cts. per bottle  
 A. J. WHITE & CO., MONTREAL

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE  
**PATENTS**  
 TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &c.  
 Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether his invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the  
**Scientific American.**  
 A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms for Canada, \$3.75 a year, postage prepaid. Sold by all newsdealers.  
**MUNN & Co.** 361 Broadway, New York  
 Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

**LIPPINCOTT'S**  
 MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
 A FAMILY LIBRARY  
 The Best in Current Literature  
 12 COMPLETE NOVELS YEARLY  
 MANY SHORT STORIES AND PAPERS ON TIMELY TOPICS  
 \$2.50 per year; 25 cts. a copy  
 NO CONTINUED STORIES.  
 EVERY NUMBER COMPLETE IN ITSELF

**FARM FOR SALE**  
 500 acre farm on the St. John River, about 3 1/2 miles from Perth, Victoria County. 250 acres cleared, 70 acres flat. Balance well wooded. Buildings, farming implements and machinery. Further particulars on application to  
**MARK ANDERSON**, Perth, N. B.  
 (At A. L. Green's)  
 Feb. 19 41.

**A Land of Three Christmases.**  
 In Constantinople as many as three Christmases are celebrated. First comes the Catholic and Protestant festival, on December 25, new style, and a fortnight later on our January 7 or December 25, old style, the Orthodox Greeks have their. Finally, the National or Gregorian Armenian Church celebrates its Christmas on our January 19. What with these three holidays and two New Year's Day (new and old style), Constantinople enjoys or suffers from, according to the point of view, five bank holidays in 25 days. The European residents cling to the traditions of their respective Fatherlands.  
 The English have their roast beef and turkeys, the children their mistletoe trees, and "stockings," and an occasional Father Christmas; while the Germans are equally thorough and conservative with their Christmas tree. To the Greeks and Armenians, however, whether Orthodox or of the Roman Church, as many of both races are, the festival is purely religious. The children go round after dark on Christmas Eve with lanterns and drums singing carols, and on the day it self all business is suspended and all shops shut. It is their New Year's Eve which the Greeks and Armenians celebrate with the feasting and rejoicings we associate with Christmas.

**Our Stock**  
 of Fur and Fur Lined Coats and Jackets is too large. In order to clear it out we have reduced the prices very materially. The goods are excellent and the careful buyer will do well to look them over.

We have also a number of Pungs, both Dexter and Straight Stud. Nothing better has ever been offered for sale in New Brunswick.  
 Fur Robes, too.

**Balmain Bros**